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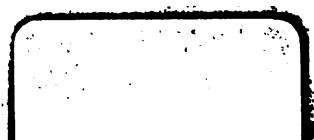
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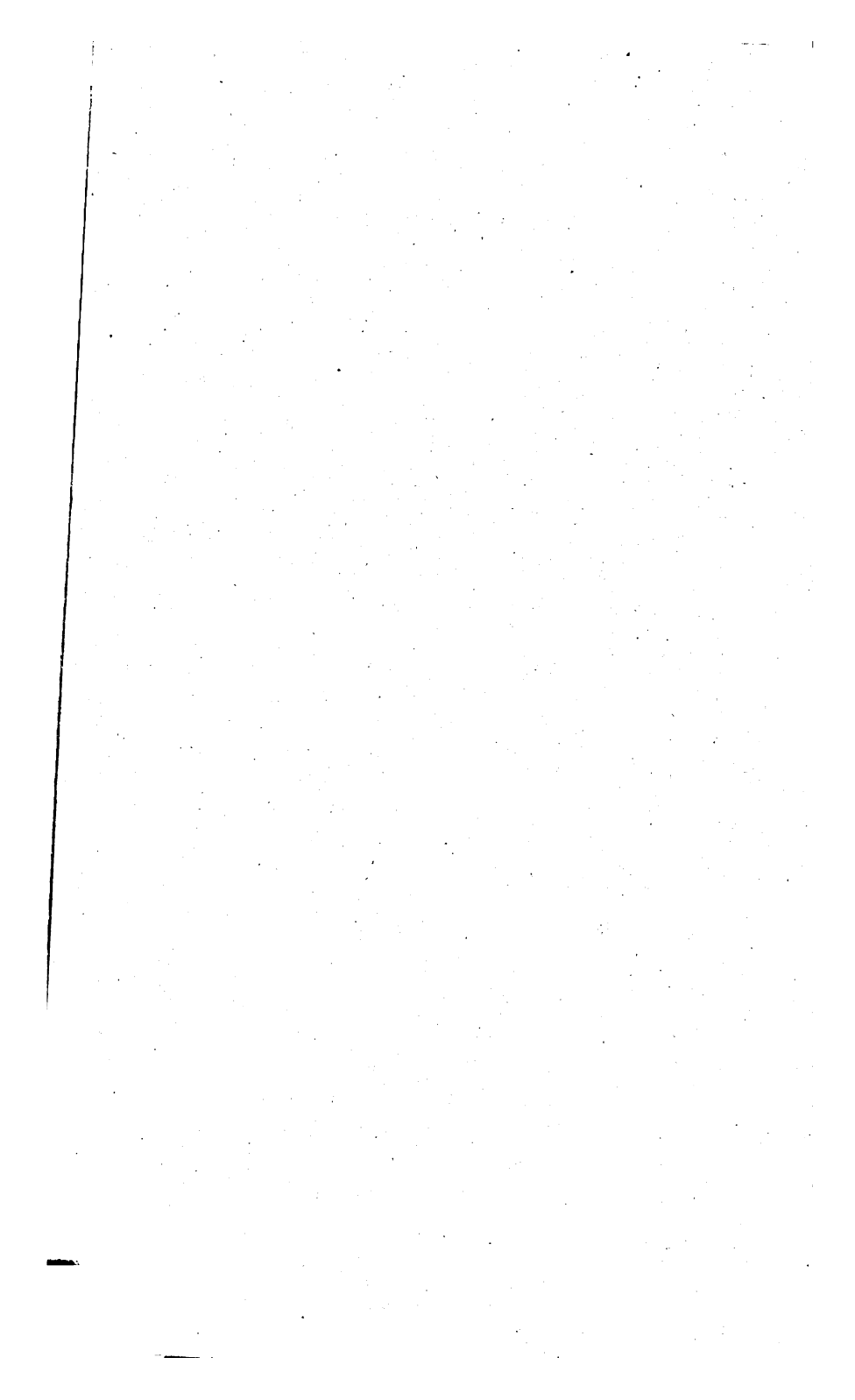
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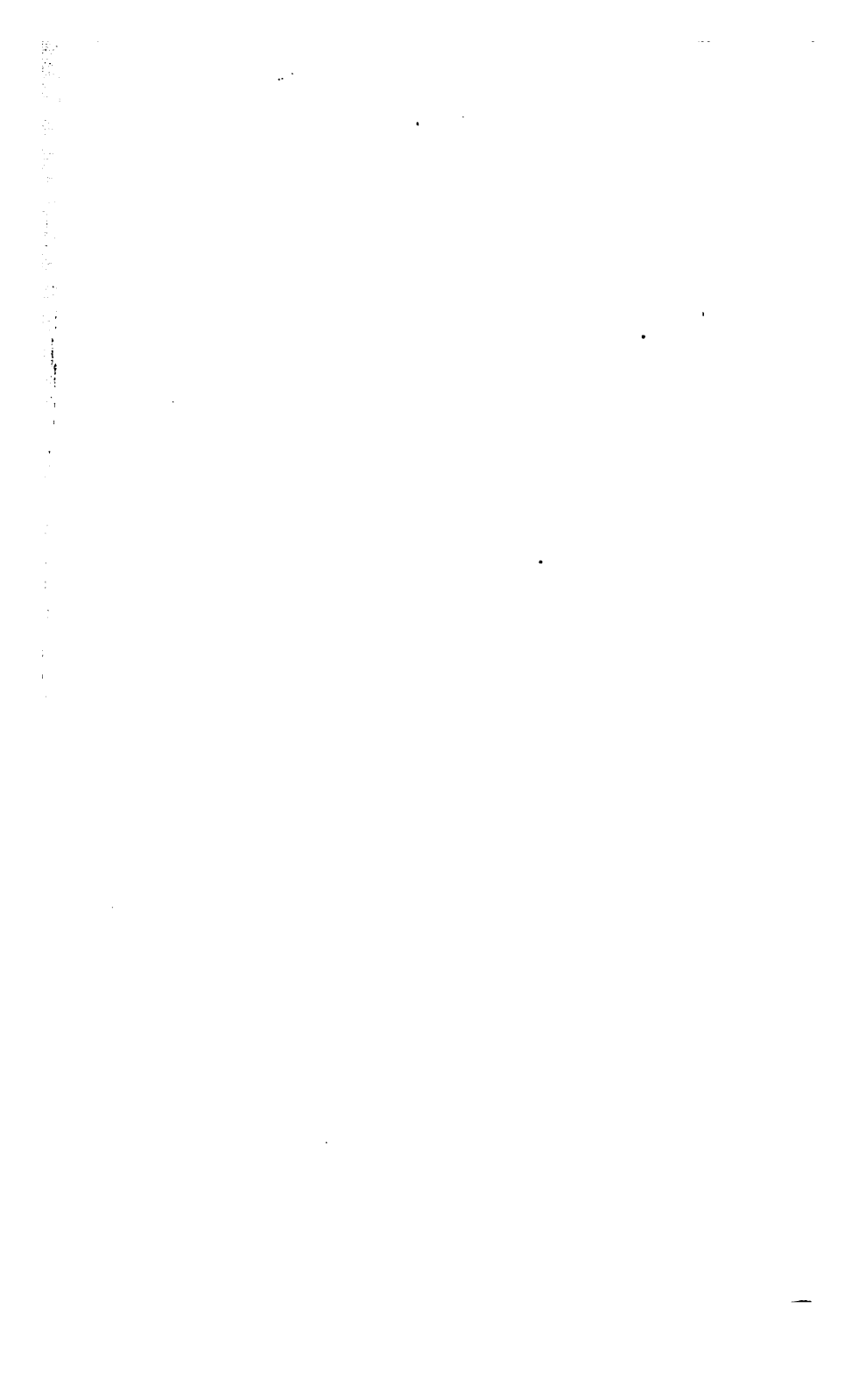
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210  
11/10/19









# LEISURE HOURS:

OR

DESULTORY PIECES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

By E. L.

*c Simons, Lydia Lillyking*

---

A Private Edition.

---

CALCUTTA :

PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD.

1846.

W.T.P.



TO  
  
AMERICA,  
  
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
  
AND DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED

BY  
  
ONE OF HER ABSENT DAUGHTERS.

CALCUTTA, }  
*April 14th, 1846.* }

PRINTED BY  
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AT THE PRESS OF THE  
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1846.

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DEAR READER :—

‘Tis Friendship’s wish to gratify  
That now this volume meets thine eye ;  
Its faults are great, its merits less,  
Nor can it boast attractive dress :  
Yet O, receive my humble muse,  
And let your kindness be like dews  
From heaven that nurse the lonely flower,  
Which else would die before its hour.  
To thee, of her dear native land,  
She looks from India’s burning strand,  
And thinks of blessings home doth bring,  
While here she sits with folded wing :  
If she a “ Leisure Hour” beguile,  
Then deign to cheer her with thy smile.





## ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following errors :—

- Page 14, line 3, for "Seraphic hosts in lofty *pæans* pour," read  
 "*pæans*."
- — — 29, for "Love's acme *on* the fountain depths of grief,"  
 read "or"
- 15, — 1, for "The *o'erflowing* cup of joy, however brief,"  
 read "*o'erflowing*."
- 35, — 9, for "Brought forward by fair-handed *spring*,"  
 read "*Spring*."
- 83, — 6, for "And bless my longing, waiting *eyes*," "*eyes*"  
 not in italics.
- 120, — 13, for "The *wings* spread forth their pinions," read  
 "*winds*."
- 150, — 2, for "And faithful memory *recale*," read "*recal*."
- 151, — 7, for "*Ne ptunewith* all his power so great," read  
 "*Neptune with*."
- 197, — 20, for "Ma très chere *ami*," read "*amie*."
- 200, — 16, for "Le *Chene* et La *Chevre-feuille*," read  
 "*Chêne*," "*Chèvre*."
- 204, — read "224."
- 219, — 11, for "Stroke the dark silken *fingers*," read "*frin-*  
*ges*."
- 278, — 14, for "To us it is not *giv'n*," read "*given*."



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---

**VERSE.**

---



# LEISURE HOURS.

---

## SUNSET AT THE SEVEN TANKS.

---

How pleasant, soft and tranquil is this gentle sunset  
hour !

The foliage it closes of the Kristó-choora(1) flower ;  
Its farewell beam is tinging, ere it sinks into the west,  
Those island clouds, that cluster round, its evening  
couch of rest.

So o'er the dying bed of some, kind friends will bend  
to mark

The moment when evanishes the last—the vital spark ;

---

(1) कृष्णहृत्, (Poinciana pulcherrima.) A tree held sacred by the Hindus. Its leaves have the faculty of closing at night, and when it rains ; or what Linnæus calls the "*sleep of plants.*" According to the Hindus the god Krishna or Kristo was accustomed to decorate his head with the green leaves and flowers of this tree ; from the circumstance of the former bearing some resemblance in shape to a peacock's feather it has obtained its name. " Krishna " is always represented adorned with a peacock's feather.

And catch each sweet consoling ray that Hope may  
    kindly give,  
That though the veil be drawn on earth, the spirit still  
    doth live,  
As od'rous incense o'er the dying blossom,—once so  
    fair,—  
Still lingers in its sweetness, though its grace no more  
    be there.  
The petals of the tender plants are laughing in their  
    glee,  
Sipping the cooling dew of Eve, from Sol's caloric free.  
The king of day has sunk to rest,—on this enchanting  
    ground,  
Has spread his golden web along the wavy greensward  
    round,  
Which still in all its pride now stands, unscathed by  
    sickle bright,  
That crescent-wise, by Labour's hand, gleams through  
    like threads of light.  
With placid eye, and lifted brow, across the landscape  
    bent,  
I gaze on Nature's varied charms, so beautifully blent !  
The fringing paths,—the em'rald slopes—that lead to  
    the jet d'eau,  
The sparkling of the gliding streams that musically  
    flow !  
Oh, Caroline ! my sister, come and share this light  
    with me,  
Come like a tiny Fairy o'er the dark and deep blue  
    sea :—

Come speed across the rolling main, and all its dangers brave,—

Ah!—no,—my voice may not be heard across th' Atlantic wave.

In fancy, then, I'll talk with thee, and think that thou art here,

In the bright tinge and mellow look that floating clouds now wear.

Hark!—in the music of the “Bon,”(2) and breath of dewy flowers,

I hear thy voice as it was wont in all its tuneful powers.

This is an eve for Poetry.—The fragrant breeze comes by,—

Now swelling high—now falling in sweet cadence mournfully ;

A holy whisper as it were the troubled breast to calm,  
And pour into the wounded soul a pure and heavenly balm.

The ambient air is magical that crowns this trancing hour,—

It bathes my brow and aching breast with sweet Lethæan power !

This is a most delicious eve, and I would give free bounds

To Fancy's wildest wing upon these consecrated grounds.

---

(2) बन, A grove or forest.

Sweet Brindia-bon ! (3) thy limped streams with an  
 impetuous sway,  
 Do leap and sing as they pass on, like children at their  
 play.  
 Oh ! Goopto-Brindia-bon ! (4) the blest ! while on thy  
 grounds I stand,  
 In characters indelible I trace *His* forming hand :—  
 I come and read thy mystic page until the clock points  
 seven,  
 I read thy glorious page as 'twere the manuscript of  
 Heaven !  
 May blessings ever rest on him (5) who formed this  
 blissful place,  
 And doubly blest be those (6) to whom it owes its pre-  
 sent grace.  
 An Eden art thou, Brindia-bon, a paradise of joy !  
 Where holy feelings rule the breast, unmixed with  
 earth's alloy.  
 Thy ven'erable " Bot Brikkhyo " (7) 'neath which puja oft  
 is done

---

(3) *Brindia-bon*, Brindia's private garden. The real " Goopto-Brindia-Bon " is situated at Kasi-pur or Benares, and received its name in honor of " Brindia," who, for her faithfulness to " Radhika," principal wife of the god Kristo, (he had 1600 say the Hindus) obtained her confidence and affection.

(4) *গুপ্ত*, Secret—hidden—concealed.

(5) The late Babu Hurree Mohun Takooree.

(6) Babus Pran Kissen Mullick and Sree Kissen Mullick.

(7) *বট বৃক্ষ*, Banyan tree—*Ficus Indica*, another sacred tree of the Hindus.

By worshippers of "Siva," (8) in the dark and shad'-  
wy "Bon:"—

Those crowning forest ornaments so pencill'd on the  
sky—

Thy decorated temples, topp'd with roofs upswelling  
high ;—

The Naiades, twin-sentinels, that guard the western  
square

Of waters blue and clinquant, where the learned (9)  
fishes are,

When to earth the cloudy treasures fall, transfixedly  
they stand,

Each like a Niobe in tears for her dear infant-band.

Beyond the broad savanna green, I see the wreathing  
smoke

Ascending from the Hindu's cot,—and list !—they now  
invoke

The tutelary "Siva,"—after which their frugal fare,  
Allowed by Brahma's Shastre, they will joyfully pre-  
pare.

At this calm sunset hour of peace, Oh, Brindia-bon  
accept

This tribute of a stranger who will never thee forget.

Though soon the bark may bear her hence across the  
deep blue sea,

Still, Brindia-bon ! Elysian spot ! I will *remember thee*.

---

(8) विनायक, The Destroyer and third person in the Hindu Triad.

(9) They come at a call to the surface of the water and eat from the  
hand.

Thou art indeed a peerless spot in this bright orient  
land,  
And look'st as if thou had'st arisen by touch of Fairy  
wand !

---

WRITTEN ON A MORNING IN THE RAINY  
SEASON.

---

THE morn is up :--but veil'd in tears ;  
A greyish mist on all appears ;  
And now the gentle drops of rain  
Fall soft on glebe and arid plain.

So earth-rejoicing, into life  
The buds do burst with fragrance rife ;  
Those drops like diamond-raspings seem,  
All sparkling in the solar beam !

I list the sound—I love it well,—  
On mountain top—in shady dell ;  
But far more rich the spicy show'r,  
When view'd from *this*, my *orient* bow'r.



My "Champá"\* and my "Korobí,"\*  
Thy buds are bursting *now* I see ;  
Those "Jasmines," like my native snow,  
I fancy I can *see* them *grow*.

Thy fragrance o'er my sense doth steal,—  
Thy cups a freshness sweet reveal ;—  
The very earth—the balmy air—  
Yield grace and beauty ev'ry where.

There's music in these scented show'rs,  
While playing o'er the leafy bowers ;—  
A little deluge first—then stops—  
Then sheds a few reluctant drops.

The finny tribe in yonder lake,  
Beneath the wave to life awake ;  
The dimples on its placid breast  
Have circled out of sight. The west

Emits a gleam of golden light,  
Commingle with the ruby bright.  
And here, again, with music loud,  
The tribute of a passing cloud,—

While drawing up her fringy train,  
All edg'd with iris drops of rain.

---

\* My favorite flowers.

And see, another shower's begun—  
I look again,—Behold ! 'tis gone !

Those warm—those fructifying show'rs,  
Speak into birth the embryo flow'rs ;  
And ev'ry bird on leafy tree,  
Sends forth its notes of praise to *Thee*.

---

### ADDRESS TO THE HINDUS.

---

RISE ! Hindus, arise ! 'tis fair Science that calls,  
For entrance she knocks at your hearts and your halls :  
She comes with the blessings of permanent kind,  
And waits to unshackle the now fettered mind.  
Then, Hindus, arise ye ! and be no more found  
In courts of false pleasure, whirl'd giddily round ;  
To objects of higher, and far nobler aim,  
Direct all your powers—aspire to fame.  
God hath giv'n you genius,—then rapidly fly,  
To th' fair hill of Science that glitters on high.  
“ Come gather my roses,” says Wisdom, “ and see  
This chaplet immortal I've woven for thee !”  
Though thorny the way be, and briars appear,  
Your crown will be vict'ry if ye persevere :

Then onward and upward unflinchingly keep,  
A harvest of honors you ere long shall reap.  
Pursue Wisdom's path till her sunny crown'd height,  
And her glittering spires break full on your sight.  
Th' ascent may be rough to the young devotee,  
But fountains of knowledge, clear, gushing and free,—  
The waters of life, send forth, sparkling and bright,  
Flowing full from th' heavenly source of true light.  
T' refresh and encourage you when nearly weigh'd  
With hardship, Hope kindly vouchsafes you her aid,—  
When fainting with labour, heart trembling with  
fear,

The crystalline founts of fair learning appear !  
Those health-giving waters abound by the way,  
To strengthen all seeking for Wisdom's blest stay.  
Though wounded you may be, while trav'ling the road,  
Minerva your wounds will heal in her abode.  
Abandon your follies then, quickly, and flee  
T' Minerva's bright fane—and to Mnemosyne.  
Intellectual riches to thee they'll unfold,  
Worth more than Ind's treasures of diamonds and  
gold.

Of th' wealth of the mind none can you deprive,  
Th' more constant you use it, the better 'twill thrive.  
It will not impoverish although you impart,—  
Fresh branches of knowledge will spring in the heart.  
And, oh, how my heart swells with pleasure and pride,  
Then *one*, even *one* I see stemming the tide  
Of a morbid religion, pushing his way,—  
A courageous swimmer—his face 'gainst the spray.

Some say, “ *money is might*,”—with him I agree,  
Who said “ *knowledge is pow’r*” o’er land and o’er sea.  
Oh, is it not knowledge that’s found at the base  
Of every good government ;—and bestows place  
Of honor and riches to her votaries ?  
March under her banner like firm devotees.  
And last, though not least, you should take by the  
    hand,  
Your wives and your daughters, ’tis *Justice*’ demand.  
Science, you know, is of sex irrespective—  
Female capacity’s no way defective.  
Prophetic I view through the vista of Time,  
Bengala ! thou lovely, bright, beauteous clime !  
Risen “ fair as the moon,” strong and clear as the sun,  
To abide till all nations are blended in one !

*Calcutta, June 25th, 1844.*

---

CREATION.

---

OH Thou ! who didst the sacred bards inspire,  
 And touched Isaiah's lips with hallowed fire—  
 May one of feeblest powers attempt a theme  
 Of high sublimity ?—Oh ! shed a beam  
 Of light from thine own self into my heart ;  
 Irradiate its darkness, and impart  
 To me, in substance chained to this rude shore,  
 Thy heavenly gifts of rich stelliferous lore.  
 Strengthen my faint, my feeble, drooping wing,  
 And bathe it in thine own life-giving spring.  
 My weak and untaught powers unto thy sway  
 I yield. Then upward through th' empyreal way  
 Conduct me safe. My soul with knowledge fill,  
 Fresh from the "*Fountain-head*" on Zion's hill.  
 In sober-suited stole, be my employ  
 To sing the smiling " Hours," when crowned with joy  
 The " morning stars" exulted with delight,—  
 Shouted the " Sons of God," at the blest sight  
 Which burst upon their view when earth was young,  
 Ere yet the notes of " Saving Love" were sung.  
 Oh let my numbers flow in melting verse,  
 Sublime—harmonious, liquid, soft and terse.  
 Divine Instructor ! ' Lo !'—I bend the knee,  
 Teach me to sweep my trembling lyre *to Thee*.  
 Oh bear me upward on thy volant wing,  
 Bathe me in Inspiration while I sing

Creating Power ! While I alone essay  
To write, Oh, dip my pen in liquid day.

TH' ETERNAL voice of God had seven times sounded,  
Throughout the realms of ether space unbounded :—  
When from the centre of chaotic night,  
Sprang forth a world of beauty and delight ;  
Angelic ones in hosts now floated round  
This globe, new form'd, with wonder—awe profound,  
Attent on all the myriad springs of life,  
Replete with loveliness, and beauty rife.  
And now the charmed—the aery regions thrill  
With strains as ne'er were heard from Israfil,  
The glorious leader of the heavenly choir,  
Whose ever-burning harp breathes hallowed fire.  
Angelic harmonies were called to birth  
By the Creator of high heaven and earth ;  
The crystal spheres ring out their silver chime,  
While th' All-perfect hand, with skill sublime,  
His constellations in their orbits place,  
And bids them e'er shine on, through boundless space  
Of th' bright hyaline sea, with other gems,  
Each star a world of splendid diadems,  
On pave stelliferous, like the milky way,  
Which Night's fair smiles with powdered gold o'erlay.  
Effulgence fresh flash'd o'er the blissful throng  
At ev'ry new creation, raised their song.  
Angelic trumps, and lucid lutes of gold,  
In echo *His* stupendous works unfold,  
Proclaiming, in a sweep of symphony,

Which floated on a tide of harmony,  
 The attributes divine that o'er them shone  
 In dazzling splendour from th' Eternal throne.  
 Here glory, mercy, and Almighty power  
 Were blended in that all-creating hour.  
 By unseen chains of purest diamond light,  
 Or just perceiv'd by spotless angel-sight,  
 This new born world in formless space was hung,  
 While sparkling pinions perfume o'er it flung.  
 Down from the courts of never-ending day,  
 The bright, ethereal train now wing their way,  
 Far more resplendent than ten thousand suns  
 In their meridian glory, these bright ones  
 In ministries of love—a sweet employ—  
 Their mission they perform with holy joy.

Celestial hosts stood there, in dazzling ranks,  
 Without the veil, in glorious, glitt'ring flanks.  
 The splendour of this veil conceal'd the Throne  
 Of the Creator, the Almighty One !  
 And from it issued that Eternal voice  
 Which spake—creation was—and did rejoice.  
 Among the highest, purest ones that shone,  
 On glory beaming from the Almighty Throne,  
 Not one with seraph eye dared raise a look,  
     is sparkling wings with expectation shook.  
 The most ethereal of these spirits bright,  
 dared not approach th' effulgent veil of Light,  
 it in his glitt'ring pinions hid his face,  
     prostrate adoration took his place.

All in their sev'ral shining ranks they bow'd,  
Filling th' ambrosial air with anthems loud,  
Seraphic hosts in lofty pœans pour  
The loud acclaim, while humbly they adore.  
On viewless pinions, from th' Eolian spheres,  
Such harpings as ne'er gladden'd mortal ears  
Were borne along, mingling with Seraphim,  
Responsive Alleluia notes to Him.  
And here, above the archangelic choir,  
The hierarchal voice of praise swelled higher ;  
Exalted by their faithfulness and love,  
These glorious ones were privileg'd above  
The other heav'nly spirits, it would seem,  
To hold communion with the great Supreme.  
And here the youthful Seraph too was seen,  
His task performed with a contented mien ;  
Quite satisfied to labour and to love  
Till he should pass the mediate ranks above ;  
And in his mental powers risen higher,  
Attain to touch the harp of heav'nly fire.

Gone forth seven times had the Omnific Word,  
Seven times th' Eternal's voice pronounced it "good."  
Resplendent pinions of the host of heaven  
Fluttered each time th' approving word was given  
With joy that language is too faint to speak,  
(Silence conveys,—but words, alas ! how weak,—  
Impotent to explain the feeling soul—  
Those stronger passions that disdain control,—  
Love's acme,—on the fountain depths of grief—



Th' ov'rflowing cup of joy, however brief,  
May best be known by the expressive sigh,  
A blush,—a look,—or a tear-moisten'd eye ;)   
So joyously, angelic pulses played,  
When with admiring eyes, on what was made  
By Him the great and glorious Architect  
Who form'd all this unshaded with defect,  
Their od'rous wings by purest bliss were stirr'd,  
Their hearts with pleasure, like an uncaged bird,  
Rose high and free—thrill'd with the strange delight,  
And praised the "Founder" for this beauteous sight.  
Those Spirit-armies wait—mers'd in one flood,  
Of glitt'ring iris-coloured light, they stood :  
Filling the air with music clear and soft,  
Such thrilling strains as bear the soul aloft.  
Entrancingly those sounds were breath'd along  
By radiant wings that fill'd each pause of song.

Deep stillness then succeeded, when again  
Th' Eternal's voice was heard, "Let us make man !"  
Which swifter than the sunbeam's darting light,  
Rush'd through th' angelic-peopled courts so bright ;  
By ev'ry host—by ev'ry rank 'twas heard,  
And ev'ry one caught up th' Omnific Word,  
And in full song through heaven's high arches wide,  
    eir joy and admiration testified.  
    hen lo ! on all these praising myriads blest,  
    deep hush fell—still as the Death-stamp'd breast,  
    d sudden as the resurrection morn,  
    then Christ, the Sovereign Judge, on His high throne,

In a white cloud, 'mid flaming wings will come,  
And bear his suffering friends to heav'n their home,—  
To mansions He himself prepared for them,  
When His own life flow'd in Love's crimson stream.

From their respective ranks, and near the throne  
Three glorious spirits met,—together down  
In supplication they themselves prostrate,  
And from the 'splendent veil an answer wait.

These shining ones of influential might,  
Belong'd to order archangelic bright ;  
A high and glorious attribute of Heaven,  
Entrusted to the care of each was given.  
Its beauteous effulgence to uphold,  
More dazzling than refined Ophirean gold,  
Between high Heaven and Earth was their employ ;  
To lave it in the fount of Light their joy.

The first, with pinions soft, of sapphire hue,  
Like to a summer sky when moon beams through  
Are gently looking :—Like a beauteous bride  
Of India veil'd, who turns her head aside,  
Lest her heart's lord faint 'neath the noon-day sun  
Of all her charms, her beauties one by one  
She gently yields ;—the soft emitted beam  
Shines through his heart in Eros' sacred stream,  
Refreshing—strength'ning—onward as it flows,  
Like evening's dewy breath that sweets disclose,  
Which dare not forth to meet the Solar ray,  
Lie scone'd within their painted cups all day.

This spirit first with dazzling brow now spake :—  
 Before his eye the mists of error brake,—  
 His eye that pierces Falsehood's darkest shades,  
 Diffuses light, fresh as the ever-glades.  
 Armed with a crystal spear, whose touch, though  
     slight,  
 Puts Falsehood and his hateful train to flight—  
 Trembling with shame, and self-aborred, they flee  
 Down to the place of their nativity ;  
 Their guilty heads in Pandemonium screen,  
 (In the broad sunlight they dare not be seen.)

The radiant eye, and crystal spear proclaim  
 The gift—the attribute—the heav'n-born name  
 Of that which he the guardianship possess'd,  
 “ *Truth* ” was his name.    *Truth* heav'n stamp'd on his  
     breast.

Prostrate before the Throne,  
 This spirit thus implored  
 The all-creating One,  
 The Great Omnific Word ;  
 “ Father ! Create him not,  
 “ O'ershadow'd with deceit  
 “ He'll cause that beauteous spot  
 “ To be.”—This spirit sweet,  
 His brow effulgent, on  
 His sparkling wings in grief  
 He bow'd.—Then silence lone  
 Prevailed,—low—solemn—brief.

And then the second Spirit spake,—allied  
To “*Truth*,” but sterner moulded ;—at his side,  
And in his right hand grasp’d an unsheath’d sword,  
Quick to obey the mandates of the Lord  
This Spirit ever was. His glorious brow—  
His name and character effulgent show :  
And by a glitt’ring helm was shadow’d o’er,  
“*Justice*” it was, *Justice* the name he bore.  
His graceful limbs clad in a garment bright,  
Like th’ hauberk streaming full with golden light.  
And now his rich, full voice, in earnest tone  
Entreated thus, the High Omnific One !

“ Father ! Create him not,  
“ Yon world he will destroy ;  
“ Thy new and beauteous world,  
“ Dispelling Hope and Joy ;  
“ And with unrighteousness,  
“ And darksome deeds, will mar  
“ That sphere of loveliness,  
“ And banish me afar :  
“ Thine attribute divine  
“ Of Justice thou hast giv’n,  
“ Into this hand of mine—  
“ But self will’d man ’gainst Heav’n,  
“ In sin-dimm’d sight will view  
“ Me as the Avenger,—and  
“ Dispute my lawful right,  
“ And lift Rebellion’s hand.  
“ Great Father ! I appear,

" Thy majesty beseech,  
 " Vouchsafe a listening ear—  
 " Thy sceptre let me reach.  
 " Wilt thou admit the plea  
 " I now before thee lay?—  
 " Then this petition grant,  
 " Create not man, I pray."

Another bright refulgent Spirit spake ; —  
 His flutt'ring pinions spread,—white as the flake  
 Of purest snow on the high Alpine crest,  
 Which not a living footstep ever prest,  
 Sparkling and bright, as in its pristine state —  
 As Zembla's icicle *immaculate*.  
 So ardently intense this suppliant's prayer,  
 That his sweet face, so exquisitely fair,  
 Seem'd much disturb'd. An amaranthine wreath  
 Fresh from th' heav'nly bow'rs of od'rous breath,  
 From a most lovely brow, transcendent fair,  
 This wreath bound back his silky flowing hair.  
 One look upon that brow, so mild, so calm,  
 Brought healing as from show'rs of Gilead's balm,  
 And tranquillised, as 'twere by magic art,  
 The trouble-tempest, and the throbbing heart.  
 An em'rald bough or reed he held, resembling  
     e olive-leaf, but radiantly trembling  
 ith liquid light, to earth-born plants unknown,  
 it blooms in splendour round th' Eternal Throne.  
 blossoms bright, unfadingly expand,  
 nted and nurtured by th' Almighty hand.

Here on the banks of the life-giving stream,  
Are breath'd along, like some sweet trancing dream  
Of love and harmony, and sweets combin'd,  
So gently thralling to the yielding mind,  
The "Rose of Sharon's" perfume, mingled with  
The myrtle, as it were a Seraph's breath.

" Father ! Create him not,"  
(This gentle Spirit pray'd,  
O'er his expressive orbs  
A sweetly mournful shade  
Of quiet sorrow pass'd,)  
" Me from the earth he'll chase,  
" Create him not, Oh God !  
" Father and Fount of Peace!  
" That World of Happiness  
" Now blooming 'neath thy care,  
" Emblem of Heav'nly bliss,  
" Of all that's bright and fair,  
" With awful scenes of hate  
" And discord, with their train,  
" Proud man will devastate,  
" And sow the seeds of pain.  
" My snowy banner now,  
" By gentlest gales unfurl'd,  
" By fragrant Zephyrs kiss'd,  
" Floats o'er the new-born world ;  
" By man 'twill quick be lower'd,  
" And trampled in the dust,  
" For man to fellow-man

“ Will ever be unjust.  
“ Thine attribute of peace  
“ A *name* alone will be,  
“ 'Mong men its life will cease,  
“ Sink to obscurity.  
“ Its name, so musical,  
“ By man will be forgot.  
“ Father ! Oh Father God !  
“ I pray, create him not.”

The Spirit ceased ;—a stillness hushed and deep  
As that of those lock'd in death's icy sleep,  
That congregation in th' unlighted hall,  
Whose dank Cimmerian dews drape its cold wall;  
In frozen fetters, nought on earth can break,  
The captive lies, till the last trumpet wake,  
And to the dread tribunal summons all  
Who now do breathe on this terrestrial ball.  
Oh ; then, with thunder clothed, the Judge Supreme—  
'Mid rushing winds and wild volcanic gleam,  
His righteous sceptre o'er the myriad crowd  
Will wave. While ocean's tempest-surges loud,  
Into confusion wrought, will onward roll,  
The southern calling to the Northern pole.  
But ere the chain, which now unites to heaven  
is nether orb, shall be detach'd and riven—  
every link for ever parted be—  
rist to his friends will say, “ Come unto me :”  
me to my arms, ye who have proved my love,  
humble ones ! Enter your rest above.

Convoyed they are by a bright shining band,  
While guilt stands trembling on the King's left land.  
Despair and fear their every sense benumb,  
Palsied they stand, and every lip is dumb.  
Oh ! then, distinctions—titles gold hath bought,  
And pleased weak man, will dwindle into nought.  
The gilded toys that now their pride inflate—  
Their costly equipage and princely state—  
(Too often by oppression these are gained,  
Exterior fair, cares not his heart is stained.)  
These glittering gew-gaws, what will they avail  
At that "*Great Day*" when stoutest hearts will fail !  
A death-hush reign'd, while shining myriads wait  
The answering word, with faces veil'd prostrate.  
And now, as if th' Almighty presence had  
Withdrawn itself—Behold ! a trembling shade  
In th' effulgence of the veil appear'd,  
As though *His* favoured angels would be heard.

In th' unfathom'd boundless space afar,  
Floating, is seen a bright resplendent star,  
Onward it comes toward the effulgent veil,  
The glorious hosts prepare to bid it hail.  
And now the faint, yet thrilling music rings,  
Proclaiming soft the advance of angel-wings.  
On—on it comes, until at length is seen  
A glorious One, whose dazzling look and mien  
Irradiated with its beauty, all  
Around the newly heav'n-suspended ball.  
His lustre, through the amplitude of space,



Increas'd the glory of each angel-face.  
 In that dread hour every rank he passed,  
 Sent forth in song a full symphonious burst  
 Of joy. And closer still they drew around,  
 And watch'd him with a tender love profound,  
 Such love as only angel-spirits feel.

\* \* \* \* \*

This Spirit in his rapid course, paused not,  
 The trembling shade was banish'd and forgot ;  
 To anxious, sadd'ning thought they bade adieu,  
 For by his smile Hope kindled fresh and new.  
 Confiding joy now fills each angel breast,  
 For beatific ones scarce feel unrest.  
 In their bright world all, all is blessing—blest !  
 No baleful winds of poisonous breath pass by,  
 No waking breeze laden with sorrow's sigh ;  
 There no pal'd lip, in quiv'ring accents faint,  
 Breathes out "*I'm sick*"—and there no sad complaint  
 That Friendship's but a phantom of the mind,  
 And all its pledges wav'ring as the wind,  
 Or like yon arc-en-ciel that greets my eye,  
 Whose radiant hues in mists dissolv'd will lie,  
 Ere these few truant thoughts in lines are penn'd,  
 Such, such are those the world entitles "*Friend*."  
 The meteor-flash of insects 'mong the trees,  
 The soft Eolian strains along the breeze,  
 The emblems meet for all this earth can boast ;  
 The former sparkles, in a moment's lost !  
 And tho' the last were sweet, yea, passing sweet,  
 The mind is left to mourn their nature fleet.

From nought they spring—to nought they must return,  
The Heav'n-lit lamp of Love will ever burn ;  
Conduct the soul through the dark wilderness,  
O'er Death's cold stream, to fields of endless bliss.  
The best belov'd of the Eternal one,  
The guardian essence of th' angelic hosts,  
Pure "*Love Divine*" it was that now thus shone,  
And shed fresh radiance through the heav'nly coasts.  
Archangels—Hierarchs, and Seraphim,—  
Bowed low before his sway, acknowledg'd him  
The representative of the Supreme !  
*Love*,—Heavenly Love it was on them did beam.  
In beauty, dazzling bright, he floated on,  
And every court of Heav'n's majestic Throne,  
Greater effulgence, as he passed, sent out,  
In pœons raised a full symphonious shout.  
He near'd, the veil, and down before it bent,  
Half rais'd his face, with matchless beauty blent,  
When in a low and soft mellifluous tone  
Address'd himself to the Almighty Throne.  
That voice melodious, pierces, as he prays,  
The utmost bounds of the unmeasured space.

“ Father ! I would that thou  
“ Create him.” Thus he pray'd,—  
“ To love and be belov'd,  
“ And praise the works thou'st made.  
“ Although he err and sin,  
“ I know thou wilt forgive,  
“ His crimes thou wilt absolve,

“ And bid his spirit live.  
“ Yes, for the sake of *Him*,  
“ Thy well-beloved Son,  
“ Through faith in His dear name,  
“ The vict’ry may be won.  
“ Power o’er stubborn foes,  
“ That dwell within the heart,  
“ When thou the gift of thy  
“ Good Spirit shalt impart.  
“ Clad in the perfect robe  
“ Of Jesu’s righteousness,  
“ Thou wilt permit him to  
“ Behold thy smiling face.  
“ I know that in his heart  
“ Folly will e’er be found,  
“ But, Father God ! doth not  
“ Thy grace and love abound !  
“ Yes, for His blessed sake,  
“ In whom well-pleased thou art,  
“ Thy Spirit thou wilt send  
“ To sanctify man’s heart.  
“ The Penitent, thou wilt,  
“ With love and pity view,  
“ And free forgiveness grant,  
“ When he for pardon sue.  
“ This, this thou wilt vouchsafe  
“ To contrite ones who bend,  
“ Feeling the need of *Him*,  
“ Th’ appointed ‘ *Sinner’s Friend*.’  
“ Will not atoning blood

“ Its efficacy prove ?

“ Create, Oh then immerse

“ Him in the ‘ *Sea of Love.*’ ”

A pause ensued ;—all hush’d the wond’ring throng,  
As when, on viewless wings, is borne along,  
The just emancipated soul to bliss,  
Leaving the heart its inward loneliness  
And grief, too deep for utterance—save a sigh  
Unheard, but felt, while th’ uplifted eye  
Fearlessly traces through its aery way  
The disembodied Spirit, like a ray  
Of undescriptive light, its halo seems  
More softly bright than earth’s most trancing dreams.  
Such was the silence when this Spirit ceased.

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Now through the veil, upon him, as he knelt,  
Bewild’ring glory burst. Inward he felt  
Its powerful rays. Throughout the ranks of Heav’n  
Its beams flash’d quickly at the moment giv’n ;  
Of the Eternal ’twas th’ assenting sign,  
Again the Omnific Word went forth divine !  
“ Let us make man !” Millions of voices swell’d  
The chorus glad, by “ *Heavenly Love*” impell’d.  
The arches ring with high angelic praise,  
Cherubic songs unite with seraph lays ;  
On glory’s flaming wings they ’re borne along,  
While shout on shout stream from the praising throng,

And *Love* himself, sweeping his thrilling wires,  
Imparts from his high harp, to all, its fires.

\* \* \* \* \*

A mightier creation shall arise !

Lo ! earth-born sons are destined for the skies !

To prove the mercy of their maker God,

The loving-kindness of th' Omnific Word !

*Truth—Justice—Peace*, joined in the thrilling strain,

For o'er them did *Love's* spirit sweetly reign.

He touch'd them with his quiv'ring balmy breath,

And quick they felt his uttered words were truth.

As Zephyr's breath, o'er Bassora's fair rose,

Exhales the aroma which sweetly flows ;

So these angelic Ones, like balmy dream,

Pour'd out their souls in *Love's* own holy stream.

Though man, frail man do err, still form'd in *Love*,

When fallen he must look to Heav'n above ;

With a sincere and contrite heart must pray,

For cleansing grace, to purge his sins away

In Jesu's fountain—in that purple tide

That flow'd for sinners from His wounded side.

For Jesus Christ, before the world began,

A sacrifice appointed was for man.

Men dead in sin, His spirit can awake,

And cause the soul its follies to forsake ;

Believing in Him—He will expiate

His crimes,—and ope to him the pearly gate

Of Salem's city fair—on whose bright plain

Celestial Love and Peace for ever reign.

The spirit immortal breath'd into the shell  
 Of clay,—angel-voices harmonious swell,—  
 The high hosts of Heaven pour forth the glad song,  
 Rejoicing in Him to whom praises belong ;—  
 For the Spirit of Love, with his pinions of light,  
 Hovered o'er the new world as o'er theirs softly bright.

*November 17th, 1839.*

### THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN.

THIS woodbine will flourish,—these willows will wave,  
 When I in death's silence shall rest in the grave ;  
 Those flowers I've planted will still bloom around,  
 When with *him* I rest in yon lone burial ground.  
 The two “ Baddaum brikkhyos”\* I planted last year  
 Will still grow in beauty when I disappear ;  
 In hope they were planted, and will not deceive,  
 Kind Heaven will care for them,—thus I them leave.  
 Their arms they will spread forth the trav'ler to shade,  
 With coronals green deck'd, not like me to fade.  
 My days are decreasing as Time onward moves,—  
 The heart must ere long yield up all it now loves ;  
 That idolised one in the land far away,—  
 My soul for her farewell embrace may not stay.

\* बादाम वृक्ष (Almond-tree.)

These flowers I've watch'd in their opening bloom—  
On their page of instruction have read my own doom ;  
Pure lessons they've taught me as I ponder'd o'er  
Their beauties, and felt I could almost adore.  
Spirit of flowers ! forgive me, if ever  
I with a rash hand did one tiny bud sever,  
From its parent stem, causing tear-drops of grief,  
Unfeelingly short'ning a life that's so brief.  
Fair flowers ! in you rich enjoyment I've found,  
And mourned when a rude wind bent one to the ground.  
Frail Ones ! I have nursed, and beheld you with pride,  
And grieved when by accident one of you died.  
I give you, sweet flowers ! a sister's affection,  
My heart flows with love in this pure connection ;  
Fading, evanescent—beautiful and fair !  
In this dark world nought can with ye compare.  
When in Love's chain the *last* link is broken and gone,  
And I in this bleak world am left *quite* alone,  
May the Sweet " Rose of Sharon " e'er in my heart  
bloom,  
And my flower-friends wreath me around for the tomb.  
When death shall appear with his cold icy wreath,  
T' encircle my brows, and absorb my last breath—  
May one friend—the *True Friend*, my death couch stand  
by,  
I'll clap my glad wings—and breathe out my last sigh ;  
Bid adieu to ye all, sweet, precious earth flowers,  
And soar to the Eden of Amaranth bowers.

*June 19th, 1844.*

MY VISION.  

---

'Twas night!—and all around was silent—calm,—  
That peaceful, solemn hour of dewy balm ;  
Companionship I sought for thoughts upborne  
To'ards the bright watch-fires fading into morn.  
Gazing on the sidereal vault of heaven,  
I long'd that unto me it might be given  
To soar above those stellar glories bright,  
To drop mortality, and wing my flight  
Beyond those glitt'ring orbs, where ever roll  
Seas of unchanging bliss on the freed soul.  
There sighs are never heard from aching hearts,  
By Love-Divine are heal'd all earth-love smarts ;—  
There Death or disappointment ne'er can come,  
All—all are safe in their Eternal home ;  
Reclining on their Saviour's faithful breast,  
Removed from this dark world's unquiet rest.  
Musing I sat, while mem'ry, faithful e'er,  
Brought to my vision forms I hold most dear,  
Forms not alone that brighten this dull earth,  
Shedding their influence o'er my lone heart's dearth ;  
Few—few are they in number I have left,  
Save two or three, alas ! of all bereft.  
Dear treasured ones ! my much-loved two or three,  
My life were little worth depriv'd of ye.



Bright stars ye are, risen in either sphere,  
My *orient* and my *occident* appear ;—  
I cannot, dare not think of such decree,  
That ye'll be ta'en and leave your lonely E.  
Should ye be called unto your heav'nly rest—  
Your rich inheritance, "*Peace*" with the blest,  
With those lov'd ones no longer here, ye'll meet,  
Circling around the blest Redeemer's feet !  
O ! how my spirit bounds to be away,  
Free and unfettered from this erring clay,—  
For visions now, as golden sunbeams clear,  
Shew me the loved in heav'n's own blessed sphere.  
Ah ! what is this appears in yonder cloud ?  
Unearthly mists this seraph form enshroud !  
Oh, tell me, lovely spirit ! who thou art,—  
And why thou deign'st to shine o'er my poor heart ;  
Say, what's thy wish ? from what bright sphere thou'rt  
    come,  
To visit me in my lone earthly home.  
Through the white folds of thy majestic light,  
Is it my Ada dear appears to sight ?—  
The rush of thy soft wings benumbs my soul,  
While o'er me fair, delightful visions roll !  
A sweetly mournful voice falls on my ear,  
So bland—so soft—so ravishing and clear,—  
But hark ! those notes—those lovely notes again !  
It is not quite an unfamiliar strain.  
I list again ! It says, " sweet sister, come !  
Burst those frail bonds—flee to your heav'nly home !"  
I cannot—may not say what string was swept,

'Twas melting tenderness—'twas love,—I wept  
To join dear Ada! Oh, my soul! how blest  
To flee to heav'n, and be for e'er at rest!  
Fresh in the mem'ry do the loved ones live,  
Their cherish'd names a lasting fragrance give;  
Oh! when I feel my precious Dead are here,  
Hov'ring about me in this lower sphere,—  
Immortal glories burst upon my view,  
To things of earth I long to bid adieu.  
Ada! dear Ada! I essay'd to speak,—  
While mingled tears coursed fast adown my cheek.  
Drawn gently were the life-chords of my heart;—  
My sister-spirit said, "Let us depart!"  
(In whisper soft as on no mortal ear  
Ere fell,—and with it dropp'd a pearly tear.)  
Morn swift approaches, let us flee away  
To realms of light—and everlasting day!  
I felt the spell of a mysterious power  
Wrapping me round in that sweet solemn hour;  
Benignant smiles beam'd through celestial love,  
I tried to clasp the form—but could not move.  
My spirit-sister breath'd a sweet adieu!  
Wings sparkled—and she vanished from my view!

*August 27th, 1844.*

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WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON MY EMBROIDERY  
FRAME IN WHICH I WAS WORKING A PAIR  
OF SLIPPERS, ROSE PATTERN.

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*J'ai arrosé ces fleurs avec larmes.*

---

ROSES thornless it is meet,  
That I scatter at thy feet ;  
Raised beneath a sombre sky,  
They must wither, droop and die,  
Flowers of sorrow, doubt and fears !  
I have watered you with tears.

Alone I sit, without a ray  
Of comfort, watching day by day,  
Against hope, hoping for the light  
To break upon my mental sight ;—  
And yet another flower appears,  
For me to water with my tears.

Oh how I long for one sweet line,  
Traced by that dear, kind hand of thine,  
To tell that thou and thine are well,—  
And nothing sad has them befel ;—  
Still—still another flower uprears  
Its head, and asks too for my tears.

This pattern,—oh ! I cannot trace,  
The needle comes in the wrong place ;  
My frame must now be set aside,  
With other thoughts I'm occupied ;  
Anxious thought !—my heart that sears,  
And watered with its scalding tears.

My “ little friend,” with pitying eye,  
Here resting by me, says, “ Don't cry.”  
That look so heavenly, and so meek,  
Should dry the wet tear on my cheek :  
This semblance, which so much endears,  
Has oft been witness to my tears.

Roseate flowers ! fair in form !  
Like smiling Hope amid the storm ;  
Oh whisper to my anxious heart,  
Thou'lt meet thy friend, no more to part !—  
If not on earth, beyond the spheres,  
Where flowers are watered not with tears.

This work has many an hour beguiled,  
And o'er it sometimes, grief has smiled ;  
Then, dearest friend, I pray accept,—  
And think not o'er it I have wept,  
Oh, could I thornless make thy years,  
I'd yield up all that most endears,—  
Pour o'er the sacrifice, my tears.

MORNING.

---

Now morn unmoors her pearly boat,  
Upon an azure sea to float ;  
Her streamers gay, in all their pride,  
Unfurl their beauties far and wide ;  
Increas'd by Sol's enraptured tide  
Of love,—they blush like Kasi's\* bride.

The dew-bright earth with flowers is drest,—  
Nature's own sweet and perfum'd vest,  
Brought forward by fair-handed spring,  
Who now presents her offering ;  
And birds in joyful concert sing,  
Morn and her gifts, glad heralding.

*April.*

---

NOON.

---

ADVANCING fast, the king of day,  
On ev'ry plant and tender spray,  
*Straight down* his love-beams, see him pour,  
An avalanche on ev'ry flow'r !  
Haste, haste ye tender opening buds,  
And hawthorn bright with tinted studs ;  
Secure within the chalice bower,  
Fold in night's cool refreshing dower.

---

\* According to the Hindoo belief, one of the incarnations of the Deity.

Jupiter's sway this hour guides,—  
On his impetuous courser rides  
In glory through the ether space,  
With a full-flush'd and jocund face.  
Now glancing wings are all at rest  
On yonder fragrant Bokool's\* breast,  
Between whose scarcely moving leaves,  
A lullaby young Zephyr weaves.  
All through bright Sol's meridian reign,  
The rook's continual cawing strain,  
Is all that breaks the silence deep,—  
All else seems lock'd in Nature's sleep.

*Calcutta.*

---

NIGHT.

---

NIGHT! blessed night! I love thee well,—  
I love within thy shade to dwell;  
With thy soft mantle o'er me thrown,  
How sweet to sit here all alone!  
While meditation, Heav'n's own child,  
Hushes my heart's emotions wild.

Peace o'er me spreads her downy wing,—  
In softest whispers, says, "I bring  
To thee, oh child of sorrow's days,  
The sweetest solace." Then she lays  
Her hand upon my heart,—at rest—  
The fever'd tumult of my breast.

---

\* Mimosa Elengi.

DOST THOU THINK OF ME?

---

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE BLANK LEAF OF  
A BOOK, WHILE SEATED IN MY CARRIAGE ON THE  
STRAND, NEAR PRINSEP'S GHAT.

---

THE young moon has risen  
    'Mid splendour and light,  
As Angels, from heaven,  
    Look down with delight;—  
The soft clouds float on an  
    Ærial sea,  
On thee I am thinking—  
    Dost thou think of me?

How soft is this hour!  
    Alas! and how fleet!  
So like the fond moments  
    When we used to meet;  
Oh! if thou wert with me  
    How blest it would be!  
On thee I am thinking—  
    Dost thou think of me?

The bosom of Ganga  
Throbs wild with delight ;  
While Chandra looks down from  
Her blue, starry height,  
And beholds her gay court  
In th' bright crystal sea ;—  
On thee I am thinking—  
Dost thou think of me ?

The river's smooth surface  
Now rises and falls,  
Like the spring-floors of dance  
In Terpsichore's halls ;  
The steps that glide o'er it  
Are brilliant and free,  
But, *trembling*, dear friend,  
As my thoughts are of thee.

Diana bends o'er me,—  
The breeze fans my brow ;  
But my poor heart is sad  
And asks, where art thou ?  
Where art thou ? How art thou ?—  
In absence from me  
I ever think on thee,—  
Dost thou think of me ?

---



TO MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. A. M. P.

---

THOUGH now my cheek is dew'd with Sorrow's tear,  
 I bless the friendly gale that brought thee here.  
 Affection's tear-drops warm, true, kind are shed,  
 While Hope, through wreathing visions round my head,  
 Whispers in strains as gently sweet and soft,  
 As Israfil's seraphic choir aloft,—  
 When the glad news through heav'n's high arches ring,—  
 A soul has learned "Redeeming Love" to sing :—  
 " A few revolving months and you shall meet,  
 " And taste again the joys of Friendship sweet.  
 " Thy newly-given friend a little while  
 " Absent will be. Then, THEN her sunny smile,  
 " So like the moon, when dark-tinged clouds pass by,  
 " Pours full upon them, bids their shadows fly,—  
 " In gentleness will beam on thee again,  
 " Like eve's fair star upon the troubled main."  
 I list ! my heart is cheered,—I feel thy power  
 Falling like gentle rain on the faint flower.  
 Sweet Hope ! thy golden promises I own,  
 Though oft Delusion's veil o'er them is thrown ;  
 Once more I trust,—deceive me not, I pray,  
 O'er coming months irradiate the way,  
 And in due time fruition full bestow,  
 For what I wish and long, but cannot know.

Then, dearest Agnace, be the moments fleet,  
That bring the crowning hour when I may greet  
Thee yet again,—if not on India's shore,  
Grant it, Oh Heaven ! where partings are no more.

*Calcutta, April 16, 1845.*

*Evening.*

---

LINES TO A FRIEND ACCOMPANYING A  
WATCH-PAPER.

---

REVOLVING Time sweeps all earth's flow'rs away !  
But heav'n-born Friendship never knows decay :—  
May this blest boon, my valued friend, be yours,  
Your comfort—stay—and hope, while Time endures.  
Although imperfect while on earth it be,  
Still, like the flower it says, "*Forget not me.*"  
May constant joys lead forth thy ev'ry hour,  
And *Peace*, her snowy wing, spread o'er thy bow'r.  
When all thy minutes, days and hours are sped,  
To *Friendship's fount* in heav'n may'st thou be led,  
And there imbibe a rich and full supply,  
From Zion's gushing springs that never dry.  
With those, around whom thou'st entwined the wreath  
Of Earth's affection,—(broke in twain by Death,)  
Commence anew in Heav'n's celestial bow'rs,  
To weave a Friendship-wreath from God's own flow'rs.

## A PROPHECY.

HER head reposing on one thin small hand :  
Flowing in ringlets, unconfined by band,  
Her silken tresses fall like waves of light,  
O'er her fair breast, like Parian marble white.  
Pensively sat the quiet Kasirime,  
In her lone bow'r, wrapp'd in a heavenly dream :  
The night was mirk,—the wind went sougning by,  
And from it came a voice so mournfully—  
Saying, “ Kasirime! O, lend a list'ning ear !  
(From shades of the loved Dead thou'st nought to fear.)  
List ! to the breathing of th' autumnal gale,  
Which, as it passes, whispers, Oh ! thou frail  
Being ! who now dost hear my warning voice,  
Ere spring approach, and bid the trees rejoice—  
The crocus to bedeck its early bed,—  
Thou wilt be slumb'ring with the silent Dead !  
Though now thine eye is bright, thy cheek all bloom,  
This is but omen of an early tomb ;  
Attendant on Consumption day by day,  
Which slowly wears thy young life's hours away.  
That marble brow—that hectic flush—that breath  
Quick drawn, are certain harbingers of Death !  
Soon will the magic harp of life be broke,  
Its strings lie mute 'neath Death's cold, icy stroke!

The wreath of flow'rs poetic thou dost weave,  
Will serve to decorate thy peaceful grave.  
Fair One ! too fondly now, perhaps, believing  
That those bright looks of thine (alas ! deceiving)  
Cannot be else than gifts of rosy health ;—  
Sweet Kasirime ! they 're not Hygeia's wealth,—  
*Her* gifts insidiously are ta'en away by stealth,  
By that deceiver, who her looks assume,  
And wears them till his victim's in the tomb !  
Thou hop'st, perhaps, in future years to meet  
Among Fame's favor'd ones, some lowly seat ;  
Thou shalt indeed behold her glitt'ring fane,—  
But rest within it thou shalt not obtain ;—  
For Death, the fell destroyer, in thy way,  
Slowly, yet sure, hath mark'd thee for his prey !  
Illusive hopes ! short grows thy fleeting breath—  
Yet let me tell thee, that the flow'ry wreath  
Which thou hast woven, long will thee survive,  
To shed fresh fragrance on thy name shall live.  
The clayey tenement to dust returned,  
Sad Poesy will mourn o'er it inurned.  
Dissonant—prophetic—thy life-pulse throbs,  
Thy mental energy, precocious, robs  
Thy powers physical of all their strength ;  
With early faded flow'rs thou'lt rest at length :—  
Thy dust commingled with their last repose,  
Strewed be thy leaves like the once-blushing rose,—  
Like heav'nly dews thy mem'ry will remain ;  
Like the crush'd rose, sweet fragrance will retain."

*Calcutta, Oct. 11th, 1844.*

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR  
THE TITLE OF "GUARDIAN-ANGEL."

---

THOU call'dst me "Guardian Angel!"  
Would I could ever rest  
In that dear hallow'd temple,  
Thy gentle—peaceful breast :

From the sweet sanctuary,  
At night's lone hour I'd steal,  
When whisp'ring, soft pulsations,  
Thy life-string's peace reveal.

When on the snowy pillow  
Thy jetty locks repose,—  
In sleep thy lips are smiling—  
Thy beaming eye is closed,—

Oh, then I would watch o'er thee,  
In Guardian raptures blest ;  
And listen to the breathing  
Of music from thy breast.

My Guardian wing extended,  
Would shield thee in thy sleep,  
From spirits bringing sorrow,  
And causing thee to weep.

My breathing o'er thy slumbers,  
Sweet Paradisal dreams,  
Would make thee clasp thy pillow,  
'Neath morn's advancing beams.

The path of life, before thee,  
When dimm'd by sorrow's cloud,  
Or crown'd with rosy chaplets,  
My pinions should enshroud.

My unseen guard should point thee  
Where *Love* and *Peace* do dwell;  
When summon'd to resign thee  
To His Almighty Will;—

With wreaths of bliss immortal,  
The meek and good inherit,  
Thy brow should be encircled  
By thine own Guardian Spirit.

---

## GREEKS AND TURKS.\*

## PART I.

GRECIANS arise ! seize quick your glitt'ring arms !  
Drive from your classic land those barb'rous swarms  
Of savage Turks, who have for ages past  
Destroy'd your cities, and your chains bound fast.  
Say, shall Mohammed's sons, whom blood hath fed  
For untold ages, on the Christian tread ?  
Shall the proud Turk, with scimitar of steel  
Destroy your sons, and make your daughters kneel ?  
Shall Moslems, with their crescents waving high,  
Your dwellings conflagrate—your strength defy ?  
Shall Islam's banner o'er the peaceful wave  
Of Grecia float ? Rouse !—rouse, ye brave !  
Turn—turn your eyes to Scio's blood-stain'd isle,  
Where joy and peace, and love were wont to smile ;—  
Now view her sons in mangled heaps lie slain,  
Steeping in gore the mountain and the plain.

---

\* Written on hearing from a Greek Boy an account of his escape from the burning ruins of his father's house at Scio, in which his parents and brothers and sisters had been massacred by the merciless Turks. This boy, the sole survivor of his family, escaped with the fleshy part of his fore-arm cut away by a sabre, while in the act of leaping from a window of the house,—and subsequently found protection in America.

Full thirty thousand of her bravest fell,  
Killed in cold blood !—all this ye know full well.  
Daughters of Greece, in Death's cold arms lie seal'd,  
And not a Grecian youth dare take the field ?  
For shame ! for shame ! your fathers from their graves  
Cry, sons, arise ! and be no longer slaves.  
Rally around the standard of your sires,  
Gird on your swords, and light your mountain fires.  
Remember ! Leonidas' intrepid band  
Of gallant Spartans 'gainst whole hosts did stand ;  
And know ye not how they cut down their ranks  
With sword and falchion,—those glitt'ring flanks,—  
And at Thermopylæ their bones to bleach  
Were left ?—Where, save the night owl's dismal screech,  
Is nought now heard upon that spacious plain,  
Where desolation drear and horrors reign.

## PART II.

The Grecians hear, and gath'ring from afar,  
Impetuous rush unto the field of war.  
The youthful breast with patriotic fire  
Is filled, and burns with restless, hot desire.  
To arms ! to arms ! Revenge ! is now the cry,  
Charge on the Turks ! we conquer, or we die.  
Rush on ! rush on ! is borne on ev'ry breath,  
Forward brave Greeks, to victory or death.  
Invincibly maintain your lawful right,  
The God of justice aids you with his might.  
Intrepidly march on, nor flinch nor yield,  
While one base Turk is left to quit the field.



## PART III.

And now, in dread array, with spear to spear,  
Th' imperious Turk and outraged Greek draw near !  
'Midst driving smoke their crests now proudly wave,  
(Grecia will not be called a cowering slave).  
The jav'lin, arrow, battle axe and shield,—  
Death's paraphernalia on th' ensanguin'd field,—  
Glitter, on dreadful murd'rous intent,  
While Greek revenge, and Soldan hate are blent.  
Destruction from its lair hath now awoke,  
And stalks abroad with chain unloos'd and broke.  
Unsheathed are sabres now (that long have slept  
In their enclosures), by strong hands adept.  
Near and more near the hostile armies meet,  
Determined that they will not know defeat.  
The Turk's battalia, glorious to behold,  
Shine in the sunbeams bright, like burnished gold.  
Mars, in his war-car, with high hopes is rife ;  
The valiant Bellona exults in the strife.  
How gloriously the brigandines display  
The sun's broad gaze in every gleaming ray !  
His culminating beams the greaves reflect ;—  
Most gorgeously the habergeon's bedeck'd  
With streams of brazen fire. Vant-brace and spear  
In carnage will envermeil'd soon appear.  
Cleaving the air, the whizzing bullets fly,  
The heated cannon's smoke ascends on high.  
Helmets, in the sunbeams, are glittering bright,  
And banners streaming high like feathery light :

Their gorgeous tints, gay as the orient morn,  
Too soon, alas ! in remnants must be torn,  
To stanch the fainting soldier's gushing wound,  
Or soiled and trampled on the blood-steep'd ground.  
High on the breeze is tost the milk-white plume  
Of heroes who must slumber in the tomb !  
The bugle sounds ! The cavalry advance !  
The combat thickens now with pike and lance,  
The war-horse proud, whose fierceness may'nt be still'd,  
While yet far off, with scent of battle's filled :  
On fallen ones, whose mournful cries are drown'd  
In the loud beat of drum and trumpet's sound,  
Unfeelingly, unheedingly they pass,  
O'er the incongruous dead and dying mass :  
With purple gore their trampling hoofs they stain,  
While showers of bullets o'er them thickly rain.

The right wing of yon phalanx is now levell'd down !  
Behold ! that brave cornet, hard struggling alone !  
But just now his gonfalon proudly did wave  
In the air,—it now covers his glorious grave !  
The current of life is fast ebbing away,  
He vainly endeavours to Allah to pray,—  
Between life and death cannot maintain the strife—  
He wraps the flag round him, and gasps out his life !

Now many a dying one is borne away,  
Far from the scene of battle's bloody fray.—  
List ! bursting bombs ! and see the blazing flash !  
The Greeks charge on, Oh ! how their bright arms clash !

Fame's wreath of laurel green, for him to wear  
Who wins the day, is hung mid-way in air.  
All looks are turned towards th' alluring spot,  
And thoughts of kindred—home—are all forgot.  
Each heart now burns with emulous desire,  
Black eyes, like diamonds, flash with glory's fire.  
Enthusiasm beams from every soul,  
Inspiring to fight for vict'ry's goal.

## PART IV.

The battle ground is covered o'er and o'er  
With lifeless Turks, drench'd in their running gore !  
Bright Sol has sunk on groaning warrior heaps,  
Whose gushing life goes out near him who sleeps  
In adamantine slumbers, ne'er to wake  
Till th' archangel's trump the earth doth shake.  
Nought from afar is heard save dying groans,  
Commingled with War's victim's dismal moans.

The reeking corpses, gashed with many a scar,  
Attract the cormorant and vulture from afar,  
Whose hasty strides, by pinching hunger led,  
Are reckless of the dying and the dead.  
Their stiffen'd forms, wrapp'd in Death's mantle lie,  
No kind hand near, to close the dying eye !  
Uncoffin'd, unattended, they return  
“ Dust unto dust” till resurrection's morn !

Weep the brave ones, ye dark-hair'd Moslem maids !  
Mourn for the blight on your bright sunny glades !

Weep for your country's deep—inglorious stain,—  
Mourn for your husbands, friends and lovers slain!

Brave, favored Greeks the vict'ry have achieved,  
From proud usurpers all their rights retrieved,—  
Exulting shout, and pointing to their tombs,  
Cry, “ Barb'rous murderers! you have met your  
dooms.”

---

ABSENCE.

---

DAYS of absence! lone and dreary!  
Clad in sorrow's dark array;  
Answer to this heart so weary,  
Why my friend's so long away.

Hear ye not a lone one sighing—  
Drinking long the tears of grief?  
Hear ye not a voice is crying?  
“ Haste, my friend, and bring relief.”

Frightful dreams at night foreboding,  
Tell of woes yet worse in store;  
Anxious fears by day corroding,  
Gnaw the bosom's inmost core.

Angels who above us dwelling,  
 Look o'er all this world of cares ;  
 Touched by pity's soft compelling—  
 Tell me how my friend now fares.

Is it now that he is stooping  
 Under ills of health denied ?—  
 Like a mournful willow drooping  
 O'er the river's murmuring tide.

Is the dove of Peace extending  
 Her soft sheltering pinions wide ?—  
 Tell me, angels, o'er him bending,  
 Does sweet bliss with him abide ?—

Or that now his head is aching—  
 Hot with fever's throbbing pain,  
 And through restless nights is waking,  
 Supplicating sleep in vain.—

Tears of anguish ever streaming,  
 Down my cheeks unceasing flow ;  
 Weeping—wailing—fearing—dreaming—  
 With a woman's heart of woe.

*August 18th.*

---

## SOME THINGS THAT I LOVE.

WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.  

---

OH ! *Thou*, who sitt'st enthroned in light !  
Methinks on such a glorious night  
As this, from thy high throne above,  
Thine eye more brightly beams with love.

To me, at least, faith clearer shews  
That blessed place, the soul's repose—  
That soft, forgiving, pitying breast  
Of *Him* who gives the wanderer rest.

Although 'tis late—the dews of ev'n  
Descend upon my head from heav'n,  
I love to sit here all alone,  
And muse on what my Saviour's done.

But most of all, on favors shown  
To me, the most unworthy one  
Of all God's children, if indeed  
I am a child, and by *Him* freed.

I love to think of those kind hands,  
Which led me with such gentle bands —  
Pointed where peace and comfort bleed,  
(Earth's promise is a broken reed.)

I love to sit and contemplate  
My Father's works, so matchless, great !  
On the *sidereal* vault to gaze,—  
Those stellar orbs bespeak *His* praise.

I love to watch the fire-fly's gleam,  
So like the meteoric beam  
That earthly pleasure here displays,  
Misguiding by its flickering rays.

I love to view the dew-drop trembling  
On the Jasmine leaf, resembling  
The pure, the salutary tear,  
That flows from penitence sincere.

I love to list the murm'ring breeze,  
Stirring the foliage of the trees,  
Which, as it whispers, seems to say,  
" I thus to God my homage pay."

I love to sit here isolate,  
And think upon an after state ;  
And though I am left all alone,  
My Father views me from His throne.

I love to think of those "*no more*,"  
Whose earthly toils and cares are o'er,  
And feel, that tho' I'm on the road,  
I soon shall see their bright abode.

I love, in vision, to behold  
Them walking the bright streets of gold,  
Or gath'ring fresh immortal flowers,  
From paradisa! Eden bowers.

Not those alone of whom I'm 'reft,  
But those dear ones I still have left  
Dwell in my love—live in my heart,  
Yea, of my life they form a part.

I love to think of *her* afar,—  
My bright, my occidental star !  
Francesca Carolina's rays  
Beam, dazzling the beholder's gaze.

I love to think on one or two  
Kind orient friends, sincerely true ;  
Whose Christian deeds would put to shame,  
Many who bear a Christian name.

I love to think their virtues o'er,  
And pray that God would on them pour  
His Holy Spirit, and impart  
A sanctified and contrite heart.

I love to think what God has said,—  
I of one blood all men have made ;  
Those who are of the lily hue,  
No better are than the Hindoo.



Of mortal friends I ask no leave,  
To utter what I well believe ;  
God looks not on the outer skin,  
But scrutinises works within.

I love the peace that nightfall brings,—  
For then the soul from prison springs,  
Leaving the chains of care behind,  
That fetter the immortal mind.

I love to speak, as on I wend,  
With Melancholy,—sister-friend !  
The mournful joys she weaves around  
My chastened heart, and holds it bound.

I love to muse in solitude,  
And feel no human breath intrude ;  
To converse with my God alone,—  
With none to draw me from His throne.

I love encircling shad'wy forms,—  
Of those now gone from earthly storms,  
And sheltered 'neath their Father's wing,  
Jesus' transcendent love they sing.

I love to think, when here below  
How much of sweetness they did show !  
And then my heart o'erflows with praise,  
That they were spared so many days.

I love my Saviour who hath given  
Me love of these, of peace and heaven—  
A hope, through *His* own precious blood,  
That He will bear me through the flood  
Of whelming death,—On Canaan's shore  
Saved—I shall love for evermore.

---

### ACHIEVEMENTS OF DEATH.

---

I WANDERED me forth in the dewy, bright air,  
And passed through a city all peaceful and fair,  
To gather a flower then opening to birth,  
Just sipping and tasting the sweet loves of earth.

I entered a mansion all beaming with joy  
And happiness purest, unmixed with alloy ;  
In the sweetest smiles a young mother was drest,—  
Her babe, like a rose-bud, reposed on her breast ;—  
That soft dimpled cheek, and that merry bright eye,  
Told not the unseen one, then standing near by.  
This fair darling cherub I marked for my own,  
I breathed o'er it coldly,—and left *her* alone !  
With a frozen eye I looked on her woe ;  
Unfeeling my heart is as ice-bound snow.

The aged, long waiting for me, I passed by ;  
And children of Poverty longing to die :—

I entered the threshold of Ella's boudoir,  
Just breathed o'er her beauty,—and Ah !—'twas no  
more !

Oh, many a cheek on that night was wet,  
For love, youth, and beauty my cold eye had met.

I pause not to list to a tear or a sigh,  
But gather them all on my cold breast to lie.  
With my soft-shod feet I steal o'er their dreams,  
They're remembered no more than the fire-fly's gleams.

On,—onward I went,—with a glorious gem,  
That night I would deck my dark, damp diadem.  
I stood in blithe Hymen's rosy-wreathed hall,  
And quickly threw o'er it the funeral pall :—  
From the bridegroom's arm I snatch'd his young bride,  
Deck'd her brow with an ice-wreath,—she sleeps at *my*  
side !

I looked in at the door of sorrow and pain,  
On one who had prayed for release in vain :  
I laid my hand on his heart, and chilled  
The warm current there,—all his sorrows were stilled !  
In my stiff, cold garniture wrapped his form,  
And laid it away for the banqueting worm.

My withering pinions then bore me away,  
Where the sweet bard to love was chanting his lay :—  
A moment I waited to list his sad strain,  
So sweet as it floated wide over the main ;

I passed,—and the sweet mournful minstrel of love,  
No longer his musical numbers he wove !  
Neglected the lyre—the harp unstrung  
O'er which the rapt fingers so oft had been flung.  
A fresh green mound, and a pure white stone  
Marks the spot where the minstrel now rests alone.

---

AT SEA—EVENING.

---

IN glory majestic the sun has gone down  
In state to his ocean bed,  
The sky in the west still retains the gay light,  
Which he hath so gorgeously shed.

I watched his decline—like a vast globe of fire,  
He seemed, while the waves played around  
Him, and washed his bright face till its last beam was  
quench'd  
In the blue water's loud rushing sound.

A few feath'ry clouds still float on the bright sea,  
Of delicate iris-like hue ;  
A rich mellow flush is suffusing the path  
He hath traced in the fathomless blue.

Sombre shadows of Evening fall slowly adown,  
Gently veiling the beauteous scene ;  
While the daughters of Heaven, those glittering stars,  
With their bright eyes look out from between.

I lean on the transum, and view with delight  
Those wonderful systems above ;  
While ocean is glowing with phosphoric beams,  
Like th' bright flick'ring rays of false love.

And Fancy, too, lists to the Nereade's song,  
Sent forth on an evening like this ;  
See ! See ! in the dance how they trip it along,  
While the waves just their tiny feet kiss.

But truth, sober truth, tells a sorrowful tale  
Of those who beneath lie asleep,—  
Dear objects of love are engulfed here, for whom  
Affection and friendship do weep.

Her track fast pursuing the ship passes on,  
The sad mourner searches in vain  
For that dear hallowed spot, where in sorrow he wept,  
To pause and weep o'er it again.

The waves have closed over that once heaving breast,  
Their treasures they ne'er will resign ;  
Youth, beauty and love 'neath for ever must rest,  
'Till called forth by the fiat divine.

TO ———.

As potent as the Muntra charm,  
By the high “Jajok”\* given  
To Hindus in their early life,  
T’ insure the smiles of Heaven,—

Is that one word, thy name beloved,  
To my sad, lonely heart ;  
In its recess it will remain  
Till soul and body part.

Oh ! then, shoud’st thou live after me,  
Thou’lt see it deep appear,  
E’en on the immolated heart,  
Emblazoned bright and clear.

Should I descend into the grave  
By disappointed hope,  
(Neglect and cold indifference  
Will soon the passage slope ;)

Wilt thou, my friend, then think of me,  
And shed a soft, kind tear,  
For the lone, mournful wand’rer, ’reft  
Of all the heart held dear !

---

\* যাজক High-Priest of the Hindoos.

THINE EYE.

---

THE lovely morn I've seen in smiles array'd,  
 And sat beneath Eve's softest, brightest sky,—  
 But, ah! their beauties quickly vanish'd, when  
 I looked on thy far softer—brighter eye.

I've seen high heav'n's starry diadem,—  
 With rapture gazed on the pure azure sky ;  
 Enchantment's golden chain,—how soon 'twas riv'n !  
 By one fond glance from thy soul-beaming eye.

Day's lovely sister—empress of the night  
 I've seen the glitt'ring host surrounded by ;  
 Her brilliant majesty and queenly pride,  
 Was quick eclips'd by thy full radiant eye.

I've seen the diamond dew-drop on the rose,  
 Its petals quiver'd 'neath Zephyrus' sigh,  
 Brilliant and soft, but, Oh ! 'twas powerless  
 In the bright beam of thy soul-melting eye.

Sweet Spirits, too, with folded wings I've seen,  
 In midnight dreams before the " One Most High,"  
 The dazzling halo round them, Oh, how faint  
 In the soft beam of thy resplendent eye.

Nought have I seen on earth,—but round the “Throne”  
Seraphic glances pure, ’tis they may vie  
With that so deeply loved,—and held so dear,  
The heavenly beam of thy angelic eye.

In sorrow I for sympathy e’er turn  
(Ye Guardian Spirits ! Why is this ! Oh why ?)  
To the fond treasured semblance of that one,  
Whose Heav’n-form’d soul speaks through it in that  
eye.

---

### ISADORA'S FAREWELL.

---

It cannot be—though bitter is the cup  
That Destiny has mixed, I’ll drink it up :  
The Fates, alas ! doth sever me from thee,  
On their dark page I read the stern decree !  
I leave thee, for Hope’s tuneful song hath died  
In mournful cadence on my heart ;—and wide  
The boundless ocean, evermore must roll  
Its waters dark upon my troubled soul !  
With anchor riven, now I leave thee, friend !  
And down the deep and roaring tide I bend



My devious way,—on rocks or quicksands,—where  
Relentless fate may lead, I little care.  
With steadfast eye, high o'er the troubled tide  
I see the tempest-god on clouds astride,—  
I hear the voice of the dark rolling deep  
Calling\* its foll'wers as onward they sweep.  
My bosom's bark on the high surge is cast,  
The rushing billows wild, roll o'er it fast ;  
Yet it survives, though Hope's sole stay be gone,  
Despair the trembler steers,—onward 'tis borne.  
Yes,—I will leave thee ;—if thy heart still care  
For me, it must in my distresses share :  
Thou canst not *cure* the wound, for 'tis too late,  
All thou canst do is to *ameliorate*.  
And, Oh ! I would not mar thy happiness,  
Nor cause thee e'en a moment's bitterness.  
Adieu ! and, Oh ! may deathless fame be thine,  
Thy name in characters immortal shine ;  
Penned by Heav'n's high recording angel, "*there*,"  
Oh, may thy noble brow *celestial* bay-wreaths wear.

---

\* 42nd Psalm, 7th verse ; Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of  
thy water spouts ; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.

---

INVOCATION TO FLOWERS.

---

NURTURED by the heavenly dew,  
Blushing with celestial hues,  
Oh, descend ye Eden-flowers !  
In rich roseate love-showers ;  
That I a stainless wreath may twine  
For dear Francesca Caroline.  
Come in full clusters, rich and rare,  
From the Elysian gardens, where  
Perennial in summer bowers,  
Bloom fadeless, parterre, gem-like flowers.  
Guarded by white-wing'd Seraphs bright,—  
No noontide heat, no tempest blight  
Can reach that clime. No rude winds sweep,  
But bland, attending Zephyrs weep,  
Distilling dew to nourish ye,  
Soft as the breath of Infancy !  
Come dripping with ambrosial dew,  
Through the transparent ether blue ;  
Haste, lovely ones ! why do ye stay ?  
Zephyrus speed ye on your way.  
Thrice welcome to this lower sphere,  
Exhaling perfume through the air  
Loved, precious Ones ! So fair and sweet,  
Fondly ye circle round my feet.  
From you now I'll make selection,  
Those which speak the soul's affection ;—  
Roses, Jasmine—chrysanthemum,

My wreathing garland well become,  
The orange-flower, by limpid streams,  
Expanding full in Love's own beams,—  
Its fragrant petals, purest white,  
Will sister's Málá sweet bedight.  
Fresh myrtle too, and sweet woodbine,  
And fragrance-breathing Eglantine,—  
Which though on this sad earth when born,  
Is never found without a thorn ;—  
But flowers of celestial birth,  
Descend with healing balm to earth.  
“ Forget-me-not,”—sweet Friendship's own !  
A blue-eyed one,—not this alone,  
But the dear flower that shrinks from touch—  
So sensitive—I love you much ;  
Your modest purple hue will grace  
My garland—then accept your place.  
Violets and lilies too agree,  
Expressing sweet humility.  
Those precious gems in Nature's sheen,  
Fostered in fields of living green,—  
Were culled from the immortal lands,  
And sent to earth by angel hands,—  
Deck'd in their beauteous garniture  
Of changeless dyes, born to endure.  
Now my beloved sister dear !  
In this far Eastern hemisphere,  
A wreath, for that fair brow of thine,  
Composed of Love's sweet flowers I twine.

*July 30th, 1844.*

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

“ One alone  
Had power to soothe her in her wanderings  
Her gentle sister ;—But that sister died,  
And the unhappy girl was left alone  
*A maniac.*”

BEND not the bow too tightly,  
Treat not fond love too lightly ;  
Though it cannot be requited,  
Oh ! let it not be slighted.

This is an evening soft and sweet,  
The feathery clouds are scudding fleet  
In the deep ether sea of blue,—  
Before Night's queen their paths pursue ;  
And balm and beauty rest around  
The scene, as 'twere enchanted ground.  
'Twas such an eve as this, in June,  
When Myra wandered forth alone ;  
Towards the river's brink she bent  
Her steps,—on fearful thought intent,  
For she in broken-heartedness,  
Saw not one flower her path to bless ;  
Unstrung for e'er the magic harp  
Of life,—and sorrows keen and sharp

Had wounded her heart's inmost core,—  
This earth had charms for her no more.  
*One* wish alone, reign'd in her breast,—  
'Twas *this*, that she might ever rest  
Enshrouded in the grave for e'er,  
Ne'er wake to mortal care or fear.  
In the dark, quiet tomb's repose,  
She sought release from all her woes !  
Ah ! she was like the tender vine,  
That nothing has round which to twine ;  
Its prop transplanted, far away,  
Now see it hastening to decay !  
Her loving sister would have borne  
Poor Myra's griefs,—but she was gone !  
See ! this last—lovely—fragrant flower,  
Drooping far from its natal bower !

A semblance of *him* so endeared,  
She'd press to her lone bosom seared ;  
There like an amulet it shone,  
'Twas all on earth she called her own.  
Oft in her heavenly Father's ear,  
She breath'd her griefs, which check'd the tear.

On a projecting rock, alone,  
In mute despair she sat her down ;  
Into the river deep and still,  
She shudd'ring look'd, her eyes did fill  
With briny tears,—and then upsprung—  
In agony her hands she wrung ;

The wildness of her eye is quench'd,  
By sorrow's stream her bosom's drench'd.  
Those anguish'd tears a grief confessed,  
Grief, which no language e'er expressed.  
Sad thoughts she had that none might name,—  
An aching heart,—a wasted frame,  
That whisp'ring to her lone heart, told  
What her dark home would soon unfold.  
A deep and shudd'ring groan arose  
Up from her heart, whose dreadful throes  
Might move a stone to sympathy,  
Bedew with tears the coldest eye  
That ne'er accustom'd was to weep,  
A breast in which the feelings sleep.  
A sudden thought her mind possest,  
Hushing her wild conflicting breast,—  
With salutary influence—  
Guarded her else lost innocence.  
Then to this dang'rous spot a look  
She gave—and from her bosom took  
A *picture* and a *volume* dear,  
They were her heart's sole treasures here.  
She sat and gazed on them awhile,  
Until at length a mournful smile  
Irradiated her fair face,  
So brilliant with celestial grace :  
But evanescent passed away,  
Like sunbeams in a wintry day.  
This fair one robed in purest white,  
Seemed a stray spirit from the bright

Ethereal realms of bliss above,  
Impersonating heavenly love.  
But this was only when her eye,  
Rested with full intensity,  
On that her thin, pale, hands did clasp  
As closely as 'twere a death-grasp,  
That talismanic picture fair,  
Whose tracery her heart did bear.

“ Dear One ! may'st thou by Heav'n be blest ! ”

(She this loved semblance thus address'd)

“ What were this earth, depriv'd of thee,

“ Star of my future destiny ;

“ 'Tis thou who guides my trembling bark

“ O'er rolling waves so cold and dark !

“ Thou art my blessed Cynosure,

“ Thy beamings,—Oh ! how heav'nly pure !

“ Beloved idol of my heart !

“ How can I ever from thee part ?

“ Oh, thou art a treasur'd gem,

“ From Love's imperial diadem.

“ Centre of all my happiness,

“ Sent to me in my loneliness.

“ For thy dear sake, a little while

“ I'll try to live—thou wilt beguile

“ The tedious hours, Oh, be they fleet,

“ Till my beloved One I meet.

“ While on the ' Bridge of Sighs ' I stand,

“ With this dear semblance in my hand,

“ Oh, *where is he*—the counterpart,—

“ Where ? where ?—deep buried in my heart.”  
“ Draw—draw a little tighter, then  
“ These suffering chords snapp’d, free from pain,—  
“ Ended will be this painful breath,  
“ Bitter suspense ! far worse than death !”

And then a flood of tears would stream  
Like the cold winter rain,  
And as they pour, her lovely cheek  
And heaving bosom stain.  
Stirred by eve’s breath her tresses flow  
In wreaths o’er her fair breast of snow.  
A sable mantle, like a cloud,  
Did this sweet gentle form enshroud,  
Which, gather’d round her, well concealed  
Traces of grief, to none revealed  
The hidden cause ;—sealed in her breast  
It lay, and crushed all hope of rest.  
E’en like hot caustic, ever burning,  
Excluded hope of peace returning.  
When disappointed hope, the heart  
Scorches by its fiery dart,—  
To ashes burns its inmost core,—  
Rest on this earth is found no more ;—  
See in despair the victim bend  
To Death, as its releasing friend !

## PART II.

I saw her on her dying couch,  
Like a white rose she with’ring lay,



'Neath pale Consumption's fatal touch  
Of slow, but not less sure decay.  
Upward was raised her full dark eye,  
Whose beam was e'er love, life, and light.  
Oh ! why is this ? Oh, tell me why,  
It gleams now so unearthly bright !  
Oh ! why this wild, this wandering gleam,—  
Those notes so wild, so full of sadness ?—  
Say, Is this sorrow's blighting hand ?  
Is this the frenzied mist of madness ?  
List ! to the story of her love ;—  
We read that when the wounded dove  
Receives the arrow, though the smart  
Is rankling in his gentle heart,  
No murmurs speak what he doth feel ;  
He folds his wings close to conceal  
The fatal—fatal dart.—

E'en thus poor Myra nursed her woe ;  
Its spring shut up from all below ;  
Deep buried in her heart's recess,  
With'ring the flowers of happiness.  
She cast her young life's hope away  
On one, whose name, I must not say.  
She loved ! and Oh, fond hopes she fed !  
And treasured every word he said ;  
And with a miser's care would hoard  
His every look, and trivial word.  
In her fond heart his image shrined !  
By night—by day he filled her mind ;

Absent—she for his safety prayed,  
And smiles on his return repaid  
For all the anxious hours endured,—  
(The cause in her own breast immured.)  
She loved him as a woman can,  
And often does, deceitful man.  
Ah ! cruel one ! Say, how couldst thou  
This sweet rose to the dark grave bow !  
How couldst thou bring down to the dust  
A heart filled with undoubting trust !  
Instead of aching, bitter woes,  
To thee it looked for sweet repose.  
A beauteous shrine in ruins see !  
Caused by cold *neglect* from *thee* !  
That heart is broken, for bright hope  
Hath set,—and nature could not cope  
With love *neglected*—cast away—  
Like a mere bauble, to decay.  
Around her frail and trembling bark,  
The midnight—murky storm so dark  
Beat hard—and as the requiem tolled,  
Despondency's deep waters rolled.  
Oh ! on that fatal, parting day,  
He promised more than words can say ;  
He promised, ere another moon  
Should wane, he'd make her all his own—  
And now three moons had rose and set,  
Anxious she asks, " Can he forget ?"  
And oft her mind doth ponder o'er  
The garb of mystery he wore.

At times—and Oh, it pained her so,  
Still, still she would submissive bow ;  
With spirits bent e'en to the dust,  
Her heart would not admit distrust.  
“My promise, love, 's immutable,  
“ Although it seem inscrutable ;  
“ Still trust to it, *'tis my request.*”  
“ And never doubt this faithful breast.”  
Such were his words, repeatedly,  
“ *Confide, my love, confide in me.*”  
For three long months how nature strove  
With the undying power of love,  
Which even from Hope's tomb doth pour  
Forth perfume, like a trampled flower.  
Quivering at the bosom's core,  
This thought—Oh ! *never, NEVER* more  
We meet !—Oh, this is keen as death,  
And forcefully goes out the breath.  
Her soul's deep, secret grief she bore,  
(As I have told you once before)  
To God alone, she breathed her prayer,  
Beseeching *Him* that He would hear,—  
Withdraw the bitter from her soul,  
Or break at once the golden bowl !

Her prayer at length was heard—and still'd  
Was every sigh—all tears were chilled,—  
The lids for ever lock'd them in,  
None would have known they'd ever been.  
While on her brow, the cold,—cold dew,

Like angel's tears, hung sparkling bright,  
A heav'nly peace around her threw  
A holy spell of seraph light.

Thus, with a tranquil look of peace,  
She bowed, and welcom'd her release !

Her last words were, (I stoop'd to hear,)

" I know that he still holds me dear.

" For when he went, (to soothe my pain)

" Said, ' *Don't cry, dear ! we'll meet again.*'

" Now let me go and see him, where

" He'll wipe away my every tear."

The rose is crushed—

The lute is hushed !

She could not bear life's heavy load,

Her spirit fled to Heav'n's abode !

Friendship bends o'er her humble urn,

And strangers oft aside do turn,

Surprised at Myra's sudden doom,

A tenant of the darksome tomb !

Those cheeks so late in rosy health,

Looked radiant with Hygea's wealth !

Questions are asked—and answerd thus :—

" A fever it appeared to us,"

" Brought on by cold," said Doctor G.

(To all proves satisfactory.)

They know not what it was indeed,

That caused this gentle heart to bleed :

Nor that a secret hand did trace

Those lines of sorrow on that face.

Like a fair tree, with honors green,  
Laden with flowers, and branching fruit,  
Fair to the sight ! But, ah ! unseen,  
The canker worm is at the root !  
    Encased in ice, like a fair flower  
    Exposed to chill, mid-winter's power,  
    Thou art, sweet one ! in breathlessness—  
    Frozen in all thy loveliness !  
How sweet to gaze on looks so calm !  
The spirit's gone !—and breathes the balm  
That Gilead sheds for those who've trod  
The thorny vale that leads to God.

*December 20th, 1844.*

*Friday Night.*

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“FORGET ME NOT.”

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ভুলনা আমাকে *Bhulaná ámake.*

---

“FORGET me not,”—tho' sorrows sad  
    Encompass me around ;  
Though Grief, with dark-hued drooping wreaths,  
    My youthful brow hath bound.

“Forget me not,”—although they cling  
    Still with their venom'd dart,  
As though they would each ray of hope  
    Expel from my lone heart.

"Forget me not,"—though the cold world,  
In listless apathy,  
Would not, e'en though my woes it knew,  
Breathe out one sigh for me.

"Forget me not,"—I'm all alone,  
And far away from thee ;  
Yet spare a spot in thy full heart,  
There let my mem'ry be.

"Forget me not,"—although the wave  
Of ocean separate ;—  
Still bear my mem'ry in thy heart,  
Nor let it e'er abate.

"Forget me not,"—e'en though the grave,  
O'er frail mortality  
Shall triumph, and me far remove,  
Thou the survivor be.

"Forget me not,"—e'en though my days  
Be numbered before thine ;  
Still like a halo round thy heart,  
Oh, let my memory shine.

*June 16th, 1845.*

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### A VISION.

---

My lamp is growing dim, and sheds  
A melancholy gloom,  
I list! there's something lightly treads  
Around my little room.

There is a presence here! I feel  
A breath upon my brow,  
Soft as the Zephyrs when they steal  
Across the streamlet's flow.

The glances of thy clear dark eye  
My very being thrill;  
Sweet raptures, while thou standest by,  
My lonely bosom fill.

I gaze intently on that spot—  
But cannot see thee there,  
The pleasing vision!—ah, 'tis not!  
All, all is empty air!

---

## HEAVEN.

A COUNTRY there is where no sorrow is found,  
But joy and true pleasure for ever abound ;  
Whose flowers are thornless, unwith'ring and sweet,  
Where rest is obtained for the tired one's feet.  
Oh where is this land ? Pray tell Sorrow's child where,—  
For she's weary and fainting 'neath trouble and care.

A garden there is where perennial bloom  
Sweet flowers of loveliness, culled from the tomb,  
Arrayed in their vestments of dazzling white,  
More pure than the snow flake on Zembla's glazed  
height.

Say where is this fair place of purity ; where ?—  
If I by grace pardoned may find a seat there ?

Oh, yes ! there are places prepared for all those  
Who've vanquish'd, through Jesus, their spiritual foes ;  
Whose wounds have been heal'd, and their hearts  
purified, [side.  
By th' precious life-stream that flowed from his pierc'd  
Such ever are welcome to that bright abode,  
The glories of which light them on their dark road.

No sorrow—no sighing is heard through that land,  
Tears are all wiped away by Jesu's soft hand ;  
On his sympathetic and dear loving breast,



The care-wearied sufferer may ever find rest ;  
And e'er through the bowers of blessedness rove,  
While round him breathes fragrance from ransoming  
love.

On the soft gales of aroma, music and song,  
From Israfil's choir seraphic, along  
The fair fields of ether, and beauty, and light,  
Is borne, and each heart leaps with rapture's delight.  
Know ye what makes this an Eden of bliss ?—  
The presence and smiles of the Saviour—'tis this.

Know ye where lyres angelic are strung—  
Where the soft gales of Buelah breathe out in song,  
And voices seraphic chaunt forth their glad lays—  
And sinners redeemed from earth mingle their praise ?  
Oh waft me away to that calm, peaceful shore,  
Where the loud waves of discord I ne'er shall hear more.

In this blissful region all lovingly meet  
In homage around the Redeemer's blest feet ;  
From all nations gathered, unitedly bow,  
While incense of praise from their hallowed lips flow  
To *Him* who hath pardoned them through his own blood,  
And made them to reign kings and priests unto God.

This land, so pacific, is God's dwelling place,  
And where all will live who on earth seek his face ;—  
Submissively bear the fatigues of the road—  
Endless bliss will be theirs in this happy abode.

Prepare me, my Saviour, and in thine own way,  
To rise and spend with thee a ne'er-ending day.

The belov'd of our hearts, this blest land contains,  
How gushed the deep wound when Death severed the  
chains

That bound them to earth,—but their spirits have flown,  
Sweet thought! there to meet them, and know as  
we're known;

To each other recount all the toils of the way;  
Then awaken the lyre to Gratitude's lay.

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### FAREWELL LINES

TO MRS. A. M. P. ON HER DEPARTURE FROM CALCUTTA.

---

THE ship spreads her canvas!  
Farewell, my dear friend!  
Thee and those whom thou lovest,  
To *Him* I commend;—  
Oh, may *He* preserve thee  
O'er ocean's proud swell,  
Till ended's thy voyage—  
For e'er fare thee well!

O'er life's rolling billows  
May *He* be thy stay:  
The bright star of Hope  
Gild thy future pathway;—

Sweet peace spread her pinions  
E'er o'er thy abode ;  
And love with its blessings,  
E'er deck thy life's road.

When night bendeth o'er thee  
In gems richly drest,—  
The blue path before thee  
Heaves its foamy crest :—  
When home thou art passing  
O'er th' broad lonely sea,  
Wilt thou, then, dear Agnes !  
Sometimes think of me ?

The light of affection  
Beams full from thine eye ;  
Its clear depth of blue,  
Like a seraph's on high,  
Is a mirror of love,  
Resting brightly on me,  
Saying, " Do not forget"—  
—" I will ne'er forget thee."

Then, once more, adieu ! see !  
—The waves kiss the strand ;  
Once more we exchange then,  
A kind parting hand,—  
May the soft gales of Heav'n  
Waft thee where thou would'st be ;  
Trust, in India, affection's  
Bright lamp burns for thee !

*Calcutta, April 27, 1845.*

A STAR UPON THE LONELY WAVE.

---

Behold in the ascendant  
A mild star resplendent !  
    Ah, see ! it is beck'ning me on,  
In glory transcendent,  
I on it dependent  
    Lean—'tis set ! I am now left alone.

A STAR upon the lonely wave  
Promised to light me to the grave ;  
A gloomy night arose, dark-browed—  
And 'sconced my star behind a cloud !

With not a ray my path to bless,  
I deeply feel my loneliness ;  
And turn with spirit sorrow-bowed,  
To a dear Friend behind the cloud.

My hopes are laid low in the dust,  
Still I would not thy word distrust ;  
Though adverse storms may howl aloud,  
I'll look to one behind the cloud.

Soon as I end the toilsome day,  
Thoughts spring to those, who now from clay  
And sin are free, in anthems loud  
Praise not their Friend *behind the cloud.*

Oh ! weary hours are given me,  
I long for light, but may not see  
What o'er me hangs so like a shroud,  
My best lov'd Friend behind the cloud.

Star of the East ! when wilt thou rise,  
And bless my longing, waiting *eyes* ?  
How long must I in darkness grope,  
With nought to raise my fainting hope ?

## AWAITING AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

PREPARE my mind, oh, heav'nly Friend ! prepare  
For what awaits, that it may firmly bear ; —  
Thou, thou alone, canst help me to sustain  
The thrill of pleasure, and the throb of pain.

*Thou* know'st the bitter anguish of my heart,  
And with a word canst bid it hence *depart* ;  
*Thou* canst allay the fever of my breast ;  
Sweet peace restore, and hush my fears to rest.

*Thou* knowest what I now anticipate,  
(A precious promise 'tis for which I wait,)  
Oh ! will it on to-morrow's wing be borne ?  
Or the next setting sun leave me forlorn ?

Whate'er the cup presented, may I see  
The hand of Him who knows what's best for me ;  
And O, if favored with my heart's desire,  
May *He* this heart with gratitude inspire.

Denied—support me, Thou in whom I trust ;  
Without thy help, my spirit in the dust  
Will bow and break : I pray Thee then sustain—  
Let not this prayer ascend to Thee in vain.

The trusting soul, when fully stayed on thee,\*  
Thine arm will keep in sweet tranquillity :  
In calm repose beneath thy shelt'ring wing,  
May I be kept from worldly sorrow's sting.

Kind Hope now wipes the tear, while standing by,  
Faith, my cheered soul, points upward to the sky.  
Trust, trust in Heav'n says Resignation mild,  
Kneel to God's will, like an obedient child.

My burdened heart, I to thy footstool bring,  
*Thou* wilt not spurn it as a worthless thing :  
Assured thou wilt my case commiserate,  
And patience grant th' appointed time to wait.

*Friday Evening, Jan. 9, 1845.*

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\* Isaiah xxvi. 3.

## MY GUIDING STAR.

BEAM on, thou bright Star ! of the orient sky,  
Until I the haven of rest do descry ;  
A wand'rer alone through this dark wilderness,  
Oh ! what shall I do, if thy rays cease to bless !

Full of danger the road is—fatiguing the way ;—  
I hear the loud roar of the rude beasts of prey ;  
Quagmires and pitfalls, I'm told here abound—  
Oh ! lead me, bright Star ! where the safe path is found.

No guidance have I, but thy mild steady light,  
To conduct through the forest, and point me aright ;  
Oh ! let me behold thee, although from afar,  
Withdraw not thy rays, thou bright beautiful Star !

Leave me not, I beseech thee, in darkness to grope,  
My eye fixed on thee, I'm inspired with hope ;  
Then lend to the lone one, bright Star ! thy kind aid,  
Till out of the forest, the wand'rer's conveyed.

*Saturday Morning, Jan. 10, 1845.*

*25 minutes to 2 o'clock.*

TO MY CHAMPA TREE.\*

---

THOU stand'st in my garden its glory and pride,  
Thine aroma, Zephyrs catch on their light wings,  
The fragrance diffused o'er the scene far and wide,  
Streams full on the sense with refreshment it brings,  
Inspires my wild harp, and sweeps its faint strings.

Here nature's wing'd Seraphim chaunt forth their lays  
Of affection and love, 'neath thy branches embower'd,  
From their clear mellow throats, with Aurora's first rays,  
I list to the tide of their music, o'erpower'd,  
Inhaling the balm that from Gilead hath shower'd.

Thy small arms sway lithely—in dalliance stoop  
To the soft sighing Zephyr that whispers of love ;  
Thy languishing flowers that pensively droop,  
Are sweet as the breathing of angels above,  
And soft as the wing of a Paradise Dove.

Ah ! here lies one fainting—its spirit outbreathing,  
Its hue like the last tint of Sol in the west :  
Frail one ! ere thou diest, this garland I'm wreathing,  
Accept as my offering—then sink to thy rest,  
As calm as the moon on the wave's placid breast.

When safely passed over life's last rolling billow,  
And heaven's bright portals break in on my view,  
May *one friend*—my *true friend* lean over my pillow,—  
My death-couch around with fresh Champá leaves strew.  
Receive my last sigh that goes out in *adieu* !

---

\* *Michelia Champaca.*



## LOVE'S LAST SACRIFICE.

ON hope's token fast fading from her tearful eye,  
Pale—motionless—gazing she sits, while a sigh  
Updrawn from the deep bitter fount of her heart,  
Presages how soon the last life-chord will part.

That heart I once witnessed hope-lighted and gay,  
Peace-wreck'd it now lies 'neath *neglect's* cruel sway ;  
Its wounded affections forbidding all rest,  
Whose pangs like the vulture e'er prey on her breast.

A soul of deep feeling had sweet Imogene,  
It tenderly—trustingly—fondly did lean  
On one who seemed *truth* itself personified,  
His words sweet and soft flow'd, but could not abide.

Like a delicate vine, strange sight though it be,  
Round the "*chardon*" close clinging in love so was she,  
The thorns daily fretting its life-strings, at last  
The clasps relinquish their hold—all is past !

The blasting truth comes at last, crushing the flower,  
Endurance no longer exerted its power,  
Its acme attained,—she awakes to true bliss,  
From sleep in death's arms as "*Love's last Sacrifice.*"

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF —

ELDEST SON OF — WHO DIED OCT. 1844, AGED — YEARS —  
MONTHS.

---

“ They are not lost  
Who leave their parents for the calm of heaven.”

OH ! what is this ?—the funeral knell again !  
The voice of woe—of agonising pain !  
It speaks unto my heart most forcibly,  
And calls from thence the tear of sympathy.

My eye once rested on a garden fair,  
In which two cherish'd plants of beauty rare,  
Like sweetest twin-buds grew,—they side by side  
Increas'd in loveliness, the garden's pride !  
I fondly hoped that they would long be spared  
The fate their lovely predecessors shared,  
Of transplantation young to heaven's bowers,  
Their sweets to blend with amaranthine flowers :—  
For their fond parent's sake, I pray'd that Heaven  
Would not demand the loan, in kindness given ;  
But graciously permit them to expand  
Beneath their Parents' tender, fost'ring hand.  
Alas ! those expectations are cut down,  
One precious flower's exhaled—one sweet bird's flown !  
Ascended upward to its native skies,  
Where all is peace—where storms do ne'er arise,

Pass'd quickly o'er the barrier of time,  
 And left this world for a more genial clime,  
 The bitter cup of life it did refuse,  
 For draughts of heavenly, paradisaal dews.

Thy band of loves, sweet child ! thy rosy bloom,  
 No safeguard were they from an early tomb !  
 In its precincts are caskets fair as thine,  
 Which held th' immortal gem of birth divine !  
 The " King of Glory " spake—the casket's riven !  
 The Jewel's safe returned to *Him* in heaven !

My dear, dear friend ! while I stood pleas'd, beholding  
 Thy lovely child, whose powers were just unfolding ;—  
 And saw *thee*, too, with looks of deep delight  
 Gaze on that Boy, with high hope that he might  
 Be many years preserved in life and health,  
 To reap the blessings of immortal wealth,—  
 Unconscious thou didst then appear to be,  
 Thy darling's garment was *mortality*.  
 I understood thy *happiness*, my Friend,  
 Alas ! thy *safety* could not comprehend ;  
 For I had known how much the heart can bear,  
 When from the arms is ta'en a Boy so fair,  
 And with a heavy, sorrowing heart, I trust  
 I humbly laid my " treasure " in the dust.  
 I have been taught by lessons most severe,  
 To sympathise, and give thee " tear for tear."  
 My feelings flow for thee, for well I know,  
 Abridg'd is part of what was bliss below,

With trembling hand I write, and sadden'd heart,  
For wrapt in woe unutt'rable thou art.  
The solemn scene's now pictured to my view,  
Impressive—awful, deeply sad and true.  
The little tabernacle's all that's left,—  
And e'en of this the eye must soon be 'reft.  
But let us ponder o'er it while we may,  
Inanimate—still beauteous house of clay !  
Although untenanted—beloved still,  
Insensible alike to good and ill.  
Those features bear impression far too deep  
For mortal eye to read. Mysterious sleep !  
Those pale lips hold a smile—though parted now,—  
A clear, mild radiance sits upon that brow,  
Transfixedly we stand, and hush the breath,  
While gazing on the majesty of death !

Sweet Babe ! in blooming freshness call'd away,  
From soft, maternal tenderness, to lay  
Thy little head, (there not fore'er to rest)  
On colder pillow than thy mother's breast.  
Our heavenly Father watches from the skies,  
Thy sleeping dust, till the " last morn " arise.  
A robe of glory then to thee'll be given,  
Thou wilt ascend into thy native heaven.  
That mansion, which so oft with jocund glee,  
Rung with thy merry laugh rejoicingly,  
Would now be stilled 'neath desolation's reign,  
But *one* in mercy's spared to banish pain.  
Thy little brother's left to wind around

His parent's heart, and stanch the gushing wound,  
 And with his winning arts, and playful smile,  
 The hours of grief and agony beguile.

Afflicted friend ! lift up thine eyes to heaven,  
 By faith behold the joys that now are given  
 To the *sweet stranger* lately introduced  
 To Heaven's high courts, from chains of earth unloosed.  
 His golden harp, attuned to Zion's lays,  
 Its strings he sweeps to his Redeemer's praise !  
 May the beloved partner of thy woe  
 Mourn not as if she'd lost her "all" below.  
 Kind Heaven her husband spares, the lov'd, the chief  
 Of all her joys. May this assuage her grief.  
 Oh may ye both, my weeping friends, repose  
 Your trust in God,—your every tear He knows,  
 He will the balm of consolation give,  
 Whose healing virtues sorrow's pains relieve.  
 When poured by *Him* into the bleeding breast,  
 It gives the troubled bosom peaceful rest.  
 Now threat'ning floods of grief nigh overwhelm,  
 Believe that *God himself* is at the helm :  
 Though with surrounding darkness, tempest-tost,  
*Trust, trust in Him*, thy bark shall not be lost.\*  
 He'll cause your hearts, which anguish now doth swell,  
 To say submissively *all* "ALL is well."  
 And bring you both to meet on that blest shore,  
 Those friends and children dear who've gone before,—  
 There parting—death—and tears† are known no more.

---

\* John xvii. a part of 12th v.

† Rev. xxi. 4th v.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.  

---

WRITTEN ON A SLEEPLESS COUCH, WITH A PENCIL.  

---

COME, peace of mind ! delightful guest !  
Return on downy wings to rest,  
And never, never leave my breast,  
But dwell in this lone heart.

To see thee go I cannot bear,  
Ah ! leave me not to with'ring care,  
A prey to Grief and sad Despair,  
And their envenom'd dart.

Come spread thy snow-white wings again,  
Restore unbroken Friendship's chain,—  
And this poor heart, now rife with pain,  
Will prove thy healing balm.

*"Peace"* was thy dying legacy,  
Jesus ! to those who trust in thee,  
*This*, through thy love is all my plea,  
Vouchsafe my breast to calm.

*July 23, 1844.*

TO MY DEAR SISTER F. C. L. IN AMERICA.

---

SAY, dost thou remember, Dear Sister, the Willow  
On the brook's verdant bank our dear mother placed ?  
One evening while watching the soft heaving billow  
Of Waltham's sweet stream ? Or has Time's touch  
erased

From Mem'ry those well-belov'd scenes of thy child-  
hood,  
Though brief their enjoyment—too soon passed away,  
When the loved (now in heav'n) led thee forth to th'  
wild wood,  
To gather ripe berries and cowslips so gay ?

Thou mayest have forgotten, dear Cara, for thou  
Wert then but a laughing, sweet, innocent child,  
Thornless flowers thy path strewed, and cloudless thy  
brow,  
Tears dimm'd not thy blue eye, so soft and so mild.

I think of that branch our dear mother did sever,  
And embedded it deep by the rivulet's side,—  
Saying, when I'm departed may this flourish ever,  
Imbibing its life from the soft murm'ring tide.

I saw it once since—'twas with honors o'erladen, —  
Its long feath'ry branches hung droopingly o'er  
The clear depth beneath, like a sorrow-struck maiden,  
Who weeps past affection of him now no more.

Though years have gone by since that spot so alluring  
Met my eye,—now, alas! stormy oceans divide;—  
Still as everglades green, and as them enduring,  
That *brook* and that *willow* in memory abide.

Yes, though in far distant Calcutta sojourning,  
To my mind's oft depicted, sweet, bright early scenes;  
Affectionate feelings to *thee* and them turning,  
Convincingly shew me to what my heart leans.

To visit my country again should God spare  
Me,—together we'll go to that sweet hallow'd spot,  
And fancy our dear mother's spirit is there,—  
E'en in heaven her 'reft ones have ne'er been forgot.

---



## TO THE KOIL.\*

SWEET Koil! on my "Champá" tree,  
Oh sing thy loveliest notes to me ;  
See ! here I sit all isolate,  
And for thy welcome song I wait.

Monotonous then sing away,  
Just on the threshold of sweet May ;  
Suspend not thou thy gentle note,  
That was on April's breeze† afloat.

In this hot, and burning sphere,  
Thou sooner visitest the year  
Than where dull Caurus, whistling past,  
Unites with Borelean blast.—

Where powder'd snow is borne along  
On pinions—dancing to the song  
Of hoary, blust'ring Winter, drest  
In surplice white, and icy vest.

Where the merry sleigh-bells jingle,  
And the ears with cold do tingle,—  
Where icicles bedeck each branch,  
And snow in sudden avalanche

---

\* Cuckoo.

† Vide Babu Kasiprasad Ghose's Poems, "On the vernal air's afloat."

Descends from all the laden eaves ;  
While frigid arms, with diamond leaves,  
Are sparkling 'neath the half warm gaze  
Of Sol, who 'round coquettish plays.

Bright bird ! thou tell'st of all that's sweet,  
Benignant nature at our feet—  
From her full lap in generous show'rs  
Fair Flora's treasures rich she pours.

Pomona, too, with open hand,  
Her gifts doth lavish o'er the land ;  
Of verdure bright that crown'st the spring,  
Continue, Koil, e'er to sing.

Thy notes, though mournful to my ear,  
I cannot bid thee disappear ;—  
Mournful,—and oh, what they impart,  
So like the music of ——— heart :—

That patient heart, through a long day  
Of sorrow, 'neath affliction's sway,  
Bends meek—submissive—still bears on,  
Though left, like me, almost alone.

Then sit, dear bird ! and sing to me,  
All lonely in my “ Champá ” tree ;—  
Through those sweet, mournful notes of thine,  
A voice I hear all but divine !

*May 1st.*

## "DEEM NOT MY LOVE EPHEMERAL."

—  
"Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,  
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower;  
*No*, 'tis the child of tempests, and defies  
And meets unchang'd, the anger of the skies."

TILL the dark cypress wreath of death around  
My burning, aching brow, is closely bound,  
While my wreck'd bark still lingers on the deep,  
For *thee* will thought her constant vigils keep.  
The sweeping wings of time, clouded with grief,  
Still o'er me passing, bring no heart-relief;  
And nought remains to fire the lamp of Hope  
Once more, and bid her train of pleasures ope.  
Still, toss'd about on the dark rolling main,  
Shrined in my heart thine image will remain.

The plant when fainting on its *native* bed,  
Although, for want of dew, it droop its head,  
Will, when the garner'd treasures fall in rain,  
Hold up its head in gladness once again;  
But when *transplanted* from its natal home,  
Unfriendly, cruel winds do o'er it come,  
Its leaves are scatter'd—some are trampled down—  
Some shrinking—trembling 'neath the tyrant's frown,  
Crisp'd, there they lie, on the neglected walk,  
All lonely, severed from the parent stalk!  
Oh, when their beauty gemm'd the fragrant bowers,  
Then painted butterflies of summer hours  
Went sailing slowly round,—the nectar sipp'd

From chalices in gold and amber dipp'd ;  
But now, alas ! the flower no nectar yields,  
The sycophantic tribe to other fields  
Has flown,—where clad in nature's brightest sheen,  
Fair roses bloom, and leaves are fresh and green ;—  
(The insect's smile is for a richer scene.)

The clouds may pour their cool refreshing show'rs,  
And incense sweet receive from opening flow'rs,  
The sun may beam with fructifying rays—  
And Cynthia look with tender, loving gaze—  
Night, dew-drops from her pearly throne may shake,  
But the neglected flow'r will never wake !  
The kind attentions which appear too late,  
Serve but to hasten its untimely fate !  
Nothing its verdure can resuscitate !  
Its blooming vigour nothing may restore,  
It pines in grief upon a foreign shore,  
While none remember what it was before.

Another gust—one more remove,—to Earth,  
To its kind mother who erst gave it birth,  
The lone one sinks !—upon that loving breast,  
Its suff'rings—cold neglects, are hush'd to rest.

False—evanescent is the love of “ friends,”  
A glitt'ring shade—and oh, how soon it ends !  
When most we need its rays benign to cheer,  
'Tis then, all meteor-like they disappear ;  
Not so *this* heart, forgotten though it be,  
Its lamp of living love e'er burns for *thee*.

*May 17th, 1845.*

**“DO NOT WEEP, DEAR, YOU WILL SEE ME AGAIN.”**

*Mourner.*—“Oh! how I shall weep when thou art gone.”

*Comforter.*—“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again.”

In mood meditative sat sweet Isiphene,  
Her form half concealed by an Indian screen ;  
She was calling Alberto's last dear words to mind,—  
Her tresses of jet on her bosom reclined ;  
In her heavenly eye—like a hyaline lake  
Might be seen her pure heart, which its eloquence spake.

“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again”—  
Diminishes sorrow, and banishes pain ;  
Makes cheerfulness settle once more on my brow,  
To absence of six days I passively bow.

“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again”—  
Another fresh link adds to friendship's new chain ;  
Sweet hope it invigorates—dissipates fear,  
Dejection takes wing, and bright, fair days appear.

“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again”—  
Is sweet as the fresh-fallen dew to the plain,  
That with'ring and drooping 'neath noontide's fierce  
Rejoices with feelings of gratitude meet. [heat,

“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again”—  
Still falls on my ear this affectionate strain,  
Still floats in its softness, melodious and clear,  
Like Seraphim-harpings in Heaven's own sphere.

“Do not weep, dear, you will see me again”—  
Is a beacon of hope to a ship on the main,  
The tempest-toss'd bark through the surges doth press,  
And safely arrives at the port Happiness.

VAIN WISHES.  

---

I wish I had now an aerial car,  
A visit I'd give to that beautiful star !  
It seems to invite, with its mild beaming ray,  
The weary, worn soul from its dark house of clay.

I wish I could visit my sweet sister dear,  
Who breathes the cold winds of the west hemisphere.  
If I were a fay in my snug ocean shell,  
My light skiff should bound o'er the blue billow's swell.

I wish I could see now a dear friend of mine  
Whose spirit I worship almost as divine ;—  
Were I a *Gyges* with a magical ring,  
This tangible substance I soon off would fling.

Then away to Minerva's fair bower, at dawn,  
I'd hie to behold this bright star of the morn ;  
All halo'd with Wisdom and Genius around him,—  
(As nature's sweet Bard they've with laurel wreaths  
crown'd him.)

I wish.———Oh, I wish a companion I had,  
Through fields with sweet flowers of poesie clad  
We'd rove,—and we'd visit bright Helicon's mount,  
And bathe in the dews of Parnassus' clear fount.

If not by Lachesis, alone, by the " three"  
'Tis veto'd just now, so content I must be  
To sit here and scribble my wishes in vain,  
Pen spoiling—ink wasting, while nothing I gain.

## THE ROSE BUD OF INNOCENCE.

TO LITTLE M—— P——, AGED ONE YEAR AND THREE MONTHS.

BEAUTEOUS bud of innocence !  
Sweet cherub of the skies !  
May heav'nly guards be thy defence,  
Till upward thou shalt rise.

Dear lovely Babe ! when first I gazed,  
Thy soft black eye upon,  
Its depth, so clear, reminded me  
Of a *departed One* !

Thy little, soft, plump cheek is his,—  
And the round dimpled chin ;  
Thy classic head, and “ uplift ” brow,  
Speak intellect within.

When first I met thee, love, what meant  
That fixed, reflective look ?  
Why didst thou hesitate, before  
Thy little hand mine took ?—

I think that long, long pause arose  
From a consid'rate mind,  
Which now, in its first dawns shows  
For what thou art designed.

A mind of an uncommon mould  
Dwells in that little shrine,  
Which will be nursed, 'tis fondly hoped,  
By the fair sisters nine.

The air of Helicon, e'en now  
I fancy thou dost breathe ;  
Oh ! may the muse a chaplet of  
Immortal flowers wreath

Around thy brow.—In early life,  
A favorite may'st thou  
Of Genius be, who'll lead thee where  
The founts of learning flow.

The journey of this chequered life,  
Thou hardly hast begun ;  
Oh may it prove to thee, dear Babe !  
A happy—thornless one.

This is my fervent, heart-felt wish  
For thee, sweet, precious child !  
Like Christ the holy Exemplar,  
May'st thou be meek and mild.

May thy unsullied, youthful mind,  
From ministry of ill  
Be ever kept, while angels pure  
As thou, thy breast shall fill



With treasures of immortal wealth,  
From Wisdom's purest fount,—  
Which gush in living, crystal streams,  
From Zion's holy mount.

May thy young mind drink from the springs  
Of immortality,  
Which flow for e'er for those who thirst,  
Bright, beautiful and free !

In strength and energy increase,  
Under Minerva's care ;  
And may'st thou in the dew of youth  
The Poet's laurels wear.

Smiles beautify thy lips, and from  
Thine eyes gazelle-like beaming,  
The light of stainless innocence  
With undimmed lustre's streaming.

As on the lap of spring, sweet flowers,  
The earliest that appear,—  
Their dewy odours fling around,  
To bless the opening year ;—

Dost thou, fair Babe ! by winning ways,  
And artless words promote,  
And fill home's circle with those joys  
On which thy parents dote.

We know not what's in store for thee,  
Dear little baby boy !  
Oh that thou may'st have all I wish,  
And all I wish enjoy.

Blessings of health, and peace, and love,  
Dwell e'er in thy abode ;  
With resignation may'st thou bow  
To the behests of God.

May every other perfect good,  
Kind Heaven has power to give,  
Be ever thine, cherubic Babe !  
Whilst thou on earth shall live.

And when the " vital spark " shall be  
Extinguish'd here below,—  
In heaven, relighted, may it with  
Immortal lustre glow.

In realms of light, around the throne,  
Where in one choral strain  
The angels hymn, may'st thou appear  
The fairest of the train !

*Calcutta, Dec. 2, 1844.*

---

## MARY'S WREATH.

TO MISS M. A. CARROL, OF ST. HELENA.

*Written in her Album.*

FROM this far distant clime of Ind,  
Where Flora ever reigns,  
Where e'er is borne on softest wind  
O'er all the fertile plains,—  
The od'rous breath of sweetest flowers  
That ever gemm'd earth's garden bowers :—

Fair stranger friend ! of Helen's Isle !  
Accept what I shall wreath,—  
Composed of flowers and friendship's smile,  
Heart incense it will breathe.  
Yes ! for thy lovely sister's sake,  
My harp's wild notes for thee I wake.

As *earthly* flowers fade away,  
Though bright their tints appear  
At morning sun,—ere close of day  
They're drooping—withered—sere ;—  
Then for thy wreath from *Heav'n's* own bowers,  
Sweet one ! I choose life-breathing flowers.

As a meet emblem I would place  
La passe-fleur first,  
Beaming with every Christian grace,  
By piety 'tis nursed ;—  
This heav'nly stock yields peace and joy,  
True happiness, without alloy.

Love, faith and hope I too would twine,  
True pleasures without end ;  
Sweet flowers ! for Mary's wreath combine,  
And beautifully blend,  
In this my simple offering,  
Which tremblingly to her I bring.

Accept my heart's fond wish sincere,  
That, down Time's troubled tide,  
Safely from rocks of woe and fear  
Thy bark may gently glide ;—  
Met,—(none escape on this side heav'n,)  
Be soft-eyed resignation given.

May every gift from Heaven above  
O'er all thy path be strewn,  
Until at length with all you love,  
Meet round the Saviour's throne.  
These circling hours will soon be sped,  
And we be number'd with the dead !

If e'er these lines, my hand hath traced,  
Should meet thy beaming eye ;  
By kindness be their faults erased,  
And in oblivion lie.  
Adieu ! I breathe from this far land,  
May bliss be yours at God's right hand.

*Monday, 31st March, 1845.*

*Calcutta.*

“ ΖΩΗ ΜΟΥ, ΣΑΣ ΑΓΑΠΩ.”

---

SILENT friend ! of this lone heart !

I can never from thee part ;

In cloud or shine, in weal or woe,

“ Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.”

Although Lachesis points me o'er

The rolling main to that far shore ;—

Although to distant lands I go,

“ Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.”

Still I'll take thee with me there,

All my perils thou shalt share ;—

Though my tears oft o'er thee flow,

“ Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.”

---

## STANZAS.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

---

WHY sitt'st thou in darkness, excluding the light  
Of hope, whose bright beams would break through ?  
Look up, while a vista I try to evolve  
Of happiness, full to thy view.

Say not, “ all are going,”—one heart still remains  
*Thine own* in this dark world of care ;  
Whatever betide thee, still closer 'twill cling,  
Then yield not, dear friend, to despair.

And in thy horizon, Oh ! dost thou not see  
*One* star that will shine o'er thy way ?  
Though all else should set, and the murky cloud lour,  
T'will never withhold its true ray.

When over life's desert thou castest a glance,  
But pause, my dear friend, thou wilt see  
A fountain, whose waters, but wait for thy wish,  
To flow in bright gladness to thee.

A voice, dearest friend, still remains that would cheer  
When sorrow and care have distress ;  
And when thou art weary, a pillow thou hast,  
Whereon thy tired head may find rest.

Then, dearest loved friend, till the heart now so warm  
Hath ceased its pulsations in death ;  
Till wrapp'd in a mantle of clouds be thy star,  
Oh, heed not the storm's cruel breath.

Till th' voice that now daily doth bless thee be mute,  
All hush'd in the cold tomb doth lie—  
And th' well-spring of pleasure that sometimes (thou  
said'st)  
Refreshed thee, forever be dry :—

There's one tie to bind thee, thou art not alone  
In this dark world of sorrow and care ;  
Then lift up thy head, dearest friend ! and let Hope  
With her bright beams, dispel dark despair.

## HOPE IN HEAVEN.

“Lean not on earth, ’twill pierce thee to the heart.”—YOUNG.

GENTLE mourner ! dry your tears,—  
Lo ! a better land appears,  
Brighter than a diadem,—  
It is the New Jerusalem.

Ye who mourn the loss of friends,  
Look to Jesus ! he who sends  
Grief that dims your tear-moist eyes,  
It is a blessing in disguise.

’Tis true you cannot understand  
Why this trial from his hand ;  
“ List !” he says, “ submissive bow—  
Believe ! you shall hereafter know.”

Dost thou feel the bitter smart  
Of friends estrang’d from thy kind heart,  
Who promis’d much whate’er betide,  
But adverse winds could not abide,—

Grieved thy fond love—turned cold away,  
In cloudy, dark affliction’s day,  
Regardless of the deep—deep wound,  
And ties which were cemented—bound :—

Think of that holy Exemplar,  
Who on the cross our sins did bear,  
The traitor, with *Love's seal*, to woes  
Gave him,—to Death and murd'rous foes.

As the slender, sweet woodbine  
Round the Elm of lofty mien,  
Entendrilling with love its form,  
Feels safe against the threat'ning storm,—

So thy young heart, in confidence,  
Reposed its trust as sure defence,  
On seeming Friendship's proffered aid,  
Which thus hath caused thy cheek to fade.

When thunders crash, and lightnings blend,  
The proud Elm will not stoop nor bend  
To aid, though falling to the ground,  
That which in love round him had wound.

Now all thy earthly hopes are crushed  
By the deceiver's breath to dust,  
Withdraw thy mind from useless grief,  
In Christ's dear bosom seek relief.

He will his pitying aid extend,  
To thee *His* listening ear will bend,  
In accents mild, he calls to thee,  
“ Afflicted one ! repose on me.”



Yield not to treach'rous earth thy heart,  
It ever causes painful smart.  
On Heav'n alone you may depend,  
*Christ* is the sole unchanging Friend.

*July 8th, 1844, Monday Evening.*

---

PARTING.

---

THOUGH Cypress wreaths entwine my brow,  
Resignedly O, let me bow ;  
The *cold*, COLD steel passed through my heart  
In those two words, "*We part !*" "*we part !*"

Between us mighty oceans roll  
In grandeur deep from pole to pole ;  
Though separating from the sight,  
True hearts they cannot disunite.

O, on that fatal parting day,  
My Sun immersed in clouds,—  
That morning Sun that rose so gay,  
Shed gloom that now enshrouds

My spirit, for misgivings sad  
Do occupy my mind ;  
And sorrow in her sables clad,  
With grief my brow doth bind.

And oft has memory of late  
Thine image brought to view ;  
And then I feel, with double weight,  
Thy sorrowful "*Adieu !*"

She pictures thee, dear friend, as thou  
Didst look when on the Strand ;  
When each of us, with sadden'd brow,  
Reach'd forth the parting hand.

Mute eloquence what thou didst feel  
Spake to my inmost heart ;  
When we exchang'd "*Affection's seal,*"  
And *knew* that we *must part*.

When standing on the Ship's broad deck,  
Thy 'kerchief thou didst wave ;  
This thought my streaming tears did check,  
God will protect and save.

And though I know that thou must dwell  
Upon a foreign shore,—  
Yet if God keep thee *safe* and *well*,—  
Why should I ask for more !

Then come, enlivening Hope, and pour  
On me thy cheering beams ;  
And bless this lonely, midnight hour  
With happyfying dreams.

And on the distant loved one shine  
With brightest beams of bliss ;—  
Kind Zephyrs waft to — this line,  
'Tis sealed with Friendship's kiss.

Soft be thy snowy pillow, love,  
And undisturbed thy rest ;  
May white-wing'd Seraphs from above,  
E'er shield thy faithful breast.

---

A REPLY TO —.

---

GANGA may roll her sacred wave,—  
Therein you may your body lave,—  
It ne'er can cleanse your soul from sin,  
Implant true vital joys within.  
Nothing can save the soul now dead  
But the dear blood that Christ hath shed.

---

When my mind takes a retrospective view  
Of days gone by, I think, dear friend, of you.  
Of you and other friends met on the Strand,  
To *look* the last farewell, and give the parting hand.

## THE FAREWELL—A FRAGMENT.

FROM A POEM WRITTEN AFTER TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND  
AT CHANDPAUL GHAT.

---

AFFECTION'S tears flow'd fast adown my cheek,  
And scarce my lips the faint farewell could speak ;  
But soon—ah ! soon, we parted from the shore,  
The boatmen lightly touch'd the dipping oar ;  
Smoothly we pass'd down Ganga's sacred tide,  
And o'er her placid breast did swiftly glide.  
Oh ! then I thought of thee, my aged Friend,  
And prayed that God would his rich blessing send,  
To cheer thy waning days. To guard thy head,  
May heaven's bright angels their soft wings outspread,  
Shine on thy path a heavenly halo bright,  
To guide thy spirit to the world of Light.

*Ship " Florence," bound to Boston.*

---

Oh for the land of the orient sun,  
Where he sheds his enlivening beams  
On Chapel, pagoda,—with warm kisses meets  
The soft bosom of Gunga's clear streams.

*Boston.*

## TO THE MORNING ZEPHYR.

WRITTEN IN MRS. J. P. W.'S. ALBUM.

STAY, Zephyr! thou wand'rer, say where art thou flying?

To play with yon violet's bright petals of blue?  
Thou art but a trifler, come now, no denying,  
Confess to your foible, then wave me adieu!

Perhaps there are like thee, who love for a season,  
Their love's but a libel on "Eros" divine,  
'Tis governed by passion, and not sober reason,  
Like insects that serve for a time but to shine.

Then Zephyr, if thou in thy wand'rings canst find one  
Inconstant as thou art, oh tell him for me,  
Lisetta resigns his false heart for a true one,  
That will ever love on, though the clouds darksome be.

Hie away now, and revel mid champás so fragrant,  
And sip the bright dew drop that hangs on the breast  
Of the lily,—but prove not to her a base vagrant,  
But fan her to slumber—then sink to thy rest.

All lost to a Zephyr is kind admonition,—  
Even so 'tis to some of more tangible make;

They list for a moment to this their omission,  
Then give to the winds, lest it make their hearts ache.

Away then, bland boy, to where Laura is twining  
A garland all fresh for her beautiful hair ;  
Let not the cerulean summer-sky chain thee,—  
Haste, haste away zephyr, thou'lt meet some one there,

Who's like thee in softness and trancing-like power,  
As fickle and false too, in word and in heart ;  
Alluring and sweet as a certain fair flower,\*  
Whose capsule conceals a most poisonous dart.

*Calcutta, July 1st, 1845.*

---

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

---

'Tis beautiful ! the stars have long been up  
In the blue welkin, waiting the ascent  
Of night's fair queen of love. Now she rises  
Slow and majestic from her eastern couch,  
In full orb'd glory. See ! how smilingly  
She gazes on her "handmaids," whose bright looks  
In her more brilliant presence fade away.

---

\* *Atropa Belladonna.*

Thus fades all human splendour in the blaze  
Of that bright orb, the "Sun of Righteousness."

Onward she rides !—while each soft tinted cloud,  
Gracefully passing, does her obeisance.  
How meek !—how passionless ! how calm she looks  
Down on this world of turmoil, din and strife,  
Nought of which can the silver sea disturb,  
In which she bathes fair Nature's drapery.  
So with the meek in heart, whose hope is built  
Upon the "Rock of Ages," nought disturbs  
His tranquil bosom,—smilingly he sits,  
The "Dove of Peace" soft nestling in his breast ;  
Fast anchored on the rock immoveable,  
He views the gathered, and the gath'ring storms,  
With heart unblenched, and eye "fixed full on heaven."\*

*Calcutta, July 20th, 1845.*

---

WRITTEN AT THE "GATE OF TEARS."

---

THE stroke is heavy :—yet I fain would bend  
To *Thee* my grief-bathed heart. Gone is the friend,  
Who e'er with tender hand was wont to pour  
The healing balm of love. Is he no more ?  
Shall we no more on earth each other meet—  
With mortal lips no more each other greet ?

---

\* Young.

Pale sickening memory whispers, "*He is gone !*"  
 Sad Truth graves on my heart, "*Thou art alone !*"

\* \* \* \*

Earthward our nature ever is inclined,—  
 To frail support that promises to bind  
 The bleeding wound, and staunch the gushing stream  
 Experience shows 'tis often but a dream,—  
 An ignis fatuus,—evanescent gleam. }  
 Though *oft*, not *always* thus, *some* hearts there are,  
 That melt like snow-wreaths 'neath Sol's burnished car ;  
 For friends and foes they tenderly do feel,  
 And sympathize sincere in woe and weal ;—  
 Like an "Oasis" in the wilderness,  
 Their lovely heart-beams radiate to bless.  
 Were it not so, poor pilgrims on the road  
 Would sink in dire dismay beneath their load.  
 There is an inward peace that ever springs  
 From the calm joy that sympathy e'er brings,  
 When in her heaven-wrought garb she doth appear,  
 Light is shed o'er the heart, else dark and drear,  
 Enwapp'd in more than black Cimmerian gloom,  
 The heaven-lit eyes of sympathy illume,—  
 Remove the misty veil woven by grief,  
 And to the mourning heart speak sweet relief ;  
 Extract the thorn that sorrow planted there,  
 And Woe's sad visage cheerfulness doth wear.  
 So now, Hope sadly, fondly, turns to *thee*,  
 Spirit of kindness ! and sweet sympathy !  
 Solace bestow ;—for thou art pleased alway,  
 To bind the broken-heart, the tear to stay.



While o'er the tomb that holds the loved, we gaze,  
 If Hope's bright lamp of light shoot forth its rays,  
 The moistened, dark, lone Mausoleum's wall,  
 Glitters with rainbow-hues that o'er it fall.  
 Yet, sighs the heart, ' sic transit'—is the hour !  
 ' Sic transit,'—' Hope' and ' Faith.'—" *Love*" holds its  
 Not that which men do dignify as Love, [power.  
 But that which binds the heavenly hosts above ;  
 This is ' *True Love*,' of fair celestial birth,  
 And deigns with *some* to sojourn here on earth :  
 Though oft oppressed—deceived below the skies ;  
 Immortal as its Author,—never dies !

Although the lily in its watery home,  
 Is on the surface tossed, when o'er it come  
 The winds,—'Twill bow its flexile head, and then  
 For strength 'twill kiss the stream,—then bow again :  
 Tossed to and fro by Zephyr's gleesome play,  
 A captive not to his unsteady sway, }  
 It cannot on his wing be borne away ;  
 For firmly, underneath, its roots outspread  
 Uninjured by the winds that bow its head.  
 Hope's anchor cast beyond Time's bounded verge,  
 Nor blasts of grief, nor trouble-bearing surge  
 Can part the chains that bind it to the " Rock,"  
 Secure it is against the tempest-shock :  
 By ' Faith' transfixed, it must unmoved abide,  
 Until the " Bridegroom" comes to claim his " Bride."  
 Oh, heavenly Pilot ! though on Sorrow's wave  
 My bark is cast,—" Stretch forth thine hand," and save.

ON VIEWING A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL TANK  
JUST BEFORE A VIOLENT STORM.

---

CALM as the bosoms of the blest !  
As soft, and tranquil is thy breast,  
Through which the sun's transparent ray  
Pierces, and calls the fish to play,  
All clear, and bright, and beautiful thou art ;—  
Fit emblem of the sanctified in heart !

But ah ! how quickly changed the beauteous scene !  
(So trouble comes our fondest joys between,)  
The elements from sleep have now awoke, [broke,  
Grown strong ;—from chains with vigour new have  
In all the wildness of their nature rave,  
Ready to hurl their victims to the grave.  
The wings spread forth their pinions, onward rush,—  
And in their fury Nature's beauties crush ;  
Her fairest gifts, in sadness low are laid,  
Fainting in sorrow on the rifted glade.  
The slender plants now bow their graceful heads,  
And yielding to the blast, sink on their beds.  
Behold that giant " Baddaum brikkhyo !\* how  
It mourns the loss of a luxuriant bough ;

---

\* बामास वृक्ष, Almond tree.

That mighty arm, 'neath whose umbrageous shade  
The weary oft have sat, now low is laid !  
(So earthly friends, if trusted in, will fail,—  
Before adversity's shrill blast they quail.)  
Lo ! now ! across the square 'tis whirled away,  
O'er its devoted head the wild winds play.  
My heart is full,—how grieved am I to see  
Blighted—laid low my own dear favorite tree !  
Pride of my garden ! laden with honors green,  
What art thou now ! remnant of what thou'st been.  
The heavens roll sternly on in frowning forms,  
Harbingers dreadful ! of the God of storms.  
The lightning's flash reflects both wide and far,  
The scene sublime of elemental war.  
And now the clouds have burst, and downward pour  
In streaming cataracts the whelming shower.  
Impetuous the waters spring to birth,  
And in wild torrents fall upon the earth,  
With hurrying sweep the storm-fiend mounts the sky,  
Careering winds unloosed, pipe fearfully ;—  
Electric horsemen thunder-bolts astride,  
Spur on their coursers dark, through ether wide ;  
In their fierce train young lightnings flash,—and steep  
In a red liquid flame the clouds that sweep  
With consternation wild across the sky ;  
Nature convulsed says, " God the Sovereign's nigh !"  
Magnificently awful ! how sublimely grand !  
Earth's splendours sink to nothingness ! I stand,  
Viewing the proud bearing of the storm, and start  
As the electric fires in brightness dart,

But not in fear, for the rapt thought doth fly  
With unencumbered wing, and soars on high !

The gifts of Nature—Nature’s God protects ;  
The heart of man His scrutiny inspects ;  
Sorrow, if needed, He e’er kindly sends,  
And o’er the furnace, in soft pity bends,  
My heavenly Friend ! Almighty, and most true !  
Safe and secure will bring fair nature through  
This storm tumultuous ; so He will the soul  
That trusts in Him, though sorrow’s billows roll,  
Safely conduct unto its heavenly goal.

---

“ APRÈS LE TRAVAIL IL Y A REPOS.”

---

Wanderer ! through this foreign waste,  
To your home look up ! *there’s rest !*

WATCHMEN, on the walls of Zion !  
In the land of gospel light !  
His Almighty arm rely on,  
Though the day oft seem as night ;—  
And though you feel as left alone,  
To preach to hearts as hard as stone,  
From which the feelings all have flown,—  
Faint not !—but still the billows breast,  
You soon shall enter into rest !

With what your brethren *here* contend,  
In lab'ring for their heavenly Friend,  
Ye know not ;—nor through what they pass  
From dawn till midnight's verge, alas !  
And O ! they toil so faithfully,  
That heathen souls may rescued be,  
From moral darkness' misery ;  
And then their minds are so distress'd,  
Lest they should fail of endless rest.

Dear herald of the great Salvation !  
Labouring on a foreign strand  
For Him who'th said, " from every nation,  
I shall call a chosen band ;"—  
Be not faint-hearted on the way,  
Strength he will give thee as thy day,  
Aid thee to conquer dire dismay.  
Through thee shall many souls be blest,  
Then thou shalt enter into rest !

On this shore that sin hath blighted,  
Faithful servants of the cross !  
Preach in love to the benighted ;  
God will make up every loss  
Of dearest friends, and ties all broken ;  
His dear presence as a token  
He'll give you. Has he not thus spoken ?  
Your names are written on His breast,  
Finished your work,—you then shall *rest*

Oh, trembling convert ! from the ways  
Of error rescued ! shrink  
Not from the trials which may raise  
Their darkling forms, to drink  
That which in a current new  
Flows forth to God, sincere and true :  
Whose mercies are not small or few,  
With martyr'd spirits of the blest,  
You shall enjoy the heavenly rest !

Christian Pilgrim ! are you weary ?  
Longing for your heavenly home ?  
Look upward from this world so dreary,  
The chariot for you soon will come ;—  
Triumphing over death and sin,  
You a crown of life shall win,  
When Jesus' arms you're folded in :  
In Immortality full-dressed,  
Your toils all o'er, how welcome rest !

---

FOR THEE.

---

WHEN flowers are springing in my path,  
And blossoming in glee ;  
I gather them for friendship's wreath,—  
—I gather them *for thee*.

Fair Chandra's beams through clouds do shine,  
Now pale—now radiantly ;  
I watch the bright hope-gilded ray,  
And think it beams *for thee*.

When nought save sorrow, gloom and fear  
In every thing I see,  
I try to check the rising tear,  
And banish all *for thee*.

When thoughts of kindred, friends, and home,  
Do kindly visit me ;  
They cheer my heart, but then the one  
Bright thought, e'er burns *for thee*.

Aurora's pencilling, the dawn  
Bedecks, but then I see  
A few bright sadly ling'ring drops,—  
Are they not tears *for thee* ?

My vestibule I ope to catch  
The breath which welcomes me ;—  
The od'rous breath of new-born flowers,  
Inhale it all *for thee*.

My daily oraisons ascend  
For all who're dear to me ;  
That blessings, more than earth can give,  
I supplicate *for thee*.

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

---

AND are those tears indeed for me ?  
Those soft, warm tears of sympathy !  
Now clouds are lowering o'er my head,  
Dost thou, my star, thy radiance shed  
To guide me in my dubious course ?—  
The lightning's gleam, and thunder hoarse,  
The soi-disant, cold-hearted friend  
Appal ;—his friendship's at an end !  
But wilt *thou*, like the granite rock,  
Heedless of storm and tempest's shock,  
Immovable e'er stand me by,  
E'en though all others should me fly,—  
Say, " my true love shall all outvie,  
Though they forsake yet will not I ?"  
Oh, such a friend could I but find,  
To whom I could my heart and mind  
Unbosom,—Oh ! how truly blest,  
To be of such a gem possess !  
For such a friend, my " Father" should  
Receive my lasting gratitude.

---



## MICHILLIMAKKINAK.

FAR Michillimakkinak ! Oh, for one breath  
 Of thine air that they say affords respite from death !  
 One draught of thy water, so clear—cold—and pure,—  
 To lengthen the span of life,—though I'm not sure  
 That travellers mistake not when they attest,  
 That with *Immortality*\* thou dost invest  
 All, all who are pleased to recline on thy breast.  
 Be this as it may, since I never thee saw,  
 I cannot say much in thy praise, Mackinaw,  
 Nor yet to thy blame. Should I e'er wish to visit  
 Thy ocean-girt isle, I shall soon know which is it,  
 By those two remarkable features that show forth ;  
 Thy clear atmosphere, and thy streamlets that flow forth,  
 So sparkling—pellucid,—so pure and so sweet,  
 That many have styled them the Eau-de-amrit.  
 Should a glance of my shallop e'er shine o'er thy waters,  
 A *welcome* to one of New England's daughters  
 Thou'lt give ;—she has wandered o'er many a sea,  
 Still her “ *home* ” is the bright star of fond memory.  
 Of thee for the “ *Amrit* ” † she asks not, oh ! no,—  
 This, beautiful island ! thou canst not bestow.

*Calcutta, June 1st, 1845.*

\* It has been gravely asserted that “ nobody dies here.” An individual who has resided on the island fifty years, says, “ A natural death is a circumstance of most rare occurrence, and that the finger of time has no more effect on the personal appearance of individuals than it has on the rock upon which they live.”

† অমৃত, “ Immortality,”—or “ Water of Immortality.”

## PASSING AWAY.

OH, what is there on earth this sad inscription doth  
not bear?  
From manhood with its lofty mien, down to the lily  
fair!  
The ever-circling years roll on, and waft away the  
breath,  
That with them entered this sad world of misery and  
death.  
Oh, at the dawning of this year, how many hearts  
beat high,  
That now, beneath the greensward damp, in Death's  
embraces lie!  
How many too, who then reposed, 'neath Friendship's  
balmy wing,  
In woeful garments mourn *alone*, the evanescent thing;  
Its life-distilling influence is now no longer shed,  
The soul in solitude bewails the loved, estranged, or  
dead.  
That fell destroyer of our race has entered many a  
bower,  
And borne away the beautiful in life's fresh morning  
hour,  
Sweet rose buds he has snatch'd away from the ma-  
ternal breast,  
On his cold bosom they are placed in iciness to rest!

The mother too, from clinging babes,—the wife from  
husband dear,

Have too, alas! been severed since the opening of this  
year.

Ah! this unwelcome visitor stays not for tear or sigh,  
He comes uncall'd, and says, "*Prepared or not, you now  
must die.*"

\* \* \* \*

This year has nearly passed away,—it soon will be "no  
more!"

A "New year" will arise to those who tread time's  
troubled shore;

With all its num'rous joys and griefs, its cares and  
trials crowned,

'Twill dawn, and in profusion fling its varied gifts  
around.

Far from an uneventful one this year has been to me;  
With a sad pleasure in my heart I memory's page do see,  
Her register is faithful, even to the very day,  
And points me to a friendship that I hope will ne'er  
decay.

Oh, like an ever-blooming wreath, may it sincere and  
true,

On my lone path its fragrance shed, like drops of  
heavenly dew;

Though Providence should point me soon unto another  
clime,

If *genuine*, it will withstand th' erasing touch of time.  
E'en though my tiresome journey lay to earth's remo-  
test verge,

I hope this friendship will survive the ocean's swelling  
surge.

Like a fine chain, Oh may its links, o'er intervening  
years,

Elastically stretch, and draw each to the heavenly  
spheres.

'Tis like the Hindu maiden's lamp\* I've seen on Gan-  
ga's wave,

Watch'd anxiously with prayer to Him who can protect  
and save.

\* \* \* \*

A spray of withered mignonette just now arrests my  
eye,—

Two days bygone it did with other garden fav'rites vie ;  
“ Pause from thy pen,” it says, “ and read the lesson I  
convey,

See ! the hand that formed me, on my breast traced,  
' *Passing away.*'

I'm withered now ! my tiny petals once bathed in the  
dew,

And happy was I when the sun his rays upon me threw ;  
My head I bowed not,—ever gay—I daily fed on food  
Prepared by heaven ! I now breathe out my life in  
solitude.”

---

\* Hindu women whose husbands or lovers are absent, launch their lamps in a particular way, on the supposition, that if they come round to the shore again, (which they watch for a certain time,) their husbands or lovers will soon return to them. The ceremony is borrowed from the Muhammadans.

Fair emblem sweet of mental grace ! thou couldst not  
with us stay,  
But may that heavenly grace be ours that *ne'er shall*  
*pass away.*  
To all that blossom on the earth is this inscription  
given,  
Then let us list to Wisdom's voice, and seek a home in  
heaven.  
Sojourners here—we stay awhile, and watch the  
closing hour  
Of that which round the heart had twined, our life's  
most cherished flower,  
Then yielding to our Father's will we agonising pray,  
That he will take us to that world where nought will  
*pass away.*

*Thursday evening, Dec. 24, 1844.*

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## THE DARK, DEEP BLUE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SEA ON MY PASSAGE FROM BOSTON TO CALCUTTA,  
78 DAYS OUT.

---

On the dark, deep blue Ocean, whose white-crested waves  
Rise in mountainous grandeur, then sink in their  
graves ;  
Where “ deep calls unto deep,” and the sea monsters  
play,  
Surrounding our ship with their gambols so gay ;

Here I sit on the transum, and muse all alone,  
Beneath the bright stars that are now looking down ;  
My *Life-star* ! my *Life-fount* ! all my thoughts turn to  
    *thee*.

I know too that thy thoughts are centred in me.

A fair breeze is blowing, and bearing us on  
To the " City of Palaces " where thou art gone ;  
Round our gallant ship's side the sea sparklingly curls,  
To the wind now all canvass the seaman unfurls.

With pinions so swan-like so open and free,  
How swiftly we ride o'er the billowy sea !  
Sol has brilliantly painted the clouds in the west,—  
Kissed the wave's heaving bosom, and sunk to his rest.

Now fair Evening her sway has resumed, with her crown  
Deck'd with glittering diamonds to banish night's  
    frown ;

Luna, timid young empress, to shun the gay crowd,  
Veils her lovely mild face in yon soft ether cloud.

Blow on, ye fair breezes ! auspiciously blow !  
Waft us on your strong wings to the land where we'd go ;  
Say, "*Depart*" to the storm-god, " one little month  
    more,

Till my trust I've safe landed on India's shore."

*Bark " Norfolk,"*  
*Indian Ocean, South of the Equator.*

ON RECEIVING AN ANSWER TO PRAYER FOR  
A PARTICULAR FAVOR.

---

OH, thou of full divine compassion !  
Thou, who e'er listenest to the prayer  
Of e'en the lowliest of thy children,  
Lightening ev'ry load of care :—

I,—one alas ! most undeserving,  
Ventured to thee with my plea,  
In which thy grace alone could help me,  
Humbly on my bended knee ;

Low at thy footstool, King of heaven !  
Trusting in thy love and power,  
For as thou wilt the heart thou turnest  
And givest peace when storms do lower ;—

I laid my heavy heart of sorrow,—  
Filled with grief and bitterest woe,  
Sad to-day,—no hope to-morrow—  
The burning tears did constant flow.

As a traveller wildered—lonely,  
On a dark tempestuous night,  
Without an earthly guide—and only  
A star, cloud-hid, to lead aright ;—

His way commits to God, and gleaming  
A heav'nly light is quickly seen ;  
It is Hope's brilliant halo beaming !  
His face now glows with joy serene.

See ! through the mists 'tis penetrating,  
Before impervious by grief  
And sad misgivings,—now abating ;—  
This friendly light brings sweet relief.

E'en though the Deep's unfathom'd fountains,  
In fury burst o'erwhelmingly ;—  
In foaming rage should rise like mountains,  
As once on Galilee's dark sea ;—

When fear sat on its troubled waters,—  
—Dismay was in that little bark,—  
Not one of Heaven's bright-eyed daughters  
Look'd down upon that scene so dark :—

Yet, Oh ! *Thine* eye which never slumbers,  
On tempest-surges saw that band,—  
Thy little band of foll'wers, toiling  
To bring their vessel to the land.

The storm-gods loud their songs were chanting  
Like stentors, spreading wild alarm ;—  
Thy gentle mandate hush'd their voices,  
“ Peace, be still ! ”—and all was “ calm ! ”



In darkness drear, I too was groping,  
A gentle voice thus to me spake :—  
“Trust me,—hope on,—and still keep hoping  
I will never thee forsake !”

Oh ! music on the ear more sweetly,  
Had never from high heaven flowed  
From choirs celestial, whose harpings  
Sweep through fair Eden’s bright abode.

This soft,—this gentle invitation,  
My soul drew on with silken chains  
Of heavenly—loving—kind persuasion,  
And brought it to these blissful plains.

Baptised it in the blessed river,  
Beneath whose waves distrust must lie  
Buried with unbelief, and never  
Arise to cause a tear or sigh.

Thy strings, with trembling joy, my lyre,  
The tide of Gratitude doth sweep ;  
Oh ! for a harp of Jubal’s fire,  
Melodious—burning—rich and deep !

My heart it would with raptures waken,  
For favors shewn to me this day ;  
I would my stamm’ring tongue unshaken,  
Could sing a more exalted lay.

Father in heaven ! accept this tribute  
I humbly to thy footstool bring ;  
For Jesu's sake, accept, and teach me  
Immortal—higher strains to sing.

Oh with a coal from off thine altar,  
Touch—warm—yea, melt my frozen heart ;  
Let the streams flow on, nor falter,  
From love's sweet channel ne'er depart.

But ever on thy word relying,  
In confidence reposingly ;  
The spirits of the world defying ;—  
'Till where thou art, I too shall be !

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### THE ASCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

---

An exile oft I heave the sigh  
Of sorrow and of care ;  
I hope my Saviour soon will my  
“ Ascension robe ” prepare.

SEE, that lovely face is wearing  
Smiles of a celestial birth !  
Her “ ascension robe's ” preparing,  
Soon she'll flee from this low earth.

Angel-wings now bear a message,  
From the source of heavenly love ;  
To the soul, a blissful presage—  
Wafture to the realms above.

Soon upon a thornless pillow,  
She will rest her aching head ;  
Soon will pass earth's stormy billow,  
Ah !—Behold,—the spirit's fled !

To this blessed heir of heaven,  
By her loving Saviour-God,  
A robe of righteousness was given,  
Washed in His own precious blood.

In this pure and spotless garment,  
See ! the spirit quits the clay !  
Upward let our thoughts be lifted,  
While we trace its wond'rous way.

With its new-born powers 'tis soaring,  
Far above this mortal sphere ;  
In songs of joy, no more deploring  
Its sad state of sin and fear.

Now from heaven's high portals, dawning  
On her new enraptured sight ;  
She beholds an endless morning,  
Shining with God's glory bright.

When on earth, the cup of sorrow  
To the very dregs she drained ;  
A restless night—a toilsome morrow,  
An aching heart,—a cheek tear-stained.

Through this stormy vale she wandered,  
Scarcely twice eleven years ;  
On her fate I oft have pondered,  
Dewed with sympathising tears.

For we two, in our sojourning,  
Thought, and hoped, and felt the same,  
For her I had a deep heart-yearning,  
Ah ! love is *sometimes* more than *name*.

Now on Jesus' breast, she heeds not  
Storms on earth she once did bear ;  
Our compassion now she needs not,  
Fit me, Lord ! to meet her there.

*February 2nd, 1845.*

---

Ye soft-plumed angel-spirits, now descend  
And bear me upwards to my heavenly Friend ;  
Hasten ! ye white-robed ones ; my spirit waits  
Your convoy to the bright celestial gates.

Why do ye linger in the mist, Oh ! why ?  
Say what impedes your flight in midway sky ?  
My soul now views her Saviour in his charms ;  
Receive and take me to his outspread arms.

*Boston, November 6th, 1836.*

## THE HINDU MAIDEN.\*

UPBORNE on yonder wavelet light,  
Oh, what is that that looks so bright?  
Fast floating down the stream ;—  
And see ! 'tis almost out of sight,  
And now it rises like a sprite  
Of some entrancing dream !

And who is she with watchful eye,  
Gazes intent, lest she descry  
Some omen dire, assail  
That little bark, that bears a sigh,  
Hope-wafted to futurity ;—  
A shallop, ah ! how frail

See ! 'tis a beauteous Hindu maid,  
Her charms half hidden by the shade  
Of tresses flowing free ;  
In neat white " Sari " she's arrayed,  
O'er her fair shoulders it is laid  
In graceful drapery.

That figure, not in Fashion's school  
Was formed, but by fair Nature's rule,  
See ! forward now she bends,

---

\* For an explanation of these Stanzas, vide the note under the lines entitled, "*Passing Away*."

Towards that, beyond the mangoe-tope,  
That's freighted with her dearest hope ;—  
And list ! her prayer ascends !

And now 'tis nearer than before ;—  
The wind blows softly to the shore,  
And brings the little bark.  
But ah ! on Gangá's breast a flaw !  
She holds her breath—for nearly o'er  
Are her high hopes—and dark !

Courage, sweet one ! to grim despair  
Yield not, but let thy face now wear  
Its wonted cheerful smile ;  
On the Almighty one depend,  
He will restore to thee thy friend,—  
Patiently wait awhile.

The breeze has changed,—and destiny  
Relights the torch of Hope, and see !  
The little lamp of love  
Returns as did in ancient day  
The dove of Noah, with olive spray,  
A sign of peace to prove—

To her who waits.—Hark ! hear the dash  
Upon the wave, and see the splash  
Of oars, 'tis he ! 'tis he !  
Unto the heart of Jaynáráyan—  
His faithful heart, she's clasped again,  
In full felicity.

## MY HUSBAND'S TOMB.

I LOVE to pour forth all my grief  
In this lone spot,—it brings relief ;  
Oh ! the sad luxury I feel,  
When on the hallowed stone I kneel,  
While upward, as my sighs ascend,  
I see his spirit o'er me bend !

The willow that I planted, weeps  
O'er my lost Treasure while he sleeps ;  
And the sweet-breathing roses bloom,—  
Their fragrance shedding round his tomb ;  
Blest thought ! he, from the happy bowers,  
Smiles, as I train these fragile flowers.

In this sweet spot, to others drear,  
Would I could pass my sojourn here ;  
To this calm " City of the Dead,"  
Oft times my longing steps are led ;  
Here would I stay, all isolate,  
Till call'd where *he* for me doth wait.

Here, banqueting on heavenly things,  
My soul from earth-born care upsprings ;  
But, ah, alas ! this cumbrous chain,  
Soon weighs my spirit down again :  
Erelong, the joyful news will come,  
" Child, thy Father calls ! come home !"

This pledge, by Inspiration given  
To all who seek God's face in heaven—  
\* "Fear not! and never be dismayed,  
'I Am' will ever be thine aid,"—  
Shall be my stay, while billows roll,  
Sustaining my weak, sinking soul.

This precious promise now I claim,  
Trusting in the Redeemer's name.  
"My love and promise all are yours,"†  
And will be so, while heaven endures;  
Therefore, repose thy trust in me,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Have not the waters o'er thee passed,  
While my right hand upheld thee fast?  
Ah, lonely one! I know thee well,  
Thy‡ tears, I've counted, as they fell;  
E'erlasting love is mine, thou'lt see  
Why I so oft have chastened thee.

Now, resting 'neath my Father's smile,  
I'll hope and wait for heaven awhile;  
For soon the Messenger will come,  
To bear the weary wanderer home;—  
Safe with my Father, nought shall rise  
To heave the breast with sorrow's sighs.

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\* Isaiah xli. 10th verse.

† 1st Corinthians, iii. chap. 22, 23 verses.

‡ Psalm lvi. 8th verse.



## ON WORLDLY LEVITY.

THE beautiful, accomplished, but worldly-minded Miss W., who moved in the most fashionable circles, was married to S—K—, Esq. a truly pious man, who was to her a most tender and affectionate husband. He deceased in less than three months after his union with Miss W. Upon my enquiring of one of the ladies belonging to the aristocratic *clique*, of which Miss W. had long been “the bright particular star,” how Mrs. K. bore her severe bereavement;—I was answered, “She bears it *beautifully*, Mrs. L. Last week we were all at her large ‘Partie de condoléance,’ and advised her to spend an hour or so on the next evening at the ‘Tremont;’ and I am glad to say that she followed our advice; it really seemed to re-establish her spirits. Next week, on Thursday, (it being, you know, almost a month since Mr. K.’s demise,) she has promised to make one at a magnificent Ball that is being got up by one of her sympathising friends, Mrs. ———, in Louisville square. (You have heard of her). This Ball is to be given solely on Mrs. K.’s account, with the hope of cheering up her spirits. Thus you see, Mrs. L. we are doing all we can to blunt the edge of sorrow, and withdraw poor Mrs. K.’s mind from the dismal subject.”

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON MY WAY HOME  
AFTER THE ABOVE INTERVIEW.

THE fascinating world is ever holding forth its charms,  
To allure, deceive, and cheat, and thrust the Saviour from  
our arms;

Its scintillating pleasures, with a meteor-like glance,  
Flash o’er the mind, attracting it to mirthful Folly’s  
dance:

And there, as in a Maelstrom, a captive it is bound,  
While in Destruction’s vortex it is ever whirled around.

What power can emancipate? What loose the twice-bound chain?

Held by the syren, Pleasure false, and rivetted again  
By dear self-will?—No human power can from the  
tyrant's sway

Rescue the poor misguided ones, their fetters rive away!  
Cemented's every link by more than a Circean power,  
More deadly, far, than the Atropos Belladonna flower.  
Like Mercuries do Deaths stand round, and point them  
to the goal,—

Their journey's end,\*—and where the years do e'er un-  
ceasing roll;

A chaos-gulph between them yawns,—lock'd in a mor-  
ral sleep, [weep!

Upon a precipice they lie,—while Angels o'er them  
When will ye, thoughtless Dreamers! Oh say, when will  
ye awake?

Not till *His* mighty voice resounds, and Earth's foun-  
dations shake?

List to the many voices that salute thy self-closed ear,—  
The “reck'ning-day” is hastening on,—do thine ac-  
counts stand clear?

Thy dying friends address thee thus:— “*Prepare to  
follow me*”—

The Spirits of departed ones, by night do visit thee;  
In dreams,—in wakeful visions, say, fair lady, hast  
thou not

---

\* Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way,  
And kindly point us to our journey's end.

Been whispered to by one unseen, and asked, "*Hast  
thou forgot ?*" [friend

I ask thee too, hast thou forgot that faithful, tender  
Who loved thee with sincerest love, and loved thee to  
the end ;

Whose chief delight and happiness it was, to point  
thy thoughts

To bright abodes of undimm'd joys, that gild the sa-  
cred courts.

How oft with pious gratitude, and voice uplift in prayer,  
He blest the Lord for thee, *His* gift, and begged to  
*meet thee there.*

If 'tis a scene of gloominess, fair, beauteous piece of clay !  
For thy bright eyes to rest upon,—Death and his cold  
array,—

Turn from the downward gaze, and let thine orbs be  
raised above,

Where with the " Friend of friends " thy Friend looks  
down on thee with love.

That love is like a subtile chain of gold, and to thy  
heart,

God's Spirit is attaching it !—with patience bear the  
smart ;—

Allow the Saviour's loving hands to dress this wound  
of thine—

'Tis He alone who wounded, can perform a cure divine.  
When firmly joined, no power on earth this love can  
separate,

On its soft wings thou shalt be borne, where *he* for thee  
doth wait.

I saw thee, lady bright, of late, all blooming as his  
bride,

The separating line is drawn,—this faithful one has  
died !

The orange flowers that bound thy brow, emblem of  
“ Woman’s worth,”—

Alas, for thee ! Alas, for them ! Joys withered in the  
birth !

Before the altar, there thou stoodst, in vestal innocence,  
A page I read for thee, without the aid of prescience ;  
For knowing thee as I had known, my heart throbbed  
high with fears,

I turned my tearful eye away, from th’ vista of thy  
years.

That satin robe,—that flowery wreath, white as the  
unprinted snow

That sleeps in Arctic solitudes—where polar breezes  
blow,

Or wreathes Monadnock’s hoary cliff,—are now for  
weeds of woe

Exchanged ! Oh may you this sad page in *God’s In-*  
*struction-Book*

Con o’er, by His blest Spirit taught,—believe *his* loving  
look

Will o’er thee bend in watchfulness, until thou shalt  
arise,

All purified from worldly dross, and meet *him* in the  
skies !

Youth—beauty—manhood all and each, are by the  
“ Voice” addressed !

The Gospel Jubilee's proclaimed aloud from east to  
west,

From north to south the tidings flow, as 'twere o'er  
love's own sea,

"Behold! th' accepted time!" and now receive Salva-  
tion free.

Oh, trust not to to-morrow's sun, for that may never rise,  
To-morrow's dawning light may rest on thy cold death-  
sealed eyes.

"Bathed in the Fount of Wisdom," may we choose the  
heavenly road

That leads to blissful joys on high,—to happiness and  
God!

*Boston, Mass. U. S. A.*

## ACROSTIC.

FRIENDSHIP! blest gift of heaven! be this my theme,

R oseate in smiles celestial thou dost seem

I ndeed to me, lone wanderer, while I roam,

E ncircled round by Ocean's raging foam,

N eedful thy solace now I'm far from home.

D ear maid! thy constant presence let me crave,—

S tay, stay with me while on the lonely wave.

H ere I must be. Thine influence now I need,

I cannot see thee go,—oh! let me plead,—

P arted from thee, this lonely heart would bleed.

*On board the Bark Norfolk, at sea.*

## LINES

WRITTEN IN VIEW OF MY DEPARTURE TO AMERICA.

'Tis Duty calls!—and I must part  
With the dear idols of my heart!  
On it as with a diamond pen  
They're written o'er and o'er again,  
The tablet of fond memory,  
Will keep them safe where'er I be.

My way is o'er the mountain-flood,  
Marked out by Him, the *wise* and *good*!  
Autumnal breezes, whispering, say,  
“ Leave, leave my symbols of decay,  
Ere hoary winter's steps appear,  
Tolling the requiem of the year.

Pale, fading leaves, and with'ring flowers!  
Thy once so glad, now mournful bowers,  
Which late sent forth such fragrant smell,—  
With them thou must exchange farewell!  
Thy parting look they will perfume,  
Then sink to their Lethean tomb.

The sun is sinking to his rest,—  
The year is fading,—it is best  
I now leave that I fondly prize,  
Though Hope set, never more to rise!  
To leave that I so dote upon,  
And be a wanderer—all alone.

My gem may lose its brilliant hue,  
My flowers of Hope may perish too ;  
My cup, which now doth overflow,  
May soon discover dregs of woe,  
And bitter hours of saddest grief,  
For which the world has no relief ;  
Better to sleep the sleep of Death,  
Than wake at the Sirocco's breath.

And what I in perspective see,  
Though now it seems so fair to me,—  
Examined, there might nought be found  
Save thorns upspringing from the ground ;—  
Such piercing thorns, that like a spear  
Pass through the heart, and leave it sear.

Then let me go,—for it is best,  
Now while Sol sinks into the west,  
And the pale, blighted leaves disclose  
Consumption on that dying rose,  
Which trembling on its parent-bough,  
Says, eloquently, “ *Such art thou.*”

My friends ! ye're very dear to me !  
Oh, that I were so unto ye,  
Painful that we must meet no more  
On Time's perturbed and troubled shore ;  
But, oh ! enrapturing thought ! to rest  
At last on the Redeemer's breast !

Affection's tear oft-times will fall,  
 And faithful Memory recale  
 The happy hours that we have past,  
 (They were too exquisite to last.)  
 Joys perfect—pure—will not here bloom,  
 Their atmosphere's beyond the tomb.

When rocked upon the stormy Deep,  
 While onward urged, I oft shall weep,

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

I would not that my heart rebel  
 'Gainst Him who "doeth all things well;"  
 E'en though in grief our hearts He steep,  
 I hope He will them faithful keep;  
 True to Himself               \*               \*               \*  
 Fount-sealed               \*               \*               \*

This be my comfort night and morn,  
 While o'er the lonely wave I'm borne;  
 And when on far Columbia's plain,—  
 This thought               \*               \*               \*  
 Like an Oasis bright, shall bless  
 Me with its rays of happiness.

India's a hallowed spot to me!  
 Adopted soil! I've moistened thee



Full many a time with sorrow's stream,  
That gushed from an awakening dream,  
And drench'd the pinions of the "Hours"  
That erst were wont to pass o'er flowers,  
And bring me all their richest scent,  
With not a tinge of sadness blent.

Ne ptunewith all his power so great !  
Friends from dear friends may separate ;  
His waves 'mid all their furious spite,  
*True* hearts can never *disunite*.  
Bound up by Friendship's silken band,  
All earthly foes they will withstand.

I've heard old Ocean's deafening roar,  
And seen him lash th' Atlantic shore ;  
When the storm-gods with him contend,  
He doth his kingdom well defend :—  
When winds attempt his ire to raise,  
He with them like " Briareus " plays.

His wrathful foe, creation's sides  
Shake, when on the wild cloud he rides ;  
And trembles to its centre deep,  
Like Etna riven from its steep,—  
When burning lava, red hot stones,  
Issue as from the " Eblian " thrones.

Oh, when he strikes his thunder-gong,  
Young lightnings frightened leap along,

Dissevering the blackened cloud,  
Like sunlight flashes o'er the shroud  
Of darkened corse, or darker grave,  
Or phosphor on the Dead-sea's wave.

All may wage war,—'twill be in vain,  
This mighty monarch of the main  
His trident sways,—as ocean-god  
He claims allegiance by a nod,  
Navies of strongest oak he'll rend,  
And make them to his sceptre bend.

Yet, amid all this tempest-war,  
I'll think of those I love afar,  
Pray God that in the world of light  
Our faithful hearts he'll re-unite ;—  
Where Peace shall like a river flow,  
And we no separation know.

---

TO MISS M — OF BOSTON, U. S. A.  
WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

---

THE "Dove of Peace" dwell undisturbed  
Within thy gentle breast ;  
Until from earth emancipate  
You enter heavenly rest ;—  
Then a wreath of Eden-flowers,  
Emblem of happier lands,  
Shall form a circlet round thy brow,  
Entwined by angel-hands.

A FRAGMENT.

ON BOARD THE NORFOLK AT SEA, BOUND TO CALCUTTA.

---

FROM Tithonas' couch ere Aurora arose,  
The cerulean gates of the sky to unclose,  
My matins were chanted, my lessons prepar'd,  
And I to my little *escritoire* repair'd.  
Here with French, Hindost'hani, Arabic display'd,  
With a pen from the quill of an Albatros made,  
I translated three pages, then thought of three friends,  
Two\* at home, one† I hope where the graceful palm  
Reclining absorb'd in profound reverie, [bends.  
My fancy-led mind rose unfetter'd and free,  
Though sober-hued *pensees* would now and then fling  
Their saddening shades o'er my fluttering wing,

\* \* \* \* \*

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LINES

ON READING THE "SHĀ'IR AND OTHER POEMS BY KĀSIPRASĀD  
GHOSH."

---

List! list! what mournful sigh is this that sweeps  
Along the gale, and falls upon the ear!—  
It is the broken-hearted "Shair" who weeps  
The loss of his beloved "Armita" dear.

BRIGHT emanation from th' empyreal skies!  
Genius and Poesie's favorite son thou art;  
Thy lyre,—Oh! how tenderly it breathes!  
Entrancing with a spell the raptured heart.

---

\* My dear sisters whom I left in America.

† My beloved husband in Calcutta.

The feelings of a tender, noble soul

When crushed by stern adversity 'tis laid,  
Thy ready pen, e'er dipp'd in living truth,  
Hath faithfully and fully here portrayed.

Thy strains so sweet, so pure, so seraph-like,  
Flow gently from the living Fount within ;  
That fount of quenchless, wild, poetic fire,  
Which, burning on, a deathless fame shall win.

The magic of thy harp has thrilled my soul,  
Thy pages e'er a healing balm convey,—  
Those lines of living truth I oft con o'er  
With joy and comfort in the darksome day.

More worthy hands than mine will twine the wreath  
Of laurel round thy high, majestic brow ;  
And to thy lofty, noble—heaven-born mind  
Their spirits with humility will bow.

Oh may thy crown, preserved by heaven's own dews,  
Be one *indeed immortal*, that shall bring  
Thee greenest bays, unmingled with the rue,  
Whose native soil drinks of the " Living-Spring."

To thee I bring this humble votive lay,  
Accept the offered tribute, and may Fame  
Extending far and wide, my friend esteemed,  
" Each passing year add honors to thy name."

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. F — S C — E L — S.

WAFED o'er the dangerous main,  
Far from home, I sigh in vain ;  
Rescued from the stormy sea,  
" I am lost if I lose thee !"  
Thy love, dear Cara ! from afar,  
Shines o'er my lone heart like a star,  
Or talismanic amulet,—  
And says, "*I'll never thee forget.*"  
Thy lips, so like a ruby cleft,  
Of their soft pressure I'm bereft ;  
Thy beaming eyes of heavenly blue  
Express affection strong and true !  
O ! how I love to look upon those eyes of thine,  
My own, my sweet, beloved sister Caroline !

*Calcutta, August 20th, 1844.*

FLOWERS,

EXEMPLARS OF GRATITUDE.

IN nought except sweet precious flowers,  
I gratitude do find ;  
Thanks-breathing for the smallest care,  
How round the heart they wind !

Frail, grateful things ! how sweetly they  
    Their coloured leaves expand !  
And seem to say, " Accept our thanks  
    For your kind fost'ring hand ;—

We will return for every drop  
    Of Night's refreshing dew,  
Sweet fragrance from our tiny cups  
    To scent the boudoir through."

Frail lovely things ! on ye I look,—  
    The humble tear-drop starts ;  
Ye make the parterre bright in sheen,  
    Gladd'ning to grateful hearts.

With colours each corolla's deck'd,  
    Raphael could not impart ;  
More eloquent than Sybil, speaks  
    Each petal to the heart.

My little silent friends ! at morn  
    How sweetly ye me greet !  
And with your heavenly comfort, my  
    Lone hours pass more fleet.

May I from you a lesson learn  
    Of gratitude to God,  
Who gives with every other good,  
    His precious, heavenly Word.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER, WHO EXPIRED SUDDENLY, HER  
BABE SURVIVING SCARCELY ONE HOUR.

---

A MONITOR-flower for thee I did ope,  
My much-esteemed friend, and thus read :—  
“ Let the gloom of the past be forgotten in hope,  
Mourn not for the joys that are fled.”

Yet Nature requires the tributary tear,  
When dear friends are summoned away ;  
Still Hope kindly whispers, oh, listen and hear !  
You soon shall be happy as they.

But from the heart's fountain the tear will upspring,  
When from us our idols are ta'en ;  
The tendrils of love still around their forms cling,  
The heart throbs with anguish and pain.

God's ways are inscrutably hidden from all  
His short-sighted creatures ; then how  
Shall we, mortals question omnipotent power,—  
“ Almighty God ! what doest thou ?”

Sacrilegiously can we address the “ Most High !”  
Whom the armies of heaven obey,—  
Who doeth his own will throughout the vast earth—  
None can his Almighty arm stay !

---

He low bringeth down,—and on high raiseth up,  
To mortals no reason assigns ;  
'Twere sinfully useless for us, worms of clay,  
To pry into his high-wrought designs.

Not in anger, but mercy he chastens his sons,  
Whom he woundeth, he also makes whole,  
Then your bleeding, disconsolate heart to his care  
Bring,—He'll quiet your sorrowful soul.

'Tis true, a sweet flower from your garden he's ta'en,  
The *flower*, and its *opening bud* !  
Yet, weeping friend, trust them to *His* guardian care,  
They're safe in the bosom of God.

Oh let us look up, when by grief we are tried,  
Through faith view the loved ones in heaven ;  
And pray that *our* spirits may be sanctified,  
That to *us* those joys may be given.

*June 22d, 1844, Saturday.*

---



“ OH ! THIS IS JUST THE EVENING.”

---

OH this is just the evening, my sister sweet, for thee !  
Then haste, as on a spirit's wing, my darling love, to me ;  
Full-blossoming the leafy boughs of all my garden trees,  
As dipped in molten silver they are singing to the  
breeze.

The vine-encumbered branches are rejoicing in the  
light

And happy smiles of Cynthia, fair empress of the night !  
The peristaltic twining of the lotas, as they cling  
With tiny arms, is brilliant as a prajāpati's\* wing.

My lindens all with corymbiferous, snowy studs ornate,  
Their incense breathe to Dian as she passes on in state,  
Upon her humble worshippers her condescending smile  
She seems to give, then passes onward through the  
starry file

Of glittering hosts, more softly bright in this fair  
orient clime,

Than in the land of dull east winds, of cold, and snow,  
and rime,

And where His Majesty, “ Jack Frost ” reigns more  
than half the time.

'Tis a sweet hour !—list ! Philomel prolongs his rap-  
tured lay,

The modest, blushing roses droop their heads beneath  
his sway.

---

\* পুজাপতি (Butterfly.)

The spirits of the æry void breathe o'er me thrillingly,  
And hold me tranced within their power, most glad  
and willingly ;

The rosy bond is like the gentle kiss of sacred love,—  
Unstained as are the purest thoughts of Seraphim  
above ;

And as the wing of gossamer 'tis yielding, soft and  
light,

Expanding too, and stretching on through Fancy's  
realms so bright.

The scene in thy loved residence, although so far away,  
She sweetly pictures to my view gilt with Hope's bril-  
liant ray,

Or like a halo mild, yet bright, around an angel's head,  
Or rays of love and light that Heaven on Innocence  
doth shed.

In sooth, this is a lovely hour ! I wish that thou wert  
here—

I almost fancy in the lunar beam thou *dost* appear.

I reach my hand to clasp thine own,—ah ! all is no-  
thingness—

A meteoric picture wove by Fancy but to bless

The passing moment. Well, she always was a wander-  
ing sprite,

Still who could live without the beams of Hope and  
Fancy's light !

*Calcutta, June, 1845.*

## FAREWELL STANZAS.

A few words more while here, while yet I may,  
I'll trace for thee, my friend,—then anchor weigh.

THE conflict is over !—Stern Duty presiding,  
Says, “ hasten away o'er the vast rolling Deep ;”  
Subdued Inclination her faint head is hiding  
I' the breast of the Feelings, which o'er her do weep.

But can I forget thee ?—Ah ! never,—no, *never*,  
Thine image, deep shrin'd in my heart must remain ;  
For where *will* is wanting, how weak the endeavour  
To spring away free from the soft binding chain.

My soul's earthly bliss I must ever remember,  
Though 'round me it spread *darkness, danger and pain* ;  
Till th' Angel of Death comes my soul to dismember,  
I'll hope on, and—hope on, though all be in vain.

Farewell,—*dearest* friend ! on the dark-heaving billow,  
While lonely and sad, adverse Fate I deplore,  
Sweet Fancy shall oftentimes visit my pillow,  
And breathe o'er me dreams of thy dear native shore.

When low at the footstool of Mercy I'm bending,  
To supplicate blessings for those whom I love,  
A *warm prayer* for *thee*, in my oraisons blending,  
In faith will ascend to *His* high throne above

That thou may'st inherit full sanctification  
Through faith in the blood of a crucified Lord ;  
Who'll gather\* His people from every nation,  
Who've walk'd in obedience to His reveal'd Word.

When sinners redeemed their crowns cast before Him,  
He makes† up His jewels, oh, may'st thou be one  
Of the brightest in glory who prostrate adore Him ;—  
And may this trembling voice too, blend in unison.

Our faint wings we'll bathe in the Life-giving‡ river,  
That flows by the foot of the Saviour's bright Throne,  
No sad adieus breathe there—no shafts from death's  
quiver

Our hearts *now* sincere—*then* united in one.

By that bond united which nothing can sever,  
E'en *Love, Heav'nly Love*, dearest friend, it is this ;  
The banner of Peace will wave o'er us for ever,  
Sweet thought ! let us bear on and reach endless bliss.

Then farewell ! once more ! see, the time is fast fleeting,  
*Forever farewell !*—when our circling years end  
May th' Angel of Mercy vouchsafe us a meeting ;  
My prayer until then be *Farewell*—dearest Friend !

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\* Matt. xxv. 32.

† Malachi iii. 17.

‡ Rev. xxi. 6.

## NOON-DAY.

“ In vain I sigh,

And restless turn, and look around for night ;  
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest crowned,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ;  
Or in the *Mammoth Cave* divinely wrought,  
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,  
Walks coolly calm ; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.”

THE glorious monarch of the day,  
Now exerts his peerless sway ;  
Onward he rides, and hotter grows  
His flaming car,—its axle glows  
With augmented intensity,  
As it cuts through the yielding sea.  
Embryos take the wing and fly,  
But ere they reach the mid-way sky,  
Beneath a burning glance they die !  
Oh, in this brightly gilded hour,  
(As if 'twere by magnetic power)  
The fervid skies, and shrinking streams,  
And every insect wing that gleams  
And flutters bright with hues untold,—  
Are bathed in molten, “ burning gold,”  
Which in a calorific shower,  
Is poured o'er minaret and tower.  
There's scarce a curl on Gangá's tide,  
On the still surface, glazed and wide,

Cradled in heat, young Zephyr died !  
Apollo's flaming coursers fly,  
And from their wings an orient dye  
Of dazzling lustre, richly blent  
With raining gold in lightning splent,  
Is felt by all who're breathing here,  
But more by us of Western sphere.

Those lilies filled with laughing fays,  
Snug folded in, heed not the rays  
That beam from Sol's enamoured gaze,  
Avert the head, and downward look,  
And kiss the lucid, cooling brook.  
The garden faints—the flowers bend o'er,  
And sigh for Eve's refreshing shower,  
Of sympathising, dewy tears,  
(True to her trust she e'er appears.)  
Frail ones ! bear yet a little while  
Sol's amorous gaze,—then Evening's smile  
Will play so cool around your beds,  
You'll ne'er once think of drooping heads.

All, all around is hush'd and still,  
From warbling bird to bubbling rill,  
As if Earth's vespers had been sung,  
And night had o'er her mantle flung,—  
Hushed her own glee, the grave hibou ;  
To action, all had bid adieu !  
The Hindu cotters,—see them doze !  
First “ hooka,”—after which repose.

Like "Padre Francis" of the "West,"  
They're snugly taking a "*sieste*,"  
*He* on cushioned velvet sheen,  
*They* on Nature's carpet green,  
Instructed not by creed to sigh,  
To gravely look, and roll the eye,—  
*Gangá's\** their Eau-de-bénitier.

It seems this land is Surya's own ;  
As sovereign, absolute—alone,  
He fills his Heaven-appointed reign,  
Through ether space,—o'er arid plain.

I'll now within my pent-up room  
Retire and weave in Fancy's loom,  
A bright "*dessein*" by Hope's kind aid,  
Of texture in cool colours laid.

Now bring me, "Hussein," in a trice,  
Some of my own dear country's Ice ;  
The feelings which so hebetate  
My brain, it will refrigerate.

While gratitude flows full to *Thee*  
For this refreshing luxury,  
Our "*Tudor's*" name remembered be.

*Calcutta, May, 1845.*

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\* "The Ganges is deemed as sacred by men as by the gods, and waters the three regions, viz. Heaven, Earth, and Hell, under the names of Mandákíní, Gangá, and Bhágiratí, for the benefit of the beings who inhabit them."

## ACROSTIC.

FAR from thy heart, sweet one ! be every care,  
R emoved be ev'ry grief. On thy fair brow  
A sadness sits which I would fain dispel.  
N ame but the cause to this confiding breast,—  
C onceal not one iota from thy friend,  
E lizabeth, thy sister, waits to hear it all,  
S uffer her then to be thy confidante.

C heerful once more thou look'st through beaming  
smiles,  
A nd heavenly joy serene and sunny bright  
R eturns to dissipate thy woeful gloom.  
O nward, my much-loved sister ! in the path of  
L ove—faith—hope,—let all thy hours be spent  
I n sweet obedience to thy heavenly Friend :  
N ough earthly may thy precious soul allure,  
E xtatic be thy joys for evermore.

T hat you a kind and pious friend may have,  
H elper in *deed* and *truth*, my daily prayer  
A scends ; may *He* who chose for me choose thus for  
Y ou. If such a friend and husband you should have,  
E ndeared as *Heaven's own gift*, in love to him  
R emember *Him* who gave it.



## ALPHONSO AND ROSALINDA.

“ But love is indestructible,  
Its holy flame forever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed.”

BRIGHT scene ! as when fair Nature sprang to birth ;  
Rainbows dissolving pour their hues on earth !  
The gorgeous sea in wavelets swelling high,  
In murmuring music, catches the low sigh  
That's borne along on Zephyr's downy wing,  
From Rosalinde, who waits for one to bring  
Tidings from him who left his father's halls,  
To plant fair Freedom's standard on the walls  
Of Messalonghi ;—gain the victory,  
Or yield up life for Grecia's liberty.  
The tocsin of alarm fell on his ear,—  
His country left, and hearts he held most dear,  
Kissed off the tears from his beloved's pale cheek,  
Who volumes looked—but ah ! she could not speak ;  
Grief-struck, she essayed, but words alas ! how weak.

'Tis suffering Grecia calls, and I must fly,  
Conquest is ours, aided by Him on high,  
Who reigns o'er nations, the Almighty One,  
The tyrant hates, and He will lead us on

The foe to vanquish, until o'er the plain  
Of the down-trodden, Freedom's flag doth reign,  
Until the now furled banner of sweet Peace,  
Flings out its snowy folds o'er rescued Greece ;—  
Until the cross, now crushed by Turkman's' ire,  
Shall once more rise and speak with tongue of fire  
From every mountain, plain and forest grove,  
Praise to the God of armies—God of love.  
Nay, weep not thus, my sweetest ! check that stream,—  
Let thine eye smile as with its wonted beam ;  
The foe subdued, I then shall claim with pride  
My Rosa dear, and lead her forth my bride.  
Dearest ! it *will* be so, my loved ! my best !  
Her ashy, quivering lips again he prest ;  
Then, from her fond embrace he tore away,  
Lest he should be unmanned by longer stay ;  
And with an anguished heart, feeling he must,  
He spurred away, nor even dared to trust  
Himself to cast a single look behind,  
Lest it should shake his heavy, o'erfraught mind.

## PART II.

Seated, fair one ! in her lone corridor,  
Her soft, black moistened eye was gazing o'er  
The lovely gardens blooming at her feet,  
Which from below breathed up their incense sweet ;—  
But were her thoughts on flowers gaily drest—  
Or were they soaring upwards to the Blest ?  
Ah ! no,—and deem it not a mighty wrong,  
They were all wrapped in one beloved !—a throng

Of memories sad came crowding to her mind,—  
Prest cold upon her like the Caurus wind.  
Oh ! every tendril of her gentle heart  
Clung closely round him, who had e'en a part,  
A portion of her very soul now grown ;  
She looked above, and saw save his alone,  
None other star among the hosts that shone.  
He was her idol,—on his altar she  
Had laid her soul's best gifts most trustingly.  
Perfection's self he was, to her at least,  
And all in man that her fond soul e'er wished ;  
The light of happiness 'twas hers to know,  
Yet tremblingly its beams would sometimes glow.  
The love she gave was such as woman gives,  
Pure,—deathless as the soul—intense, outlives  
All earthly things ;—pure as to her 'twas given  
By its own Author 'bove the stars of heaven,  
She gives again when one is worthy found ;  
And closer clings when adverse storms abound.  
When fawning friends, who in prosperity  
Flattered and smiled beneath the summer sky,—  
Turn from the scene reversed with scornful eye,  
Oh, then 'tis woman with her changeless heart,  
Feels happy if she may but share a part  
Through every scene, be it of good or ill ;  
Though all may fly, her faith is constant still.  
Her timid soul rises above the storm,  
O'er the beloved one, an angel form  
She stands to calm his grief,—his head to bind,  
And whispers "Peace" to his afflicted mind.

Deathless and ardent too, Alphonso's love,  
And oft he told her, "time alone can prove  
The undying, deep devotion of my soul,  
That turns to thee, as to the northern pole  
The needle true, which on the stormy main,  
Guides the lone seaman o'er the trackless plain."

As when impetuous torrents pour,  
And onward sweeps the mighty "Bor,"  
The placid river's bosom swells,—  
Unto the banks its fulness tells ;—  
So Rosa sat in reverie,  
Her o'ercharged heart stilled *would not* be ;  
From it a fervent prayer uprose,  
Then sadly thus her language flows :—

"Oh ! my aching head is weary, and with grief my  
cheek is wet,  
For my gushing heart remembers what it fain would  
now forget.  
When Memory, wilt thou spare me ?—oh, when re-  
move this sting,—  
What, what can now alleviate this bitter suffering !"

"Oh, how many months have passed since Alphonse  
and I last met ;  
His parting look—his parting words I never can forget ;  
His image is before me now, I hear his voice as then,  
In accents sweet, "Don't weep, my dear, you'll see me  
soon again."

“ I ponder o’er these magic words, though with a saddened pleasure,  
And hear them softly breathed once more by my beloved treasure ;  
Tender and soothing were they,—when he hushed my sobs to rest,  
They lay as calm as Infancy on the maternal breast.”

“ *When* he would come, he said not, but I hoped it would be ‘ *soon*,’  
Night after night I sit and talk with the pale, meek-eyed moon ;  
She seems to shed upon my heart a kindred sympathy,  
And Hope then whispers, ‘ dry your tears, you soon shall happy be.’ ”

“ Alphonso ! my lost, treasured one ! I wander through the grove,  
Pour o’er thine image in my heart, an avalanche of love ;—  
How could you take away from me all that my heart held dear,  
And leave the garden of my love all desolate and drear.”

“ Alphonse ! my love !—my life ! my light ! oh, is it thou art gone !  
And am I, like a widowed dove, to mourn and die alone !  
Thy gentle eye, that erst was wont to watch o’er my repose,  
With patriotism’s flashing now amid the Grecian’s foes.”

“ For glory on the battle-field thy heart beats high, I  
know,  
And shouldst thou live, bright laurels green will circ  
thy noble brow ;  
Surrounded like a living star, by honour and by fame,  
On history’s brightest page will be enrolled thy heart-  
dear name.”

“ But, dearest, was thy love for me as fervent as it  
seemed,  
When in accents, oh, so tender ! from thy truthful  
lips it streamed ? [thee so,  
Faithful and true I thought thee then, and still believe  
Which makes this “ absence ” to my heart, a sad and  
painful blow.”

“ My true one, then, ah ! shouldst thou fall by fatal  
sword or spear,—  
Heart-rending tidings such as this should reach thy  
Rosa’s ear—  
The future, dear Alphonso ! I dare not e’en survey,  
The very thought, my heart-strings tears with vio-  
lence away.”

“ Oh, for a draught of Lethe now, a little while to steep  
Those anxious, burning thoughts that banish from my  
pillow sleep ;—  
The hectic dries the bitter tears with which my cheek  
is wet,  
I sometimes wish I could, but ah !—I never can forget.”

## PART III.

The gentle voice of Summer is whispering through  
the bowers,

Affectionately welcoming the thickly-springing flowers;  
Her bright, soft eye of rosy light and mellow lip of  
song,

With radiance and with music fill the welkin blue along.

Oh, child of sorrow ! yield thy mind to summer's  
magic sway,

Fair Summer ! thou canst almost smile the frowns of  
grief away.

In loveliness primeval now, with flowers and music  
bland,

The ornate scene how rich with joy and beauty hand  
in hand.

The feathered tribes are joyous, and the lambkins frisk  
and bound,

The Spirit of true Happiness seems breathing all around.

But ah, alas ! poor Rosa's mind in nought of this can  
view,

Her heart is sad, and all to her partakes of its own hue ;  
The roscid mead—the fragrant grove, to her no balm  
impart,—

No pleasure to her sorrowing—her aching, o'er fraught  
heart.

She takes the “ Word of Promise,” and with hastened  
step she goes

To an unweeted, quiet spot, so often to her woes

The silent witness it had been, and here she sought  
relief

From *Him* who can, and does assuage the mourner's  
deepest grief.

And there, like unstained virtue, e'er dwelling in the  
heart,

Whose radiating beams, divine effulgence doth impart,  
That ever-watchful, never-slumbering, all-surveying  
eye

Saw her at once, and bent in love and pity from the sky.  
His presence-token comforting, he to the sufferer gave,  
And hope's light bark with sails unfurled, steered o'er  
despair's dark wave.

Shielded around by the enfolding arms of Love-divine,  
Like the protecting foliage of the sweet Celandine.

She sought her home with heart-relief, by God's own  
Spirit given,

Sustained by resignation, peace and faith and hope in  
Heaven.

Still clasping fast the "Book of Inspiration" to her  
breast,

She reaches home, if not with joy, with mind far less  
distressed :

Such heavenly, calm submission now reposes on her  
brow,

That were it not for trickling tears, that now and then  
*would* flow,

She would have seemed a statue sculptured from the  
marbled snow,



By the famed "Power" whose talents more than half  
the world do know.

Oh, had not Nature thus unlocked the feelings from  
their fount,

A lovely form in Parian mould, or from Carrara's  
mount

All would have thought. A mixture strange we some-  
times in the breast

Do find of earth's affection, either hidden or confest,  
Of love supreme to "Him" the "True"—of all our  
friends the *best*.

Ah, look! one thin, pale hand now rests upon the  
Book divine,

And Reminiscence now appears with her well-drawn  
design,

Laid down in colours softer than a poet's happiest  
dream;—

Then in murmurs mild and gentle as the violet mar-  
ged stream

Which echoes to the harmony of golden-throated birds,  
The maiden breathed forth from her soul, those sola-  
cing sweet words,

By which Alphonso tenderly would sometimes thus  
address [happiness.

Her in those days that glowed beneath the smiles of

"My dearest Rosa!" sweet those words

To this desponding heart;

They make me feel that there is *one*

In sorrow bears a part.

“ My dearest Rosa !” hark ! I hear,  
These soft words breathed again !—  
How potent they to banish grief,  
And heal the wounds of pain.

“ My dearest Rosa !” that sweet voice  
Comes on the whispering gale :—  
“ My own ! my sweet ! why dost thou weep,—  
Why is thy cheek so pale !”

“ My dearest Rosa !” *hope*, HOPE on,  
And let me thee assure,—  
As pillars strong of Hercules  
My promise shall endure :—

Yes, I am thine, and only thine  
Though absent I may be,  
Or present, trust my word, this heart  
Beats solely, love, for thee !”

These words distil the choicest balm,  
And shed a fragrance o’er  
My heart like Hermon’s heavenly dews,  
Thrilling the inmost core.

Though like the “ Great Mokanna” veiled  
On “ Moussa’s” kingly throne  
Thou seem’st, yet, through the silver screen,  
I hear thy lute-like tone ;—

“ My dearest Rosa !”—from thy lips  
Sweet words of soothing power !  
Refreshing as the dews upon  
The thirsty, fainting flower.”

Ended's the strain—the voice is hush'd, the words  
have died away,  
Like a soft wind-harp over which Eve's perfumed  
breezes play.

## PART IV.

The moon had risen in her cloudy car,  
Yet now and then she shimmer'd from afar ;  
The stars, in coruscations flashed anon,  
Like waning reason in the fevered one  
Whose intellectual powers of giant mould,  
At all beneath the skies grasp'd in their hold ;—  
By spurning moderation, see his fate !  
His sun has sunk ere its meridian height,—  
Self-doomed, alas ! thine end precipitate !

Anthems andante among the leafless trees,  
Were chaunted low by the autumnal breeze ;  
A sober wail for beauteous summer gone —  
A sigh for verdant fields now left forlorn !  
The year's inverted, Nature's bid adieu  
To her bright garb, and wears a sadder hue.  
No more we see a mellow, clear blue sky,  
O'er all is hung a thick, dark canopy.  
The summer-birds have flown to warmer climes,

To sport and sing amid the fragrant limes ;  
They love fair Nature in her bright array,  
And shun, lest they should witness her decay.  
Like summer-birds some " friends " there are, I ween,  
While golden sunbeams last are proudly seen,  
But when the rude and cold wind pipes aloud,—  
*Where*, where is one of all the fawning crowd !

But to return to my poor simple tale,  
Premise not that Alphonso's faith did fail,  
Although so *much* is written against man ;  
And although much be true, *not all*—I can,  
And in the sequence I shall plainly prove  
That man can deeply and most truly love.

#### PART V.

Poor gentle Rosa sat alone one eve, her soft hair  
twining,  
And tearfully she gazed upon her Hope-tree fast de-  
clining ;  
Nourished and watered it had been with smiles and  
dewy tears,  
Yet nought save disappointment's fruit the withering  
tree now bears.  
With heavy heart preparing its obsequies to perform,  
She lists'!—and hears its funeral knell in the career-  
ing storm ;—  
And numbering the midnight hours all weary and  
alone, [moan,  
Whose notes, adagio, tolled on like some sad spirit's

“ Oh why,” the maiden breathed, “ Oh ! why Alphonso,  
this delay ?

Thou surely hast not banished me from thy fond heart  
away,

There’s madness in the thought, avaunt ! thou fiend  
of peace for aye.

Thou couldst not change,—I chide myself for e’en  
the bare surmise,

*Thou lov’st me still*, this thought shall check, and hush  
my heaving sighs ;

The weftage wrought by destiny is, ah ! too strongly  
grown,

Its intertexture bears the fate of Rosa and thine own.”

For very weariness she leant back on her couch again,  
She dreamed, and saw her dear Alphonso prostrate  
with the slain !

With kisses warm she closed his wounds, then sunk  
upon his breast,—

“ Alphonso, dearest !” “ Rosa, love ! come to my arms  
my best !”

Garlanded with death’s cold wreath, on his bridal bed  
were laid,

United they were by eternal bonds—such bonds as  
never fade !

The rude wind jarred a casement loose and woke the  
pet “ Fidele,”

Who nestled close to Rosa’s breast, and broke the  
fatal spell !

Drenched in perspiration that oozed from every  
pore,

Shivering, blistering, cold and damp as autumn's mid-  
night shower,

She rose and walked with step so light it would have  
seemed the "Hours"

Passing insensibly among the sweet, the dew-bright  
flowers,

But that the footfall hurried was, through the soft  
mimic grove,

That seemed to spring beneath the foot, so artfully  
'twas wove

By Saxony's ingenious sons, who know well to display  
Nature, assisted by the Arts, in all her rich array.

The maiden's step was hasty, with a trembling, unnerv-  
ed tread ;

That painful dream *would* come again and fill her mind  
with dread ;

Like raining pearls the tears streamed fast 'tween her  
thin fingers down,

More precious than the purest gems that deck the  
regal crown ;

They bathe her warm and tender breast in which fond  
love burns bright—

More during than the Gheber's fire. Her flowing robe  
of white,

Once more upon the divan rests, and looks a cloud  
of fleece,

Such as on which the angels come with messages of  
peace

To earth's heart-stricken ones. See! one little foot  
    reclines  
Upon a cushion wrought in gold with orient designs.  
Now Hope once more her cordial brings and tenders  
    to the maid,  
Again a sweet serenity is on her brow displayed ;  
The image of her treasured one, then calling up to  
    view,  
She pours forth from her woman's heart its feelings  
    deep and true.  
Like music's softest breath on heaven's atmosphere  
    afloat,  
Was her sweet voice, when wakened by love's gently-  
    thrilling note.

“The pleasant months have passed away,  
    On pinions sad their flight,  
And deeper in my memory set  
    Thy form, my loved! my bright!”

“Ah, dear Alphonse! those hours of late  
    Thy Rosa oft reviews ;  
I do not tell thee why they seem  
    So like these chilling dews.”

“A knell rings sad upon my heart—  
    Is it for joy that's fled?  
Presentiment dares almost say  
    Thy loved Alphonse is—*dead!*”

“ I will not listen to her voice,  
Her hope-destroying power ;  
We *will* again meet,—will we not  
In thy own favorite bower !”

“ Time with thy “ days of absence,” though”  
With leaden wings it fly ;  
Oh, in this heart the past will live  
Till thy own Rosa die.”

Unto her heaving bosom fair, a picture then she pressed,  
And like a downcast lily pale, her head drooped on  
her breast.

#### PART VI.

Another sound now mingles with the loud, the piping  
blast ;—  
Swift as a shooting star, a horseman through the  
gloom now passed.  
The moon gave forth a fitful light from out her cloudy  
screen,  
Which gleamed upon a soldier's garb of gold and  
forest-green ;  
Like an electric flash he seemed upon a thunder cloud,  
Astride his steed of night-black hue, he paused—he  
looked—he bowed  
To one who stood before him with an eye of saddened  
glow,  
Its silken fringes raised, and resting 'gainst a brow of  
snow.



Her cheek with anxious watching blanched, attenuate  
her form,

A spirit from the worlds of light, she seemed, amid  
the storm.

The Caurus wind was piping shrill, she heeded not  
the blast—

Nor felt the cold, rude, cutting sleet as whistling on  
it passed.

She trembling asks, yet fears to know,—“ From  
Grecia’s camp what news ?”

The soldier forward leant—his lips an answer half  
refuse :—

“ Ah, lady fair !”—then seeing her wan face, his looks  
betray

The truth, poor Rosa fears he would, but cannot—  
dare not say.

Niagara-like when pouring down its noble, rocky side,  
Were the tears that drenched the soldier’s face in  
Pity’s streaming tide.

Compassion, kindness—both were blent in that mys-  
terious look,

He waved his hand, and spurred his steed,—a hasty  
farewell took.

## PART VII.

The wintry season’s past and gone, and spring in  
green array,

Now greets with feathered harmony the pleasant  
month of May,

The air is filled with music sweet, and Surya's\* brilliant beam

Is kissing new-born flowerets, and smiling on the stream ; [steal,

They look their joy while over them his loving glances  
Like minds that cannot speak the inward happiness  
they feel.

The early opening eyes of blue that fringe this crystal stream,

Are laughing with the infant buds just waking from their dream,—

Their dreamy, perfumed, rosy rest, half timid, lest they meet [greet,

The am'rous eye of Sol which e'er too ardently doth  
And steals away the dew, more pure than th' penitential tear

Shed by a Peri banished from the bright celestial sphere.

The Cuckoo too, fond lover-bird, and harbinger of spring, [wing,

Sits in his cool green solitude, with closely folded  
And there from his sequestered bough, his quiet, green retreat,

Pours forth his ever-tuneful song, though sad, still not less sweet.

“ Dear Bird ! or “ Voice”† which e'er thou art, rest in thy cool alcove,

---

\* सूर्य, in Sanskrit the Sun.

† “ Shall I call thee Bird ; or but a wandering Voice ? ”

Secure from harm that lurks without, like thee, the  
shade I love ;

Thou hast thy fav'rite tree on earth, mine blooms  
above the skies,

A heavenly "Hopia-tree" it is, and all earth's storms  
defies.

Yes, from the world, dear lonely bird, I shrink, but  
still my heart

Bears love —— ah, does it not, dear "Voice," for thee  
and ——.

Thus spake, or thought poor Rosa, while she gazed  
upon a tree

In which her daily visitant sat singing mournfully :—

The "*Cuckoo-tree*" she named it for the chorister's  
dear sake,

Like to herself it was in love, and drooping o'er a  
lake,—

A lake of blue which sent its sprayey kisses up to  
meet,

And cool its pensile branches green, which never  
failed to greet

With grateful, true affection ;—and in return they  
threw

Their loving glances o'er the lake, the cooling lake of  
blue.

Spring had returned, and with it came for Rosa bright-  
hued hope,

She leaves her fevered couch, and walks adown the  
verdant slope,

Which overhung a playful rill meandering 'mong the  
flowers,  
And where Alphonse and she had passed so many  
happy hours.  
With perfume came a gentle breeze, and fanned her  
burning brow,—  
Beneath a clump umbrageous, whose arms extended  
low,  
She sank adown, while crowding tears an outward  
passage force,  
She shut her lids and drove them back, down to their  
bitter source.  
That cheek so pale, so exquisite, so beautifully moulded,  
Has it been blanched by sorrow's page too rude alas !  
unfolded ?  
Dried were her tears save one that stayed upon that  
cheek divine,  
Which seemed a dew-drop sleeping on an alabaster  
shrine.  
Her fingers small were wand'ring 'mong her moon-  
beam tresses fair,—  
A sadness sweet sat on her brow,—Who had been  
writing there ?  
'Twas Resignation's gentle hand, 'lumed by a Heaven-  
lit ray,  
'Twas hope relighted at the "Throne," and smiled  
Despair away.  
Peace-pinioned Zephyrs passed along, and kissed her  
upraised brow,  
For she had learned, in early life, submissively to bow

To all her heavenly Father sent, but begs him now to  
spare

Her chastened heart this bitterest blow—or give her  
strength to bear.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Unto the stars the cooling breeze its vespers chaunted  
clear,

Such notes as ever pleasure yield to th' child of  
Nature's ear ;

But mingled with the floating strain, what dulcet  
sounds are these ?

'Tis Rosa singing to her lute beneath yon locust trees.

#### THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Once thou wert absent, oh, so long !

And when thou camest, love,

Thou said'st, with something like a sigh

"How thou art changed !" but asked not *why*,

Thy Rosa's heart to prove.

This pallid lip and saddened brow—

The hectic on my cheek,—

If thou wert here, beloved, now

Would to thee eloquently show

The cause I need not speak.

The tears I shed the live-long night

In secret, are for thee ;

Perchance my woman's heart will break—  
But, oh ! the vows that once we spake  
Will ne'er forgotten be.

The soul of Rosa is inurned  
In that dear heart of thine,  
And there as in a furnace lies,  
Cared for and watched with loving eyes,—  
What will like grief refine !

I'm told that thou art false, and hast  
A mind that loves to rove ;  
But, dearest ! thou wouldst not so soon  
Forget that first, last, only one,  
That vow of mutual love ;—

Made in that hour by magic words—  
In magic number spoken,  
When none bore witness save the moon,  
Who showered her smiles on us adown,  
As an approving token.

The lute is hushed,—she listens to a sound among the  
leaves !  
Some straying bird that's on the wing—the stilly air  
he cleaves,  
Stirring the undulating waves like a tiny fairy's  
shell,  
Or gossamer's light bark let loose from the Clematis'  
bell.

---

It is not this :—a gentle voice hath caught the maiden's ear !

It whispers, " Rosa !" Can it be from the seraphic sphere ?

Or is it from a soul in bliss, from the bright spirit-land

A warning bearing—ah ! no—no, see ! clasped in her cold hand

Is that of her belov'd Alphonse ! she's folded to his breast,

He whispers, " Rosalinde, my love ! come to my arms, my best !"

Upon his faithful breast she leaned until the morn arose,

To ope her cerule gates of blue ; 'twas thus in sweet repose

She found this happy pair, and smiled upon them with delight,

And circ'd their brows with a rosy wreath mingled with dew-drops bright.

Soon after this, gay Hymen's hall beamed forth with dazzling power,

Illumining Alphonso's and fair Rosa's bridal hour ;

The hymeneal banners bright were never known to wave

O'er happier ones than Rosalinde and her true Alphonse the brave.

---

WRITTEN AT DAY-BREAK, SABBATH MORNING.

---

My soul doth long to flee away,  
And quit this cumbrous load of clay,  
To join the notes of those above,  
Whose harps are strung to Jesus' love.

On buoyant wings, through liquid air,  
The lark mounts upward, free from care ;  
Onward she soars through ether clouds,  
Whose varied hues her form enshrouds.

Divested of these robes of earth,  
Parted from all of mortal birth,—  
Like thee, gay lark ! I too would soar  
Where sin and grief are known no more.

Untrammelled from these earthly chains  
Clanking with groans, and link'd with pains ;  
Secure in heaven's unfading bowers,  
My soul will exercise her powers,—

In strains that Jesus will approve,  
And offer to Almighty Love ;  
Because unting'd with shades of sin,  
My song shall God's acceptance win.



Redeemed ones, with loud acclaim,  
Now chaunt the honors of His name  
Who ransom'd them by painful death,  
Loved with his last expiring breath.—

With millions more than tongue can tell,  
Will my poor voice accordant swell  
In anthems loud—while low we bend  
To Jesus—our exalted Friend.

---

STANZAS.

---

THY words, like gently falling rain  
On the dry plant and arid plain,  
Have soothed my heart, and cooled my brain,  
Smiles come at thy command:—  
But quick a cloud those smiles inhume,  
My *dearest* hopes but *faintly* bloom,  
Like blossoms strewn around the tomb  
By Friendship's kindly hand.

I shrink to mention what I feel,  
(As earth can not—but Heav'n can heal,)  
Perhaps I should not it reveal,—

—Die with it *unconfest*

Thy tender feelings I would spare,  
The woe that is so hard to bear  
May not be spoken in thine ear,  
Although thou art my “Best!”

At least, *not now*, but if at last  
Our vessels meet (when storms are past,)  
Uninjured by the howling blast,  
Our hearts then into one  
Will sweetly mingle. Slander's breath,  
(More cruel than the bitterest death,  
That daily this earth visiteth)  
We'll have no need to shun.

---

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

---

THOUGH darken'd clouds come o'er the scene,  
No ray of light to intervene,  
Still would I trust *Thee* without fear,  
Till day arises bright and clear.  
My Father lately sends me pain,—  
'Tis best,—Oh, may I not complain ;  
My sins exceed the pains I bear,  
And hourly increase my fear  
That *He* will send what I deserve,  
For I from *Him* do often swerve.  
Alas ! this wayward, sinful heart !  
So prone from duty to depart.  
The Psalmist, Lord, on Thee did wait,  
And prayed in faith thou wouldst create  
A contrite heart,—his mind renew,  
And this my prayer is, Jesus, too.

TO SOME CHAMPA\* FLOWERS

LYING ON MY COUCH, IN ILLNESS.

---

WELCOME ! thrice welcome ! thou sweetest of flowers  
 That bloom in this orient land ;  
 The gentle effects of thy visits e'er seem  
 To my hot brow as cooling as Alpine's pure heem,—  
 Entrancing as some sweet seraphical dream,—  
 Or the touch of a fay's potent wand.

Strange flowret ! I love to inhale thy rich breath,  
 So innocent, mild, and so sweet !  
 But thou passest away like the sun's setting beam,  
 When it radiantly pours forth its last farewell gleam  
 O'er the smooth glassy surface of Gangá's fair stream,  
 Even thus art thou transient and fleet.

How soft are thy tints ! and how mellowly blend  
 They one with another !—I ne'er  
 'Mong the favorites of Flora saw one that would vie  
 With thy robe of pure, heavenly, angelic dye,—  
 So unearthly its tinging !—I cannot say why  
 Thou art to my heart thus so dear.

---

\* चांपा (Michelia Champaca.

Bland flower ! in beauty and fragrance, to me  
Thou seem'st like the fair ones above,  
That in heaven, we fancy, undyingly bloom,  
O'er the life-living river exhale, and perfume, [tomb,  
With incense which spreads o'er Hope's heav'n-seal'd  
Imbibing their life from " All-Love."

---

GÉNEVIÈVE.

---

" Thou dost know——

How long and well my soul has worshipped thee,  
Till my mind made itself a solitude  
For only *thee* to dwell in ; and thou wert  
The spirit of all fountains in my heart !"

BEFORE the Virgin Mary's shrine  
I saw a devotee ;  
A fair young form, with look divine,  
Low on the bended knee :—  
Not an emotion could you trace  
On that sweet, passionless, calm face.

As beauteous as Madonna, with  
Her hands clasped o'er in prayer,  
A rosary and crucifix  
She by her side did wear.  
Her " Ave-Marie," was she saying ?—  
—For what was it her heart was praying ?

In this cold spot—Oh, many an hour  
She'd knelt, while all around

Was dark,—the clouds were mirk, yet still  
She to that spot was bound ;  
As to the mould'ring stone e'er clings  
The ivy,—though no warmth it brings.

Her breath so hush'd, it seemed as if  
Life was no longer there ;  
A sculptured form, from Parian block,  
A statue, passing fair !  
The breeze threw back her veil—and, oh !  
A breast more pure than Alpine snow.

And on that still, still bosom slept  
A semblance of " the one,"  
For whom she nursed a secret love,  
But,—met with no return.  
Oh, it was like the Gheber's fire,  
That never,—never can expire.

But, see ! the tears now steal adown  
That marble, grief-blanch'd cheek ;  
Such briny tears as roses drown,  
Leaving Consumption's streak ;—  
She turns them to their fount of woe,  
There bids them freeze,—no more to flow.

The papal bénitier stood near,  
From which she often poured  
The purifying stream,—but, oh !  
Her lips breathed not a word.

Yet much from those mild eyes were spoken,  
Beaming in silence—deep—unbroken.

Down in her inmost soul there lay,  
    (What she would ne'er confess)  
The spring of her *sweet* sorrow, nor  
    Its *bitter* blessedness ;  
There in its own retreat it lay,  
Burning her spirits fast away.

The penance of her order, she  
    Most willingly did bear ;—  
The “ crown of thorns ”—the “ knotted rope,”  
    These oft fell to her share.  
The sharp “ metallic plate ” she'd press  
*Close to her heart*,—it lulled distress.

“ You must forget him,” Reason said,  
    But ah ! she could not tear  
From out its living sepulchre,  
    That image cherished there ;  
Part of herself it had become,  
A lamp to light her to the tomb.

That image *might* she bury low,  
    Beneath the darkling wave  
Of Lethe's stream, she *would not*, e'en  
    Her soul from death to save.  
Ill-fated one ! Oh, look above,  
And give thine heart to *Heavenly love*.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. B—— N——.

---

DEAR B, you've returned  
To our city I've learned ;  
Now I hope for the pleasure to meet thee ;  
Trust nought has befel  
Thee, that thou art well,  
This " chittee" I now send to greet thee.

How's Mr. N—— ?  
Pray let me know when  
You intend to pay me a visit,—  
This —— or Tuesday-eve ?  
Pray do not deceive,—  
The first, or the second ? which is it ?

I've so much to say,  
'Twould take a whole day,  
Without the auxiliar of steam ;  
You may deem extraneous,  
Such thoughts miscellaneous ;—  
Depend, they are no idle dream.

And this you will see,  
Ma très chere ami,  
When you hear my communication,

Of pleasure and pain,  
Of loss and of gain,  
Of alternate joy and vexation.

Nought but the semblance  
For a remembrance,  
You left on the table that day ;  
Of thy dear self,—so soon,  
Pray come while the moon  
Vouchsafes her benignant mild ray.

I will not say more,  
But expect you before  
Another revolution be made,  
By this planet of ours,  
That yields thorns and flowers,  
The last of which are e'er first to fade ;

I've detained you too long,  
With this foolish song ;  
I wrote you last week, I did really,  
Say, did you receive ?  
I now take my leave,  
Dear B—, I'm your's very sincerely,

E. L.

---



## A PRAYER

FOR MY DEAR LITTLE NEPHEW, FREDERIC WELLINGTON L——

OH Thou ! who when thou wast on earth,  
Didst little children bless  
Folding them in thy gracious arms,  
Most fondly didst caress ;—  
And in the tenderest accents too,  
With mild eyes beaming love,  
Declared of such shall be composed  
The heavenly world above ;—  
Jesus ! kind Friend ! to thee I bring  
A little Infant dear,  
Whom thou didst mercifully lend,  
To bless us all last year.  
Though in this vale of tears, I may  
Not see his smiling face ;  
Yet, heavenly Father ! let me pray  
Thou'lt fill his soul with grace.  
Preserve him, Lord ! in life and health,  
If't be thy blessed will ;  
Imbue his soul with heavenly truth,  
Flowing from Zion's hill.  
Oh suffer not his youthful feet  
To wander far astray ;  
As years increase, may he be found  
In " Wisdom's pleasant way"

From evils of this mortal life  
Exempt he may not be ;  
But with sweet Resignation blest,  
May he recline on *Thee*.  
In after-life, if e'er the storm  
Should gather thick and dark  
Around, and threaten to destroy  
Life's frail and trembling bark ;—  
May a soft voice from heaven be heard,  
“ *Fear not,*”—*trust me, loved one !*”  
Then leaning on the Saviour's breast,  
He'll smile amid the storm.  
Soon may Hope's iris, in the skies,  
Bend radiant and bright ;  
Then gratefully his tribute raise  
To *Thee*, for peace and light.  
Religion's joys strew o'er his path  
Of life,—and when he's called  
To leave this earthly scene, may he  
Rise to a better world.

---

LE CHENE ET LA CHEVRE-FEUILLE.

---

A LITTLE, feeble woodbine lay  
All helpless on the ground,  
God had endowed its nature with,  
And in its heart had bound,

A feeling of dependence on  
Something of stronger mould,  
To lean upon in tenderness,  
And clasp within its fold.

But there it uncomplaining lay  
Upon its grassy bed,  
With not one kind, one pitying friend,  
To raise its drooping head.

A stately oak of lofty mien  
Grew near this humble vine,  
A glory—shade—defence unto  
The lowly, sad woodbine.

And oft as zephyrs passed along,  
He'd bow his high-crowned head,  
And whisper gently to the vine,  
Upon her lowly bed.

He sent a zephyr down to breathe  
His messages of love,  
And raise the beauteous, humble thing  
T' his towering height above.

Now with affection, see ! she winds  
Round this majestic tree !  
Her foliage rich, and fragrant flowers,  
Are graceful drapery

To this dear, kind, and loving friend  
Who called her to his arms,  
That in his strength she might repose  
Quiet from all alarms.

But one thing she must not forget,  
Her hold on her true friend ;  
Nor loose her clasp when other's stoop,—  
—Obsequiously bend.

If this she does, 'tis sure she'll lose  
His kind protecting care ;  
And mourn at length, when 'tis too late,  
For reinstation there.

Few beauteous, self-supported flowers  
Can long endure the blast ;  
They rightfully expect the aid  
Of those of stronger cast.

List to the words of *Him* who was  
Benevolent and meek ;  
The strong should ever kindly bear  
The frailties of the weak.

*Calcutta, July 3rd, 1844.*

---

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

---

HARK ! how the dreadful thunders roll !  
They fill with awe th' astonished soul :  
Loud peals tremendous strike the ear,  
And crashing, fill the heart with fear.

The mighty voice, in sable shroud,  
Peals faster on, as faster crowd  
The bursting fountains of the sky,  
Made visible while lightnings fly.

'Tis thou, O God ! whose outstretched arm  
Strikes terror and such dread alarm ;  
Terror to all who are thy foes,  
Tremblings of heart to *only* those.

But humble souls who trust in *Thee*,  
Rest e'er in peace, reposingly,  
'Mid the wild storm their " Father's " voice  
They hear,—with gratitude rejoice.

The birds, within the thick-leav'd trees,  
Sit safely rocking in the breeze ;  
And when the storm is o'er, their lays  
Will be attuned to notes of praise.

The rooks beneath the eaves so dark,  
Have found a sort of safety-ark,  
In which ensconced, they snugly sit,  
Secure from wind and drenching wet.

The vivid flash electric flies,  
Too dazzling far for mortal eyes ;  
And now the clouds their treasures yield,  
To bless the garden and the field.

How rich this fructifying shower !  
Falling on tree, and herb, and flower !  
The lily overpowered bends,  
And praise-like incense quick ascends.

While flowers and birds breathe praise to *Thee*,  
O ! let me not an ingrate be ;  
My gifts of mind are more than theirs,  
Yea, gifts unknown to them it shares.

While here roll on my passing hours,  
I'll praise *Thee* with my feeble powers ;  
If mercy grant a lowly place  
At thy blest feet,—before thy face,  
In angel-strains with praise more meet,  
I'll humbly worship at thy feet.

*Calcutta, August, 1844.*

ADDRESSED TO THE SHADE OF A DEPARTED  
FRIEND,

WHO DECEASED ON THE 3RD OF APRIL, 1844, AFTER A FEW HOURS  
ILLNESS, OF SPASMODIC CHOLERA.

---

“ As for man, his days are as grass, as the flower of the field, so  
he flourisheth. But the blighting wind has passed over it, and it is  
gone, and the place that knew it shall know it no more.”

---

AND is it true my valued friend, that thou hast passed  
away ?

Yes, as a sun-beam is dispelled in a dark wintry day ;  
The place thou now inhabitest from mortal ken is hid,  
But thou, on us thy weeping friends, may'st gaze  
with cloudless lid.

Sickness and death have done their work,—thy heart  
is still and cold,

Thy beaming smile, our eyes on earth may never  
more behold ;

Disease and death no more shall reach thee in that  
happy place,

That smile which blest thine earthly friends now  
beams with heavenly grace.

With heaven's high commission, death came with iron  
grasp,

Regardless of all tender ties, he tore thee from the  
clasp

Of weeping friends who cluster'd thick around thy  
     dying bed,  
 To mitigate thy pain, or support thy fainting head;—  
 Stamped his cold impress on thy face,—dismissed thy  
     parting breath,  
 And soon,—ah! soon thy form was laid in th' livery  
     of death!  
 Alas! my friend! thou'st early quit this busy scene  
     of life;  
 Called in the dew of youth to leave a fond, devoted wife,  
 And kind and tender sisters too who in thy love did  
     share;—  
 Two helpless babes who ne'er can know a father's ten-  
     der care,  
 Oh! quickly from their weeping sight forever thou  
     hast fled  
 Thy countenance is changed!—and thou art number-  
     ed with the dead!  
 While life was in its buoyant spring, and all its pro-  
     mise fair,  
 The “ Spoiler” sent thee to the grave to sleep in si-  
     lence there.  
 “ The golden bowl is broken” — the silver chord's  
     unstrung,  
 The garden-flower is withered—sad trophies round  
     are hung,  
 Sorrow thine aged parents bows,—their hearts refuse  
     relief,  
 They weep thy sudden exit,—and thy life that was so  
     brief.



Their morning-star of Hope hath set, ah ! never more  
to rise,

Tumultuous grief their bosoms heave, and tears suffuse  
their eyes.

Thy venerable father cries, " Oh J——b ! my dear one,  
Would God, I could have died for thee, my precious  
darling son !"

Thy brothers miss thee from their side, and wish for  
thy return,

And 'mid their daily business, oft turn aside to mourn.  
Thy friends had lofty hopes of thee, thou early perished  
one, [done."

Yet bow to *His* behest and say, " Lord let thy will be

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## LINES

### ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. YATES, D. D.

OF THE BAPTIST MISSION, WHO DIED ON THE RED SEA,  
JULY 3RD, 1845.

---

" How beautiful it is for man to die  
Upon the walls of Zion ! to be called  
Like a watch-worn, and weary sentinel  
To put his armour off, and rest —— in heaven !"

---

THE faithful Missionary's work is done,—  
Gone from his toil, and entered into rest !  
His spirit ranges free in heavenly air,  
" Redeeming Love" he chaunts forth with the blest !

Gone to his Saviour ! yes ! how happy he  
Beneath those loving smiles. Old friends press round,  
While each relates the perils of the way  
Their hearts with love and gratitude abound.

The mortal pains he suffered on the road,  
As a loose mantle, when he soared above—  
Ascended to his glorious reward,  
He dropped ! was wrapped in one of Jesus' love.

The waving grain, when it is fully ripe  
Is gathered in secure 'gainst coming storms ;  
The flower whose beauty full expanded is,  
Is culled ere poisonous winds its shape deforms.

We check the tear,—seraphic ones above  
Have hailed a brother in his Father's home ;  
We check the tear,—for he is fully blest  
Where sorrow—sickness—death can never come.

The Red-Sea ope'd its guardian arms to take  
Into its folding trust the loved " Remains,"  
Hushed in a dreamless slumber they repose,  
'Neath watchful eyes, from the celestial plains.

Jesus hath spread for them a watery couch,  
Yet 'tis a sweetly soft, and pleasant bed ;  
A constant requiem the winds do chaunt  
His pillow o'er, and rock his sacred head.

Oh! when th' illustrious morn shall from *His* throne  
 Break forth, and Jesus in the opening skies  
 Appears, the sea shall then give up its trust,—  
 Thy form beloved in vestments new shall rise.

My thoughts ascend where feet have never climbed,  
 Nor e'er essayed an eagle's wing to mount ;  
 'Tis *there* I see thy dear familiar face,  
 Radiant with smiles reflected from the "Fount."

Thy spirit wears the glory of high heaven,  
 Circ'd with a starry crown I see thy head ;  
 Rejoicing converts thou hast won to God,  
 Around thee throng in praise to *Him* who bled.

And see ! the bright fresh garlands that they bring,  
 Garlands of bliss immortal twined for thee ;  
 And, oh ! how lovingly thine eye now beams !  
 Would that such blessedness belonged to me.

My bark is still tossed on the restless main,  
 And trouble-surges often o'er it beat ;  
 But if they serve at length to bring it home—  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore—then rest, how sweet !

If gilded are the darkened waves with but  
 A thread of light from out the atmosphere  
 Of "Heavenly Love" which thou now breath'st, I'll try  
 To courage take, and dry the falling tear.

Ascended one ! from mortal sight thou'rt gone !  
Yet faith in undimmed vision points me where  
Thou now art blest ! my father, brother, friend !  
Through Jesus I aspire to meet thee *there*.

*Calcutta, September 3rd, 1845.*

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WITH WHOM AND WHAT I SYMPATHIZE.

---

BRIGHT, rosy, flaunting-banner'd day !  
My spirit bends not to thy sway ;  
I cannot love thy laughing glee—  
Thy face of gay hilarity ;  
My spirit turns from thee aside,  
Save when thou'rt like a weeping wife,  
Who, wronged—pours grief on love's soft tide,—  
By *silence* quenches coals of strife.

On thy calm brow, O, sober night !  
My fond soul gazes with delight ;  
Thy magic spell doth sweetly bind  
In silken chains my willing mind ;—  
Thy balmy influence I own,—  
—Listing thy harps of softest strain,  
Inhaling thy bland breath *alone*,  
Which comes as from th' eternal plain.

Daughters of fortune ! sons of ease !  
Who float upon gay pleasure's breeze,  
Whose hearts have never heaved a sigh—  
Whose sparkling cup of joy mounts high—  
Whose hours pass on unbrokenly,  
Through rosy life's unchequer'd scene,  
Living in Mirth's frivolity,—  
Trusting her wreaths are evergreen,—

From your bright radius, I turn  
To Sorrow's child ! who o'er the urn  
Of parted health and hopes doth bend,—  
Sweet solace-dew none deigns to lend ;—  
To *such* my heart's a fount of love,—  
(On stormy waves though it be driven,)  
An ark for every wearied Dove,  
Who turns from earth to rest in heaven.

## A FRAGMENT.

IF from sad Melancholy's cot  
A friend thou wilt accept,  
Whose heart hath joyed in other's joys,  
And wept with those who wept ;  
Whose earthly friends are far and few ;—  
Say, can you then receive  
One sad and solitaire ?—If so,  
She never will you leave.

THE MOON IS BEAMING.

---

Thought her constant vigils keeping,  
Holds my eyes,—prevents my sleeping.

*Night,—past 12 o'clock.*

THE moon is beaming,—  
The light is streaming  
From every star above ;  
While o'er me gleaming,  
Their bright eyes seeming  
To gaze from the world of love ;—

And to me saying,  
Your constant praying,  
Shall soon to notes of praise  
Be changed,—and thou  
In heaven shalt bow,  
And join th' angelic lays.

---

EVENING ASPIRATIONS.

---

I WISH to flee from earth away,—  
I wish to quit this cumbrous clay--  
I wish my soul from sin was freed,  
And with *Him* who for it did bleed.

I wish this heart (by sorrow riven),  
Could yield up all and soar to heaven ;  
Wish, though I pant for that fair clime,  
Patient to wait th' appointed time.

I wish on Jesus' loving breast  
To lean my head,—for *there* is rest ;  
*Rest* for the weary, sick and faint,  
*Peace* that will banish all complaint.

*There, there* is sweet and calm repose,  
Such as the worldling never knows ;  
Although he's tossed from wave to wave,  
Seeks not for rest beyond the grave.

I wish my Saviour's face to see,  
Beaming with smiles transcendently ;  
Wish I was in my heavenly home  
Where storms of earth can never come.

I wish to leave this atmosphere ;  
My flowers are gone ! my garden's drear ;  
My heart all lone and desolate,  
Oh ! how much longer must it wait !

Prepare me, Lord ! for that blest day ;—  
Prepare me too in thine own way,  
But leave me not alone to grope  
In darkness destitute of hope.

May Bethlehem's Star e'er bless my view,  
Guiding me all my journey through :  
This heavenly Star ! Blest Cynosure !  
With lustre shines divinely pure.

*Wednesday Evening, Nov. 5, 1845. 20 m. to 10.*

---

### TRUST IN GOD.

---

Jesus ! ever-blessed Saviour !  
Let me on thy breast repose ;  
Hush my anguish'd throbbing bosom,  
Dry my tears, and calm my woes.

---

WHAT if the billows o'er thee roll,  
And near o'erwhelm thy trembling soul ;—  
Still trust in God, he'll give thee rest  
From storms of care, when he sees best.

Patiently wait *His* holy will,  
Hear what he says, " Hush ! peace, be still,"  
And meekly bear thy Father's rod,  
Own him in all a gracious God.

If in affliction's stormy day  
Thy path be dark, without one ray  
Of light, to gild thy gloomy road ;  
Still trust in an all-faithful God.



What he hath promised, he'll perform,  
 And shelter thee from every storm ;  
 He is a Sovereign, righteous God,  
 And governs all things by a nod.

Rely on Him with confidence :—  
 Trust not the things of time and sense,  
 " Fear not,"\* he says, my little flock,  
 Though earth to its foundations rock.

---

MY THOUGHTS AT THE "SEVEN TANKS."

---

HERE balmy-pinioned Zephyrs light  
 Steal o'er the flowrets fair,  
 I list ! a gentle whisper falls  
 On my enraptured ear.

Here, standing in the piazza,  
 I muse with thoughtful eye,  
 And mark the sun's bright farewell ray,  
 With " Angerona" nigh.

How sweet to linger here and view  
 The gleam of parting day !  
 When Sol has sunk behind the trees  
 I then shall speed away.

---

\* Isaiah xli. 1st clause of the 10th verse.

O, Gupta Brindában ! the blest !  
I love thy rural shade,  
Thy dark, umbrageous foliage  
For happiness was made.

Sweet-fragrance from thy scented bowers  
Comes wafted on the air,  
And stealing o'er the soul entranced,  
Lulls ev'ry with'ring care.

Of all the rich and lovely gems  
With which this fair grove's drest,  
To me the " Padda Korabi"  
Is sweetest and the best.

Among the Elysian spots I've seen  
In these far-distant lands,  
The loveliest, and the most renowned  
This fairy-garden stands.

Sweet glade romantic ! then accept  
A stranger's offering,  
Her heart's best wish for thee, is all  
The tribute she can bring.

I leave now, though reluctantly  
This little earthly heaven ;  
The hall-clock, and my little watch  
Are pointing just at seven.

Then farewell! pleasant, sacred spot!  
Ye flowers besprent with dew;  
Those speaking eyes\* that grace your walls—  
“Bula,”† and all, adieu!

Aug. 12, 1843. *Saturday Evg.*

---

“I'LL REMEMBER THEE, DEAREST!”

---

Thy mem'ry, dear friend, in my heart is deep set,  
And never,—Oh! *never* can I thee forget:  
The soul's deep affection is one shoreless sea;—  
E'en shouldst *thou* forget, *I can ne'er forget thee.*

---

I WILL think of thee, dearest, at twilight's calm hour,  
When solitude spreads her soft wings o'er my bower;  
When breathes the bland air-harp its sweet minstrelsy,  
“I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee!”

When Eve her dusk mantle flings over the scene,  
And Memory points to the joys that have been,  
That passed as the iris, 'mid clouds fleetingly,  
“I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee!”

---

\* The beautiful Portraits that decorate the Baitakkháná or Summer-house.

† The faithful house-dog.

When Night her broad sceptre unlimited sways,—  
Ascends her high throne, and her banner displays,  
All spangled with dew for herb—flower—and tree,  
“ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

When in her bright zenith, this kind, sable queen  
Appears,—her regalia stelliferous sheen ;  
That sparkles from out the fleece-cloud canopy,  
“ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

When Dian her gentle dominion resumes,—  
Her soft, lovely beaming the dark world illumines  
With brilliancy like a smooth hyaline sea,  
“ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

When at the approach of the grey, timid dawn,  
Fair daughter of Heaven ! the herald of morn !  
Their matins, the birds are all trilling in glee,  
“ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

When the Neriades sport on the white crested wave,  
Their delicate limbs in the phosphor bath lave ;—  
And chaunt forth in concert their wild melody,  
“ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

While over the Ocean my frail bark is bounding,  
The spirits of sorrow and danger surrounding,  
I'll pray that *thou* may'st from such spirits be free,  
And, “ I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !”

---

A "GOOD-NIGHT" WISH TO MY DEAR SISTERS. 219

---

While life's magic harp-strings continue unbroken,  
Thy spirit shall never long sigh for a token  
Of truest remembrance, though absent I be,  
" I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !"

Then present or absent, by night and by day,  
Thine amulet-image shall be the bright ray  
That Hope kindly lends to her sad votary,  
Who will " think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !"

---

A "GOOD-NIGHT" WISH TO MY DEAR SISTERS.

---

May the finger of sleep, soft as the balmy dews of night upon the  
flower-cup, stroke the dark silken fingers over those radiant, love-  
beaming orbs.

CALM and soft be your slumbers,  
And peaceful your dreams,  
Till Aurora sheds o'er ye  
Her bright golden beams ;—  
Then to Him who hath guarded  
You while you have slept,—  
To Israel's Shepherd,  
Who safely hath kept ;—  
A grateful heart's incense  
More sweet than the rose,  
Pour forth at the footstool  
Of Him, from whom flows  
The blessings of day, and  
The night's sweet repose.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_

PLANTS that are hardy,  
Are slow and tardy  
In coming to perfection ;  
And so thou sayest,  
(And well thou mayest)  
Of thy new-born affection ;—  
Than others' stronger,  
Will last the longer,  
Like to the Aloe tree ;  
Though nursed by showers,  
And sun, its flowers,  
We but once in life may see !  
The friendship you give,  
May I not outlive,  
(If it be not over-rated,)  
Oh may it increase,  
And never surcease—  
—In heaven be perpetuated.

---

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

\_\_\_\_\_

HARK ! what sweet voice is that I hear ?  
'Tis " love " and " mercy " strikes my ear ;  
Abroad it sounds from Calvary's Mount,  
Jesus hath died ! the pard'ning fount

Is open now for sin-stain'd souls—  
The "Book of Mercy" Christ unrolls !  
Oh, ponder on his sufferings now,  
And to His peaceful sceptre bow.

Left by his friends, amid his foes,  
His prayer for their forgiveness rose :  
Around him now fast thick'ning woes  
Appear,—his painful, dying throes  
Are more than Nature's self can bear,  
To see her God hang suffering there !  
An awful earthquake silence broke—  
The sleepers in their tombs awoke ;  
The sun withheld his wonted light,  
He could not brook so sad a sight ;  
O'er beauteous Nature's face was spread,  
Sorrow and gloom, and darkness dread.

Behold the blest Redeemer dies !  
He groans—and tears suffuse my eyes,  
While gazing on th' accursed tree  
And feeling that 'twas all for me.  
His hands, his feet, his side send forth  
A stream of love, to prove the worth,  
Of that for which he bleeds and dies,  
As an atoning sacrifice.

And didst thou suffer sorrow's storms,  
For guilty, rebel, helpless worms ?

Wonder of wonders ! mighty plan !  
To save lost—ruined—fallen man.  
Oh, take this cold, this stupid heart  
Renew, and gratitude impart ;  
Move it to grief, and ardent love,  
And fit it for its home above.

---

ON THE DEATH OF MISS A. G.—ONE OF MY  
CLASS MATES.

---

SHE fell asleep in Jesus !—then resigned we all should  
be,  
If she could speak she'd say to us, " Dear friends, weep  
not for me,  
My spirit now is bathed in bliss, released from pain  
and woe,  
Oh ! trust in the Redeemer's name, then happiness  
you'll know.  
Give up your hearts to God, as I did, in my early youth ;  
Believe me, though I'm gone away, I speak a solemn  
truth.  
Procrastinate I pray you not, but while '*tis called 'To-  
day,'\**  
Resign your souls into *His* hands, '*the life†—the  
truth—the way.*'

---

\* Heb. iii. part of 7th verse.

† John xiv. 6th verse.



He'll guard them safe through cloud and shine, in calm  
or tempest tost,  
As resurrection jewels bright, not one will e'er be lost.  
Your hearts as buds unopened are, untouch'd by earth-  
ly stain,  
O! bring the pleasing sacrifice,\*—it will not be in vain.  
Yes, from the fragrant altar now, let incense sweet arise,  
And streams of love will flow adown from Jesus' lov-  
ing eyes.  
When from its earth-bound tenement, the spirit shall  
be free,  
With joy 'twill hear the Saviour's voice, 'I am well  
pleased† in thee.'"  
Although in years we're very young, I scarce twice six  
have met,  
Death ever loves the early flowers, and will not *us* for-  
get.

---

TO MY DEAR SISTER F. CAROLINE,

WHEN SHE WAS SUFFERING FROM DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

---

GRIEVE not, my love, though sorrows sad do fling  
Their lengthen'd shadows o'er thy youth's pathway;  
Lift up thy thoughts on Faith's seraphic wing,  
Seize the kind promise, while, dear one, you may.

---

\* "A flower when offered in the bud, is no vain sacrifice."—*Dr. Watts.*

† Matt. iii. last clause of the 17th verse.

Remember *Him*, who hath not spoke in vain,  
Now in the spring-time of your early youth ;  
The Saviour's gentle voice soothes every pain,  
Then trust in *Him* " the way, the life, the truth."  
Those crystal tears, like dew drops on the rose,  
Oh, let me kiss away, my Caroline,  
Thy cheek be dried,—in love and faith repose  
On *Him* who thy best good doth e'er design.  
Although he leads you by a thorny road,  
His eye is on you, beaming kindest love ;  
" On me," he says, " cast all your cumbrous load,  
Of sorrow, sins,—my faithfulness to prove."  
The flower of your days to God present,  
As did the Hindu dear in far-off land ;  
The sacrifice he made had sweeter scent  
Than cedars planted by " His own right hand."  
And thus a Guide unerring, you shall find,  
To lead you on to Glory and to bliss ;  
Will bless you here with peace and love combin'd,  
Commixed with sweetest flowers of happiness.

*Boston, 1836.*

---

### COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

---

THOUGH early marked as Sorrow's child,  
And woes their shadows fling  
Around my path, yet Peace outspreads  
Her soft and shady wing.

Yes *heavenly peace* my Father sends,  
To comfort this sad heart ;  
While I behold *my Father's* hand,  
Faith bids my fears depart.

Trusting in that dear *One* who died,  
And called me by his grace ;  
By help Divine I'll struggle on,  
Till I behold his face.

---

LINES

TO A HINDU FRIEND IN CALCUTTA ; A WORSHIPPER OF THE  
“ PURNIMA.”\*

---

WHEN “Surya”† has sunk to rest,  
On Gangá's soft and quiet breast—  
His chariot wheels no more display  
Their lustre on the car of day,—  
The moon in brightness has arisen,  
Raising thy thoughts, my friend, to heaven,  
To Him who formed those orbs so bright,  
With His own uncreated light,—  
Oh ! think how great that God must be !  
The “Three in One !— the One in Three !”  
Who caused the moon through realms of night  
To float,—and court our raptured sight !

---

\* पूर्णिमा, Full Moon.

† सूर्य, Sun.

A *flood* of light she sheds on thee,  
 In silvery *streams* it falls on me ;  
 Divests night's ebon throne of gloom ;  
 The river—forest—world illume !  
 The meek, pale moon we may *admire*,  
 Our *adoration* should rise higher—  
 To *God* exclusive homage pay,  
 Creator of the night and day.

To starry courts we lift the eye,  
 When Chandra\* rules in majesty,  
 On the fair wanderer we may gaze  
 And drink in all her beauteous rays.  
 A glittering host around her move,  
 Sparkling with heaven's reflected love ;  
 In faithful homage as they shine  
 Proclaim their Maker is divine !  
 We'll love the sun, and love the moon,  
 And all things God has made ;  
 The outstretch'd heavens,—the twinkling star.  
 The green, the grassy glade.  
 We'll love the spacious earth around,  
 All *good* that it contains ;  
 Nations who dwell in ice-bound lands,—  
 Or India's burning plains.  
 The insect small in sunny ray  
 Shall our compassion share ;  
 We'll make a brother's woes our own,  
 Each other's burdens bear.

\* चन्द्र, Moon.

We'll love our friends,—each blessing too,  
For God, the sovereign makes them so.  
But,—Oh ! my friend, may you soon see  
'Tis sinful if we bow the knee  
To aught on earth. Then evermore  
Our Saviour-God let us adore.

*Boston, Aug. 28, 1837.*

## VISION.

A GENTLE one around me in my dreams,  
E'er hovers like the soft—the early beams  
Of dewy morn, ere she the latest star  
Hath chased away. Bright thoughts of one afar,  
My opening hours, O ! so kindly greet—  
Than fragrance from the spice-groves, far more sweet,  
Alas ! as evanescent, and as fleet !

Though through a misty veil thou art reveal'd,  
I feel the fountain of my soul unseal'd,  
And all its secrets open unto thee,  
Sweet mystic form ! they flow forth full and free ;  
Fade not away ! in pleasing visions roll,—  
Through life's long toilsome day shine o'er my soul,  
And guide it to its heaven—its home—its goal.

## SOUVENIR.

---

I love to gaze upon those Art-traced eyes,  
In which so much of sweet, meek goodness lies.

\*            \*            \*            \*  
\*            \*            \*            \*

Of the loved one it whispers,  
Now far, *far away*,  
Whose kind voice in sorrow  
Made darkness noon-day.

A magical influence  
Still to it clings  
Oh, when I gaze on it,  
A spirit's soft wings—

I feel on my forehead,  
All fevered with care ;  
A coolness succeeds, then  
I turn and ask, where?—

Oh, where, art thou —— ? Gone !  
Ah ! gone from my sight,  
Dissolved in the mists  
Like the arc-en-ciel bright !

TO LITTLE JOSEPH W—— T——, WHILE  
SLEEPING.

---

BLOSSOM of Innocence !  
 Dropped from the skies !  
 Gathered by angel-hands  
 From Paradise ;  
 Sent to the garden of  
 Fond earthly love ;  
 Nourished by heavenly  
 Dews from above !  
 Pillowed in loveliness  
 On the soft breast,  
 I gaze on thy beauty  
 In sleep half exprest ;  
 Thy fair brow's high up-lift,  
 And sweet dimpled chin,  
 Thy smiles too, so witching—  
 So unstain'd with sin ;  
 So sweetly attractive,  
 And winning thou art,  
 Thou easily windest  
 Around the fond heart.  
 Sleep, Innocent ! sweetly,  
 On dear Mamma's arm ;  
 In dreams bright and rosy,  
 Safe shielded from harm.

Oh, may thy little feet  
Go astray never,  
But rest on the banks of  
The life-giving river.  
Fair Babe ! I gaze on thee,—  
Warm tear-drops do start,  
Stirred's the deep fount of mem'ry,  
So like one thou art,  
Who long since was wafted  
To his native bower ;  
Expands now in sweetness,  
An immortal flower !  
The same quiet, dark eye  
Of intellect deep,  
Expressively beaming  
When bursting from sleep,  
Like a dew-drop translucent  
Of nature, when shed  
On the white jasmine,  
Or fair lily's head,—  
In purity art thou,  
And brightness, sweet child !  
Our Father in heaven,  
Keep thee undefiled.

*Calcutta, October, 1844.*



"NOT MANY TO THY SOLEMN FEASTS."

NOT many to thy solemn feasts,  
O, Zion of our God,  
In this far-land with willing feet,  
Come up to thine abode.

In woeful garments thou art clad,  
For this,—so few there are,  
Who love thy ways,—while many say,  
No gain is there in prayer.\*

Thy children leave their father's homes,  
To preach "Redeeming Love,"  
To those of olive tinge, and point  
Their thoughts to heaven above.

But dark-hued ones include not all  
The "heathen" to be found;  
Beneath the Christian garb are sins  
And follies that abound.

Some of this hue attend thy courts,  
E'en as thy children do;  
When on their purse a call is made,  
They give, and largely too.

Their names are duly registered,  
And showers of praise descend  
Upon their heads uplift. They're deemed,  
Unto the church, a *friend*.

---

\* Malachi iii. 14.

It is not asked, does such an one,  
E'er pay to all their dues?—  
Does justice linger at his gate,  
While he its claims refuse?

Do not his servants tarry long,  
For that they so much need,  
Their monthly pittance, scarce enough  
Their families to feed?

It matters not what garb he wears,  
To the All-seeing eye,  
His heart's as open as the day,  
That breaketh from on high.

O, Zion! thou art clad in grief,  
To see among thy sons,  
Such mockery of thy holy cause,  
—Thy truly humble ones.

The "day of days" will soon arrive,  
When on His burning throne,  
The Purifier-Judge will come,  
And take to heaven his own.

His friends-pretended then with shame,  
And consternation blent,  
Will backward fall!—alas, their robe,  
Of righteousness is rent!

Surprised, they ask, “ Have we not filled,  
From week to week our place,  
In church or chapel—bowed in prayer,  
With serious—solemn face ?

Have we not given of our goods,  
And wealth to feed the poor ?—  
And never turned the hungry one,  
Or naked from the door !—

Our part, yea, more than that, we’ve given,  
Thy holy cause to aid ;  
Oft have done wonders in thy name,  
And thy commands obeyed.”

“ Depart from me !” the Judge exclaims,  
“ Thy heart was never right ;  
No mercy—charity hadst thou,  
In me no true delight.”

“ I know thee not,—Depart from me !  
Although my name thou’st borne,  
Deceived, deceiving hypocrite !  
’Neath vestments thou hast worn.”

“ They served thee while thou wast on earth,  
*Here* they will nought avail ;  
Thy best works done from motives wrong,  
In this “ Great day” must fail :—  
In this great—last—decisive day,  
I spurn thee from my sight away !”

## TO THE PICTURE OF ———.

The light that emanates from white-winged seraphs' eyes above,  
 Sure cannot beam with kinder rays, express more living love !  
 Th' angelic hosts, with faces veiled, who bow before God's throne,  
 And cease not day nor night to chaunt, "*Holy—holy One !*"  
 Those seraphs bright, with snowy wings, I'm sure do not possess,  
 More heav'n-reflecting rays of light, more full of tenderness.

THOSE magic eyes—those love-lit eyes can never lose  
 their power,

While Reason sways her sceptre, or I cease to tread  
 Time's shore,

For months, whenever o'er my breast the waves of  
 trouble roll'd,

Their talismanic influence they \* \* \* \* \*

The daily ills that cling to life, and oft my mind perplex,  
 And by their multiplicity my weary soul do vex ;

If to this talisman I give a momentary glance,  
 Impatience disappears,—my soul's in a seraphic trance.

It softly says, " Calm all your fears, and quietly *hope on*,  
 Peace—peace, be still, afflicted one ! you are not quite  
 alone."

Grief fills the space of parted ones—a vacuum I feel,  
*Expressively* it whispering says,—“ I all your wound  
 will heal.”

When Disappointment stern hath slain my hopes, and  
 laid them crushed,

This gentle monitor appears, and ev'ry sigh is hushed

My sinking soul in sadness mourns her earthly comforts fled,

(About my heart-strings they're entwined though pillowed with the Dead ;)

This lonely, aching, bursting heart, e'en now, though almost riven, [heaven.

Acknowledges the influence of this angel sent from  
In all the minor ills of life, which oft my breast perturb,  
And frown away the seraph Peace,—my little joys disturb,  
This day-star, "like a Pharos" bright, high "towering  
on the wave,"\* [some grave.

Points me like Hope, to joys that lie beyond the dark  
Those magic rays fall on my heart, 'mid sunshine,  
cloud and storm,

And though the world's so bleak and cold, they keep  
its life-blood warm.

Plenipotent, yet gently so, to check the rising sigh,  
And banish saddest thoughts, that in my trembling  
breast do lie. [cheek,

When Sorrow has imprest her lines upon my tear-wet  
To every fount for consolation, I in vain do seek,  
Those kindness-beaming orbs of light, in which float  
heavenly love,

Shed rays of joy on my sad heart pure as th' "Immortal Dove." [tenderness !

'hose dewy eyes, from which e'er stream a flood of  
'heir tracery, my life will bear,—*how* I may not express.  
An *idol-treasure* is this little silent friend to me,

---

\* Vide "The Infidel Reclaimed," page 155.—*Dr. Young.*

Say, who will blame the feeble vine, for clinging to  
the tree ! [flower,  
When Boreas shall sweep away the last, frail, lovely  
(And *one, one only* now remains to deck my little bower,)   
This talisman, exerting in my heart its influence there,  
Shall like a radiant amulet, defend it from despair !  
If *I* should *first* be called away, a victim for the grave,  
May kindly eyes like these bend o'er, while I pass  
Jordan's wave,  
Bend o'er my couch ;—and be the last my death-dimmed  
eye doth meet,  
And be the first in lands of bliss, my 'franchised soul  
to greet !

---

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF MY " PRINCIPLES OF POLITENESS,"  
AT SCHOOL, ON CLASS-DAY.

---

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand !  
May we then arise, as a heavenly band,  
To Jesus the Saviour, and view with delight,  
That glorious region where " there is no night."  
He'll hold out his arms, and receive us so kind,  
And say, my dear lambs, come where joys are refined ;  
Come feed in my pastures of flowery green,  
All free from the weeds of doubt, sorrow, and sin.  
Oh may we be found in the " Lamb's book of Life,"  
And members of her who's declared the " Lamb's wife : '  
Should we die while we're young, or at three-score and ten  
May we be *His* for ever and ever, Amen !

## A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

“ When clouds and darkness veiled my skies,  
And Sorrow’s blast blew loud and chill,  
Friendship did like a rainbow rise,  
And softly whispered—peace, be still.”

WILT thou accept this humble offering?—  
This grateful wreath to Friendship’s shrine I bring ;  
I now would touch my simple lyre to thee,  
For thou hast been a faithful friend to me.

A “ friend *indeed*,” when, like a whelming flood  
Grief’s storm came in—while all alone I stood—  
Then, then didst thou appear a “ *friend in need*,”  
A sympathising friend—a *friend indeed*.

When he who loved thee with a brother’s love  
Lay on his dying couch, then didst thou prove,  
Yea, in that *ne’er-to-be-forgotten hour*,  
The soothing influence of Friendship’s power.

When Death’s cold wing waved o’er him silently,  
Foretokening the soul would soon be free ;  
Then o’er his pillow thou didst trembling bend,  
And prayed th’ Eternal would restore thy Friend.

All others gone—thou stood'st beside that bed,  
On his cold brow tears of affection shed ;—  
His robust form watch'd speeding to decay,—  
While from the heart-fount life ebbed fast away.

In agony to that loved form I clung,—  
With bitterest anguish my lone heart was wrung,  
The lonely mourner, in a stranger's land,  
Lay crushed beneath affliction's heavy hand.

Oh, like a Brother thou hast been to me,  
Through my drear path—so like a troubled sea—  
All that my heart would say I may not speak,  
Let these suffice that now course down my cheek.

There are—and, oh ! I deeply grieve to write,  
Those who this wreath of gratitude would blight  
With slander's breath, the current warm would freeze,  
Then, like the *felt* but *unseen* gentle breeze,  
Let it pass on—and none around displease.

Hope whispers now while o'er my lyre I bend,  
Thou'lt ever be, what thou hast been, “ *a Friend,*”  
And may our Father God, thy life repay  
With heavenly wealth that fadeth not away.

---



LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE LAST AND ONLY  
CHILD OF A FRIEND.

---

“Thou wast indeed an opening bud of beauty rich and rare,  
Alas! the hour of bloom came not, for the canker worm was there.”

A PLAINITIVE, mournful sound comes on the gale!  
It is the outburst of the ‘reft one’s’ wail!  
Insatiate Death! and could thy hand not spare  
The *only* one! so young—so bright—so fair?  
That blooming garden deck’d with precious flowers,  
In number seven, fair as in earthly bowers  
Are ever seen,—yet one by one, away  
Are torn by him, whose strong arm none can stay!  
Relentless, mighty conqu’ror! how couldst thou  
With thy cold icy wreath bind that sweet brow?  
Forever hush that soft attractive voice,  
Whose dulcet strains e’er bade her friends rejoice!

A daughter dear, the last of all, is gone!  
The “only hope” of those now left to mourn!  
The lovely bud has wither’d ere its bloom,  
And fondest hearts are veil’d in sorrow’s gloom.  
The “King of Terrors” comes! he no soft tie  
Regards,—the breaking heart—the pent-up sigh,—  
All callous is his breast, he cannot list  
To prayers or tears,—he bears high Heav’n’s behest;

Led on by step undeviating, where  
Are found the wise—the good—the young—the fair ;  
From all these lovely flowers selects the best,  
To decorate his frigid, cruel breast.  
His signet places on the beating heart,  
And says, “ *From all thy friends thou now must part !*”

The count'nance with his cold, damp breath bedews,—  
Arrests the faint pulsations, which refuse  
Their wonted office. Freezes in its course  
The crimson current,—ah ! no human force  
Can e'er again unbind those channels seal'd,—  
The captive lies in mystery unreveal'd ;  
Held by this cruel monarch's potent spell,  
Is laid away in the sepulchral cell ;—  
A trophy of his boasted victory,  
O'er sinning heirs of frail mortality.

A father's grief-swoll'n heart is bursting now,  
He ne'er again may gaze on that fair brow :—  
With gladsome mirth, no more her natal bower  
She'll cheer—a with'ring blight is on the flower ;  
No more with lightsome step she'll bound along  
The tessellated floor with bird-like song.  
Her father's halls will ne'er again resound  
With that gay, merry laugh, for cast around  
Her fair young form is Omen's drapery,  
Of death-like hue, soul-sickening to see.  
Those soft, dark eyes will never smile again,  
Ne'er beam with gleesome joy, or weep with pain.

O'erwhelm'd with grief is she who gave her birth,  
Who wert her all of bliss or hope on earth.  
No more she'll cling to the maternal breast—  
Those lips no more with fondness may be prest ;  
The parent's heart with sorrow's pang doth swell  
While pond'ring o'er that last, that deep " Farewell !"  
The sad truth felt on that foreboding night,  
When the freed spirit wing'd its distant flight,  
And hanging o'er the couch in anguish wild,  
Exclaim'd, " Our treasured one ! our only child !  
Would God permit it, we could die for thee,  
Eternal one ! avert this stern decree."  
Oh, in that agonising hour, how  
They round the pale form clung—kiss'd the cold brow ;—  
But nought of this disturbs the pulseless breast,  
In Death's arms lock'd in an unbreaking rest,  
These sounds fall not on the fair slumb'rer's ear,  
Her spirit's far away, in yonder sphere :  
In adoration pure, she now doth bend  
With myriads bright, before the "*Sinner's Friend*."  
And there, grief-stricken ones ! may ye too meet,  
When life's dream's o'er, in union far more sweet ;  
To swell with her the heav'nly notes above,  
That " song of songs," praise to "*Redeeming Love*."

I bereaved Parents ! list to Friendship's voice,  
Lush'd be your sobs—with gratitude rejoice,  
That precious flower expands in heaven above,  
Safe guarded—fondly nursed by Jesus' love !  
Though, as with adamant the form be bound

Until the trump's loud voice from underground  
Shall call the pris'ners, then your child shall rise,  
In glorious robes ascend her native skies.

When grief's subdued—and dried the tear-wet cheek,  
The voice of truth you'll hear in kindness speak :—  
“ Look up, bereaved ones ! at yonder cloud !  
That cherub bright, with heav'nly pow'rs endow'd,  
And holding in her hand a harp of gold,  
From which God's praises she doth now unfold,  
Is that which once was your sweet fragile child !  
Aye, look again—know'st not that face so mild ?

Brief time, to thee, sweet floweret ! was given,  
Thou now art safe—transplanted into heaven ;  
Thy beauties spreading out to *Him* who made,  
And placed thee where thou never more wilt fade.

*Calcutta, October 5th, 1844.*

---

### LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

---

WHEN shall I leave this cumbrous load of clay,  
And mount triumphant to the realms of day,—  
And view my heavenly Father, and my Friend  
Where sickness, sorrow, sin, shall have an end ?

In those bright blissful fields my soul would range ;  
Yet patient would I wait my solemn change ;  
And pray oh God ! thou wouldst me purify,  
That I may dwell with *Thee*, above the sky.

May I improve my time allotted here,  
Then, when friends stand around my funeral bier,  
They may reflect with benefit, and say,  
Prepare us Lord ! to follow her this way.

May each and all my friends united be  
To God, the " Three in One"—the " One in Three ;"  
Give up their hearts to *Him*, 'tis his request,  
Unto his sceptre bow,—be ever blest !

---

### ON SEEING SOME HINDU COTTERS.

---

BENEATH the high palmetto which lifts its graceful  
shade, [weary head ;  
The peasant drains the milky bowl, and rests his  
For pleasures unattainable he never weeps or sighs,  
Has no ambition to be rich, and hardly to be wise  
Beyond the few requirements his calling doth demand,  
To tend the loom, or cultivate the croft his father's  
land ;  
A harmless race, in many things example bright indeed,  
For the lordly ones around them who profess the  
Christian creed.

A WISH.

---

IN a quiet little nook—  
In an Oriental bower,  
With my Bible in my hand,  
At twilight's pensive hour,  
    I'd sit and muse my soul away  
    Up to the courts of endless day.

I love sequestered shades  
Remote from busy strife,  
Where wisdom flourishes,  
There would I pass my life,—  
    Vain world ! adieu, I must away;  
    Urge me no more, I cannot stay.

---

## MORNING PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN MY TENTH YEAR.

---

HELP me to record  
Thy goodness, O Lord !  
I have lain down and slept—  
By thy power have been kept—  
Have arisen in peace—  
Have of health an increase ;  
Wilt thou keep me this day,  
Help to watch and to pray,

Rely wholly on thee  
 From sin and doubts free ;  
 Of my thoughts take the lead,  
 Thou who didst for me bleed ;—  
 If thou dost not uphold me,  
     I surely shall fall ;  
 Oh, support me, my Jesus !  
     My Lord and my All !

TO \_\_\_\_\_,

WITH A CRUSHED ROSE.

OH Friendship ! am I doomed to find  
 Thou'rt but a phantom of the mind !  
 Where shall I stay my wounded heart,  
 With'ring beneath this powerful smart ?  
 The rose is crushed ! the harp's unstrung !  
 The lute is hushed ! sadness is flung  
 For e'er o'er this short life of mine,  
 By that dear trusted hand of thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Death ! for my burning, aching brow,  
 Bring thy cold wreath—thy wreath of snow ;  
 Oh gently lay thy hand on my breast,  
 And give to the heart-broken wanderer rest.

ON SEEING LITTLE EMMA SOPHIA S—— ASLEEP,

WHEN SHE WAS BUT A FEW DAYS OLD.

---

Welcome, to our earthly bowers !  
May thy path be one of flowers  
Thornless, since to us thou'st come,  
Like those that bloom in heaven thy home ;  
If aught should wound thy gentle heart,  
May Christ his healing balm impart.

LITTLE stranger ! Purest one !  
Slumb'ring on thy mother's breast ;  
Life's journey thou hast scarce begun,  
Would that thy course could be as blest—  
As free from sin and care as now,  
And spotless as thy unstained brow.

Sweet cherub ! from thy heavenly home,  
Down to this world of woe and sin,—  
Say, lovely one ! why hast thou come ;—  
To pass through darkness home again !  
Through this sad vale to pass along,  
To learn on earth salvation's song !

Fair child ! thou'st left a heaven of love,  
Of music—light—and perfect bliss,  
To wander, like the restless Dove,  
In search of unfound happiness :—  
May Heaven guide thy little feet,  
For woman's lot is on thee, Sweet !



I gaze upon the liquid blue  
 Of those soft, gentle eyes of love,  
 So like a violet bathed in dew,  
 Distilled from the blest fount above ;  
 An angel in their depths I see,  
 Gifted with immortality.

Seraphs who visit thee in dreams,  
 Watch o'er thy slumbers from the skies,  
 And bathe thy soul in Zion's streams—  
 Pour light and joy in thy closed eyes,  
 And when their soft-fringed lids do part,  
 With rapture new fill *her* fond heart.

*Calcutta, Monday Evening,*  
*April 28th, 1845.*

---

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

---

DEAREST! accept this wish of mine ;—  
 That God may bless both thee and thine,—  
 That heaven and earth may each combine  
     T'insure thy constant bliss.

May flowers of Hope, and Joy, and Peace,  
 Spring in thy path, and never cease  
 To shed their odour, and increase  
     Thy daily happiness.

And when the sands of life have run,  
And all thy work on earth is done ;  
Oh, may'st thou with th' " Eternal One,"  
In glory evermore ;—

Throughout the never-ending days,  
Thy voice attuned to Zion's lays,  
Sound forth the blest Redeemer's praise  
Along the heavenly shore.

---

### STAR OF THE EAST.

---

WHAT though all other stars should set,  
Still the star of Bethlehem burneth ;  
When earthly friends my heart forget,  
To the dear " Friend of friends" it turneth.

The light that Bethl'hem's star doth shed,  
Is mild and steady, beaming ever ;  
The soul by its blest guidance led,  
Can never go astray—*no, never.*

" Star of the East !" irradiate  
My path, 'till I behold bright dawning  
From heav'n's glorious op'ning gate,  
The rays of an eternal morning.

*February 7th.*

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

Dark-visaged one! approach to me,  
Thy form I can view passively ;  
In childhood's early, opening day  
I oftentimes felt thy iron sway,  
Before thee bowed my suppliant knee,  
With tear-moist check acknowledged thee.

PERHAPS I'm ungrateful, and look for too much  
From those who at best are but mortal,  
I expect them to enter at kindness' door,  
But outside they wait at the portal.

From home, isolate, in a far foreign land,  
My Life-Fount, my earth-Star no more !  
I have needed and asked advice of the few  
Who I hoped owned the garb that they wore.

When nought save *advice* was required, 'twas given,  
As this cost no money or motion,  
But if *action* was needed 'twas then, oh, dear !  
They were sick, and required a potion.

Yet *one* I have met with of heavenly mould,  
Not by country, but language allied,  
The strong test of friendship to prove him sincere,  
Unshrinkingly firm he'd abide.

Some Hindus, on whose brow benevolence beams  
    Their friendship too, sometimes I've tested,  
I've proved their devotion oft-times since they were  
    With Friendship's pure garment invested.

Two friends I have found in this far-away land,  
    Whose names in my inmost heart shine,  
In living, indelible lines they're engraved,  
    And worshipped almost as divine !

---

**“ THOUGH JOY WITH ITS SUNBEAMS HATH  
FLED THEE FOR EVER.”**

---

THOUGH joy with its sunbeams hath fled thee forever,  
If Peace with her moonlight exert her mild ray—  
On “ Him” then repose, who will be thy friend ever,  
“ Hope on”—and submit not to grief or dismay.

Thy “ friends” like the morn's early mists have de-  
    parted !  
They shone bright with promise, yet transient their  
    gleam ;  
Sincere thou didst fondly believe them, warm-hearted,  
And open and fair as day's earliest beam.

As a dream they have passed—as a shadow declining,  
As hues of the rainbow mid clouds of the sky  
They have vanished ! no record of truth, love combining,  
Behind have they left for to gladden thine eye.

The tree is not levelled by one application,  
But by *repetition* the woodman applies  
The axe. That 'twas wronged it gives this indication,  
Its death-sigh in perfume ascends to the skies.

But not quite forgotten, some few will remember,  
Who sat 'neath its shade in the heat of the day ;  
Their feelings, if not like the frosts of December,  
Will melt when they think of the voice far away.

The voice of a dark, mournful bird, ah ! so lonely,  
With wing closely folded that sang 'mid the gloom ;  
Those few who then listened, perchance and those only,  
Will not quite forget when 'tis mute in the tomb.

TO \_\_\_\_\_.

MAY'ST thou enjoy perennial bloom,—  
My lot will be Cimmerian gloom,  
E'en to the portals of the tomb,—  
“ That vast unlighted hall.”

But when the soul her house of clay  
Doth leave, may she in endless day,  
Find rest in *Him*, "the truth—the way,"  
This will repay for all.

Bask in the smiles of Him on high,  
Who wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,—  
Who listens to the mourner's cry,  
For heaviness gives praise :—

Who is a kind, *unchanging* Friend,  
Compassionately e'er doth bend ;—  
And in good time doth comfort send,  
To crown the future days :—

Delights to heal the bleeding heart,  
Writhing 'neath sore affliction's smart ;—  
His own soft hand extracts the dart,  
And cures the wound thus given.

Oh, if my days I'm destined to  
Pass separate, dear friend, from you,  
May we be kept sincere and true,  
And meet at last in heaven.

~~~~~

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MRS. A. B. E——S.

---

Amid her sister-train she shines  
A soft, pure star !

DEAR friend ! we say a short “ adieu ! ”  
Soon we shall gaze with brighter eyes  
Upon each other glorified,  
In Christ our Saviour’s Paradise.

From the sweet, ever-blooming groves,  
Angels fresh garlands now are weaving  
For those of us who’re left,—let this  
Then hush the breast with sorrow heaving.

Where never-ending pleasures dwell,  
Where fruits of love on every bough  
Are redolent with perfumed breath,  
And peace sits throned on every brow—

Where *he*\* the loved, devoted one,  
Ascended but three months ago ;  
There thou’st been welcomed by that hand,  
That led thee all thy journey through.

---

\* Rev. Dr. Yates, vide page 207.

Ah ! Death has entered God's own house,  
And spread his mournful trophies round ;  
Our " Yates" and " Evans" clothed in bliss,  
Left smilingly this sin-stained ground.

They soar above this dusky sphere,  
And hand in hand immortal flowers  
They cull,—and strike their lucid harps  
Of gold, in praise, through heavenly bowers.

Our sister-friend just introduced  
To the bright, paradisal groves,  
No more fatigued, how joyfully  
Through balmy fields of light she moves !

May *he*, the lonely one, now view  
By faith his treasured one reclining  
On Jesus' tender breast of love,  
For him a heavenly wreath entwining,—

And patient wait,—the hours are winging,  
When he unclothed shall too arise,  
And clothed upon† with glorious garments,  
Shall too rejoin her in the skies.

*Saturday Morning, 4th October, 1845.*

---



WRITTEN ON A BED OF SICKNESS.

---

FATHER of mercy ! full of love !  
 Send down, I pray thee, from above  
 Some gentle spirit with thy will ;  
 Dismiss my pains, say, "*Peace be still.*"

Yet I would meekly kiss the rod,  
 And own thee *Sovereign, wise and good* ;  
 Thou never send'st a needless smart,—  
 'Tis given to refine the heart.

O, may I on this bed of pain,  
 Feel that this stroke is not in vain ;  
 Rise from the furnace purified,  
 My wand'ring feet no more to slide.

Keep me, dear Jesus ! by thy power,  
 And I shall not offend thee more ;  
 Oh, manifest thy might to save,  
 Nor leave me when I pass death's wave.

Oh lead me downwards to its verge,  
 Conduct me through its rolling surge ;  
 And land me safe on Canaan's shore,  
 Rescued by Grace to sin no more ;—  
 The "Three in One"—the "One in Three,"  
 I shall praise through Eternity.

## DEATH OF LITTLE CHARLES ———

AGED FIVE YEARS, ——— MONTHS.

To mother dear I now will run  
And sit upon her knee,  
Until the hot, hot burning sun  
Shall sink behind the tree.

I'm tired, Johnny,—take my hand—  
And little sister Kate,  
You take the other,—quiet stand  
When we get to the gate.

Oh, dear ! my head, how it does ache !  
I feel *so* tired too,  
Why John and Katy what does make  
You laugh ?—I've lost my shoe !

Let us go back, I've left my hat,  
Too, under the apple trees ;  
You know that bank on which we sat  
To eat our bread and cheese.

Oh ! no, dear John and little Sis—  
My head is aching so,  
If I can get dear mother's kiss  
This naughty pain will go.

“ Then Charley, dear, and little Kate,  
You both sit on this stone ;  
Just hold the basket and the slate,  
And I will go alone.”

Then Johnny ran and brought his hat,  
And brother Charley's shoe ;  
Then all together off they sat,  
Chatting as children do.

Poor little Charley reached his home,  
But with a hot flushed face ;  
His anxious mother saw him come,—  
He ran to her embrace.

She took him in her arms, and laid  
His head upon her breast ;  
But, ah ! this flower was soon to fade  
'Neath fever's hot unrest.

The mother's anguish'd tears did start,  
And wet her cheek, grief-worn ;  
While sad misgivings filled her heart,  
For he was her first-born.

So like her “ parted *Treasure*,” too,  
Although still but a child ;  
The same soft eye of heavenly blue,  
And disposition mild.

A tender heart, by Jesus led,  
With true affection warm  
To all around, inhabited  
That little fragile form.

His little playmates loved him well,  
For he was never known  
To vex them, or their faults to tell  
Not e'en to any one.

And how his little sister Kate  
Clung to him, I can't say ;  
She was his toy—he her playmate  
In pretty games all day.

For Johnny was a boisterous boy,  
He loved the hoop and ball ;  
Quiet to sit within the house,  
He hated most of all.

He never spake with gentle voice,  
But *loud* expressed his wish,  
When Kate said, " Don't make such a noise,"  
He'd call her " Little Fish."

He oftentimes would fright her so  
With noises he could make,—  
He'd bark and grunt, he'd howl and crow,  
Till she with fear would quake.

And then she'd run to Charley dear,  
And safe within his arms,  
He'd hush her little throbbing heart,  
And banish all alarms.

He'd pat her cheek and say, "oh, fy!  
My little trembling one,  
My darling Sis, come do not cry,  
Johnny was but in fun."

And then he'd stroke her curly head,  
And take her on his knee;  
With kisses dry her baby-tears,  
Till she would laugh with glee.

And now, alas! to see this dear,  
Dear brother lie so ill;  
Like a large pearl, affection's tear  
Her soft dark eye did fill.

Sweet child! she hardly understood  
Why he so feebly spake;  
And why he now refused all food,  
Why all the time awake.

"Dear Charley, will you never hear  
Me say my prayers again?  
And teach me pretty little hymns  
Nor run in the green lane?"

He gave her a sad, tender look,  
And asked her, why she cried;  
Her little hand he gently took,  
And drew her to his side.

He whispered soft, " my hours are few !  
My Saviour bids me come,  
And leave dear mother, John and you,  
For heaven my blessed home.

" But do not cry, to Him I go  
Above the clear blue sky ;  
Who when he was on earth below,  
Loved children such as I.

" He loves *you* too, dear Kate and John,  
And you must love *Him* well,  
Then when the fever hard comes on,  
You'll go with Him to dwell."

The sorrowing mother clasped her hands,  
And tried in vain to pray,  
That God would gently loose the bands  
Of fond affection's stay.

She prayed that God would pity her,  
And not reject her suit ;  
For well she knew the gardener  
Was working round the root ;—

In order to transplant this flower  
To heaven's immortal clime,  
To flourish in an Eden-bower,  
Secure from blighting time.

" Dear mother, do not weep, for I  
Am going to my home,  
I shall on Jesus' bosom lie,—  
See ! see ! he bids me come.

" Mother, dear mother, let me kiss  
You once ere I depart ;  
See ! father waits !—dear Kate and John  
Comfort poor mother's heart.

" See ! there are two bright shining ones !  
With wreaths of sparkling flowers,  
How very bright and beautiful !  
They do not look like ours."

And now is heard a heavenly strain  
Of music in the air ;—  
" I go, dear mother, free from pain,  
And every anxious care.

" Unto my Saviour now I go,  
To dwell with Him above ;  
I leave all earthly friends below,  
For His dear arms of love.

"Farewell, dear mother, brother John,  
And little sister too;  
Jesus may call *you* very soon,  
One kiss—adieu! a—dieu!"

With this the happy spirit fled,  
And left the little body dead!  
In the grave it mouldering lies  
But when the last trump sounds 'twill rise,  
In glorious robes arrayed, ascend  
To Christ, good children's loving Friend.  
*October 31st, 1844, 8 o'clock evening.*

---

ABOUT LITTLE "NAZU,"

WHO CAME TO SEE ME IN MY ILLNESS.

---

He was the first native child I met with (dressed) in Calcutta. It is not customary with the natives of Bengal to clothe young children. Those of the lower orders run about the streets clad in no other garment than that which nature bestowed upon them. This, however, is not the case with those moving in the upper ranks of life; their "*bábás*," (at least, those whom I have seen,) commonly wear a slight covering; and when introduced to company, either at home or abroad, they are most magnificently dressed.

*Calcutta, 1844.*

HE came in glittering robes arrayed,  
His "*topí*"\* bright with gold;  
His slippers were with gems bestud,  
His "*chádar*"† loose did fold.

---

\* A cap or plain turban.

† A sort of shawl worn over the shoulders.



He bore the crescent on his breast  
Inwrought with gold and blue ;  
Beneath, a rich embroidered sash,  
Pink satin trowsers too.

" Ayah,\* who is this ?" I asked,  
" This little shining toy !"  
Ayah replied, " why, mehm, it is  
A little Moslem boy."

His dark, yet sweet, expressive face  
Beamed bright intelligence,—  
Revealed a mind that seemed to rise  
Above such vain expense.

I said " what is your name, my child ?"  
—Presenting me his hand ;  
He made a sign, because he could  
Not English understand.

Ayah then spake in broken tongue,  
And said, " kaun nám for you ?"  
Quickly he answered her, and said,  
" Ham rá nám, Nazu."†

I told her then to ask his age,—  
She said, " I think 'tis sáth"‡  
" Boloŷ Nazu,"—he then replied,  
" Salám, salám, mehm, áth."||

---

\* A lady's waiting maid.

† My name is Nazu.

‡ Seven.

§ Speak or tell.

|| Eight.

This little interesting boy  
Was never taught God's way ;  
Before Maulavis\* he must kneel,  
And in the Masjid† pray.

Renouncing Christ, they all adore  
The prophet Mahomet ;—  
Almighty God ! their eyes unseal,  
Ere they in death be set.

And children dear, in Christian lands,  
You're taught God's word to read ;  
And taught to trust in Him who did  
For guilty sinners bleed :—

Oh ! lift your little hands to *Him*,  
Your Father-God in heaven ;  
That for the blessed Jesus' sake,  
Your sins be all forgiven.

Oh ! pray for little Moslem boys,  
And Hindu girls likewise ;  
That Jesus Christ will *save them* too,  
And take them to the skies.

*Lyon's Range,*  
*Calcutta, March, 1835.*

---

\* Muhammadan learned men.

† Musalmán's temple or church.

## CARA'S WREATH.

JE LES AI TOUTES CUEILLIES POUR VOUS.\*

COME, Flora ! thou bright-eyed, thou beauteous queen !  
All 'spret thy regalia with Morn's dewy sheen,  
O, now to thy favorite haunts we'll repair,  
And make up a wreath for my sister—my fair.

A garland of flowers I twine for thee, love !  
My Cara, my sweetest—my sister—my dove,  
Accept of the offering, though simple it be,  
And wear it for *her* sake, who's *far*, FAR from thee.

First, emblem of *piety*, sweet “ *passe-fleur*,”  
And next the white lily, speaks “ *Innocence*” pure,  
The tube-rose, and violet show “ *Youth*” and “ *Modeste*,”  
Heart's-ease says, “ *Remember all those you love best.*”

The Jessamine, “ *Amiability*” shows,  
And bashful “ *Humility*” owns the white rose :  
The pure white Chrysanthemum “ *Friendship*” be-  
speaks,  
And Cara, my love, the rich tint of thy cheeks,

(Like the rose of Bassora,) *Love's* own blushing hue,  
Is sweeter and softer than morn's early dew.  
) ! nothing can match those sweet lips,—on my brow  
fancy I feel their soft kisses e'en now.

---

\* “ I have gathered them all for you.”

My garland with Myrtle and Eglantine dight,—  
Symbolic of "*Love*" and of "*Happiness*" bright !  
The *sensitive* flower, so like thine own heart,  
A soft'ning effect in the shade will impart.

So here is a garland, my Cara, for thee !  
Entwined with the love of your own sister E.  
The flowers will perish—their beauties decay—  
My love for thee, dearest ! will *ne'er fade away*.

These flowers are fading, as all passing things,  
The loveliest—fairest—flee on swiftest wings ;  
A boon, not to natures more earthly,—'tis giv'n  
The fragile,—the delicate,—fair, by high heav'n.

Sweet flowery examples of gratitude—love—  
Do lessons convey that will lead us above.  
When spent, dearest sister ! are all your earth's hours,  
This wreath laid aside,—then from immortal flowers,

O ! may you in glory, from heaven's bright bowers,  
Be crowned with a wreath dew'd with Gilead's own  
showers ;  
And sweeping your harp-strings with Israfil's powers—  
"*Redeeming Love*" sound forth o'er 'Salem's bright  
towers.'

*Calcutta, May 28th, 1845.*

*Evening.*

## ΣΑΣ ΠΙΣΤΕΥΩ.

Καὶ σᾶς πιστεύω\* though in clouds  
 And darkness thou dost sit immured,  
 Though mystery thy word enshrouds,  
 And every ray of light's obscured ;—  
 Rest in it I would while out the walls of Zion ;  
 Σᾶς πιστεύω, καὶ μὲ ὅλην μου καρδίαν.†

Yon star, that ever-burning fire,  
 Though clouds oft intercept its rays,  
 Not less its light, nor can expire,  
 Nor dimmer shine through endless days.

Close folded in its calyx green,  
 The infant bud no fragrance knows ;  
 But faith says, soon there will be seen  
 A queenly, odoriferous rose !

The channel locked through winter's reign,  
 Will not forever frozen be ;  
 The "thick ribbed ice" will flow again,  
 And ripple on harmoniously.

'Tis night ! but darkness cannot last  
 Beyond the heaven-appointed hour ;  
 The rising morn will scatter mists,  
 And o'er the earth her smiles will pour.

---

\* Yes, I believe thee.

† Σας pistevo kai me oleen mou kardy-an *I believe thee or you, yes, most cordially, or with all my heart.*

The vaulted sky may nought present  
 Save one vast, heavy, leaden dome,  
 No golden poetry appears,  
 But a dark, ponderous, gloomy tome.

This cannot last, nor does it prove  
 That God will ne'er again bestow  
 His smiles,—for they will pierce the veil,  
 And cause the heavens again to glow.

The grain is cast into the earth,  
 And whispers from beneath the sod :—  
 “Turn not away, I soon shall rise  
 To bless your hopes,—have faith in God !”  
 Though earthly friends be few, whose word we  
 may rely on,  
 Σὺς πιστεύω, καὶ μὲ ἔλην μου καρδίαν.

---

## RETROSPECTION

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, IN MY BERTH AT SEA.

---

WHEN my mind takes a retrospective view  
 Of past events, tears do my eyes bedew ;  
 My bleeding heart mourns over comforts gone,  
 Consigned to death, they far away were borne.

A lenient balm, 'tis true, I sometimes find,  
For Heaven hath power to tranquillise the mind :  
Trust in the Saviour yields a firm support,  
Suppresses grief, and upward draws the thought.

Oh, then my risen cherub I behold,—  
My precious lamb, in Christ the Shepherd's fold !  
I love to call him still my own, if Heaven I offend,  
Forgive me, blessed Saviour ! I alone on thee  
depend.

*Ship "Florence."*

---

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

---

WITH bleeding heart, and upraised eye,  
To thee, my Father-God ! I cry ;  
Again my heart by grief is torn,—  
Again thou'st given me to mourn.

On thee, O God ! still leans my soul,  
Thou who hast wounded canst make whole ;  
Thou who didst send Death's iron dart,  
Canst heal this stricken, sorrowing heart.

And O, when thou shalt seal mine eyes,  
May I the lov'd meet in the skies,  
And spend our days in praising thee,  
Throughout a long eternity.

LINES TO AN INFANT.\*

---

SWEET Baby of the laughing eye ! child of the sunny  
morn !

Thy smiles are like the rosy light that tints the glad-  
some dawn :

The living streams of happiness are glancing from  
thine eye

Of deep, celestial, radiant blue, reflected from the sky ;  
Or a translucent, silver lake, which brilliantly displays,  
Upon its breast, at " hide and seek," the tiniest dancing  
fays. [love,

Thou breathest in an atmosphere of tenderest earthly  
And angel-spirits, pure as thou, bend o'er thee from  
above.

I know not how it is, — but thy little witching smile  
Comes flashing like the sunlight gleam, the darksome  
hours beguile ;

Where'er I am, I often see thy little happy face,  
Painted by fancy far more true than a limner's hand  
can trace. [ing

O ! in thy infant-presence, fair unseen ones are wreath-  
Garlands of heavenly flowers to crown each hour of  
thy breathing. [full and free,

The smiles that cluster round thy face, ay, pour forth  
Their spring's in heaven, *for this* they glow with stain-  
less radiancy,—



They're those thy mother owned, dear babe, when she  
 was young like thee.

That dimple in thy rounded cheek where love has made  
 his nest, [prest.

Grows deeper when thy little face unto her own is  
 May rude, rough care ne'er mar its soft, its present  
 velvet bloom, [illum.

Long may'st thou like a starry light, thy parents' hearts  
 Are spirits that we see not, around thee with their lyres,  
 And flinging sweet familiar strains from out the thrill-  
 ing wires ?

Is it the music sweet that comes down trembling from  
 the sky,

That gives so much of lustrous joy to thy eloquent  
 blue eye ? [doves,

Those orbs in which I seem to see twin paradisal  
 From out their liquid depth pour forth a band of joys  
 and loves ; [mouth,

'Mid smiles of witchery they play around thy chin and  
 And shed a perfume far more sweet than spice-gales  
 from the south ! [way,

May sorrow never cast her shade in all thy life's path-  
 But may the beams of heavenly light fall o'er it day  
 by day,

And the " Good Shepherd " keep thee in His folding  
 arms always.

May snowy cherubs spread o'er thee their downy wings  
 of love,

And breathe o'er thee sweet dreams of heaven, thy  
 natal home above.

Thou little dew-bright blossom of fair innocence from  
heaven !

May Jesus keep thee pure through life, as when to  
earth thou wast given.

17th October, 1845.

TO LITTLE —————

AGED ONE YEAR ; WITH A PAIR OF VELVET EMBROIDERED SHOES.

My sweet little Pet !  
Your name I can't get,  
Though often I've tried,—but in vain ;  
Accept then, of this,  
With a warm double kiss,  
And I hope you'll give me one again.

My dear little Friend !  
I now to thee send  
This pair of *souliers* with pleasure ;  
And hope they will suit  
Thy plump little foot,—  
(I had not a very true measure.)

If they are too small,  
—Will not fit at all,  
Perhaps they will do for a to'y ;  
When of others you're tired,  
These may be admired,  
Sweet, beautiful, bright-eyed boy !

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT\* OF SARDAR GHOLAM  
HAIDAR KHAN,SON OF THE AMÍR DOST MUHAMMAD KHÁN, AND THE DEFENDER  
OF GHAZNI.

STRANGER! when I behold thy peaceful smile,  
I cannot think thou lovest war's turmoil;  
Although I've heard thou art a hero bold—  
Into subjection brought of foes untold,—  
Without thy garb thou look'st a son of Peace,  
Bidding all vengeful noise and tumult cease!  
Thy panoply of strife, O! lay aside,  
And let the "Dove of Peace" her pinions wide  
Spread o'er thy borders, free from all alarm;  
Allah preserve thee with his mighty arm!  
Be happy—quiet in thy broad domain,—  
I would not thou shouldst mingle with the slain,  
Sheathe thy bright sabre, ne'er to be imbrued  
In purple gore of those by death subdued;  
Retire to thy garden-bowers of love—  
Repose in peace 'mid the sweet spicy grove;  
And may the Almighty ever-blessed One,  
To thee by the great name of "Allah" known,  
Lead thee and thine to bright Elysian bliss,  
And crown thy head with wreaths of happiness.  
But not for glory gained on battle ground,  
Not for *Earth's* conquests would I have thee crowned,

\* C. Grant's "Oriental Heads."

O'er foes *within*, a band more numerous wait,  
More powerful—more difficult to subjugate.  
Thy fame—thy glory—not by trumpet's sound,  
But by celestial heralds who around  
The "Throne" do wait, I would it loud proclaimed,  
A conquering "Soldier of the cross" thou'rt named.

## LINES

ACCOMPANYING A PIECE OF FANCY WORK EXECUTED ON SHIP-  
BOARD AND PRESENTED TO A FRIEND IN INDIA.

On swelling seas this work was done,—  
On the wide ocean blue ;  
A sincere, though small memento  
Of my kind regard for you.  
May'st thou, dear friend, pass smoothly down  
The troubled tide of time,  
Or if thou shouldst encounter storms  
In this ungenial clime ;—  
By "Him" who rules the waves, O, may  
Thy bark protected be ;  
Until in heaven's harbour safe,  
"Twill rest eternally.

*Bark "Norfolk," Indian Ocean.*

ABOUT A LITTLE HINDU BOY WHO CAME TO  
SEE ME ON MY FIRST VISIT TO CALCUTTA.

---

A LITTLE visitor I had,  
Who came to see me oft ;  
His skin, though of a dusky hue,  
Was delicate and soft.

A Dacca shawl of green and gold  
He o'er his shoulders wore ;  
His slippers were of gold and gems,  
With toes turned up before.

I said, " Will you remember me  
If I should come again ?"  
He shook his head,—stood silently,—  
Not understanding plain.

Some one then in Bengálí spake :—  
" You think you always will  
Remember mehm ?" he smiled with joy  
And danced about, until,—

I gave him some nice trinkets,  
And called him a *good boy* ;  
" Salám," " Salám, lu ? lu ?"—he said  
And skipped away with joy.

*Boston.*

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. MERCIA INGALLS,\* CONSORT OF THE REV. L. INGALLS, OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION.

---

No evil didst thou fear for "He" was there,  
Leading thee gently through the cold, dark flood;  
His heavenly "rod and staff"† thy comfort were,  
Till thou wast safe in Eden's blest abode.

I know not by what name thou'rt called in heaven,  
But this I know, 'tis one of softest sound:  
A nature gentle, kind to thee was given,  
That scattered light and peace on all around.

MIDNIGHT recedes! and gives to infant morn  
Its place. Thus gently, and thus sweetly sank  
Thy fragile form into the darksome grave,  
While thy freed soul soared homeward to the skies!  
As to a night's repose, serenely thou  
Didst sink to rest, and then triumphant rose  
On pinions glad to sing the wond'rous song!  
Thy ransomed spirit now before the "Throne,"  
Decked with immortal beauty, beams with smiles,  
And hand in hand with those who've gone before,  
And others who have followed since, thou walk'st

---

\* Mrs. I. died at Maulmain, November 9th, 1845.

† A letter addressed to me by the Rev. Mr. I. informs me that when his wife was dying she triumphantly exclaimed, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod, and thy staff they *do* comfort me."

The streets of gold with radiance shining !  
 I see thee, angel-sister ! as thou art ;—  
 Thy tender heart which glowed with love sincere,  
 Thy lustrous eye, that mirrored angels forth—  
 Thy lips, whence sweetly flowed the greeting kind ;  
 Thy hand, which held my own so warmly clasped,  
 All, all are now with glory bright arrayed !  
 As the pure dew-drop on the lily's breast,  
 Is by the gentle breath of morn exhaled,  
 Thus, gentle sister ! didst thou pass away !  
 Sad memory points me to thy last " Farewell,"  
 I *felt* it was the last,—yet tremblingly  
 I faltered out, " we yet shall meet again."  
 Thine eye—thy count'nance I shall ne'er forget,  
 When with unearthly radiancy it beamed  
 So full of peace upon me, and thou saidst  
 "*Never below,—we meet next time in heaven !*"  
 Thy sojourn here on earth, with me was brief,  
 Yet many a lesson from thy lips I learned ;—  
 As from a teacher sent to me from heaven  
 My soul instruction drank. And I will try  
 By aid divine bestowed, to meet thee *there*.  
 And may the pious, friendly wish of *him*  
 Whom thou hast left in this low vale of tears,  
 That my last hours may gilded be with peace  
 And rays of joy as thine, dear sister ! were,—  
 Be heard and answered by our Saviour-God.

*Calcutta, 3rd December, 1845,*  
*2 o'clock morning.*

THE GATHERED BUD.  

---

BEFORE a lowly cottage door,  
Trellis'd with sweet woodbine,  
That breathed of odour intermix'd  
With fragrant Eglantine ;—

I saw a lovely mother with  
Two beauteous children fair ;  
A blooming rose—two tender buds,  
This lovely Trio were.

I gazed upon the parent tree,—  
A tear stood in my eye,  
I thought how soon this beauteous Rose  
Would wither, droop and die !

But, ah ! short-sighted mortals we,  
To us it is not giv'n  
To know the secret will of God,  
The fixed decree of Heaven.

Through all the heav'nly hosts above,  
His flaming orders run ;  
All nations at *His* footstool bow,  
Who breathe beneath the sun.



Immovable as is His throne,  
Irrevocably stands  
His word,—which pass'd—must be obey'd,  
And all *His* wise commands.

Well pleas'd *He* look'd abroad among  
His fair celestial flowers,  
That ceas'd not day nor night to send  
Forth incense from His bowers.

A clinging bud of beauty then  
The King of Heaven desired ;  
A mother's much-lov'd idol-boy,  
By all his friends admired.

An angel-messenger despatched,  
On wings of love he flew  
Down to this peaceful dwelling, where  
Two tiny sweet buds grew.

The mother's eldest, first-born boy  
Reposing on her breast ;  
Sleeping on earth, will wake in heaven !  
For 'tis the King's behest.

Gently as is exhal'd the breath,—  
The breath of dewy flow'rs,  
That shed a fragrance all around,  
E'en in their parting hours ;—

Or like a pearly drop of dew  
Absorb'd by a warm ray  
Of Sol, it soon evaporates,  
In high meridian day.

This baby's breath was gather'd up,  
And borne on wings of love ;  
From this contaminating earth,  
To purer realms above.

The rose is spar'd ! and smiles through tears,  
Though only *one* is left ;  
And breathes a fragrant tribute, for  
She's not of this bereft.

The incense of her heart to *Him*  
Who took but what he gave,  
Ascends in clouds to Heaven's abode,  
To *Him* who died to save.

Like Resignation's self she sits,  
And meekly owns the rod ;  
Through Faith's bright vision she beholds  
It in the hand of God,—

Her *Father-God* in whom she trusts,  
(Tho' sad does not repine ;)  
Her Babe He will restore, and grant  
Her " blessings more divine."

*November 2nd, Saturday Evening, ½ past 9 o'clock.*

## KADAMBINI.\*

A FRAGMENT.

To India's clime a lady came—  
 But not to acquire wealth or fame ;  
 Benevolence inspired her heart,  
 And made it joy from friends to part,—  
 From heart-dear friends in Christian lands,  
 That she might help unloose the bands  
 Of superstition, which do bind  
 In captive chains the untaught mind.  
 Across the broad Atlantic wave,  
 Whose billows roll o'er many a grave,  
 A worshipper of Jagannáth,  
 Despatched to her an urgent note :—  
 " Oh ! come to us, I pray you would,  
 To India come, and do us good ;  
 I have a little daughter dear,  
 ' The god' has given me this year ;  
 I wish indeed that Mistress L.  
 Would give advice, and kindly tell  
 Me how I am to educate  
 My daughter, ere it be too late."  
 God gave the Hindu this desire,  
 Imbued his friend with holy fire ;  
 She read the lines that he had traced,  
 His wish before her Maker placed,

\* কাদম্বিনী An assemblage of clouds.

And prayed the Lord his will to shew,  
And help her his blest will to do.

On Gangá's shore now see her stand,  
A female, lone, in distant land ;  
Yet knowing that the Lord designs  
Enlightenment for Hindu minds,—  
And hope that from the heaven-taught tongue,  
That she shall hear the joyful song  
Of glory to the Christian's God,  
And Jesus for his cleansing blood,  
Supports her weak and sinking heart,  
And bids all doubts and fears depart.

Having arrived at the far-famed  
" City of Palaces," so named ;  
Her work commenced, the Lord doth bless,  
And strengthen her with promised grace.  
The Rájá brings to her his child,  
A lovely one, with face as mild  
As Chandra, whom some castes address,  
In Purnimá the hand they kiss.  
The lady spake :—the child came near,  
" Here is an English Pustak, dear,  
With pretty stories, pictures too,  
Brought from America, for you."  
" Bahut khush, do ham ko," lisped the child,  
And giving it, the lady smiled ;  
Then Kádambiní, laughing, took,  
And ran and hid the little book ;

Then peeping from behind the door,  
Said, " Bibi, \* \* \* \* \*

" Bahut achchhá, dear, very well,  
Han, bánín kara, you shall spell."

The father decks, in orient style,  
A school-room for his darling child ;  
Where zephyrs through the palm trees play,  
And flowers exert a pleasing sway ;  
With roses blushing, sweet to see,  
Is my own Padma Karabí !

On branches of the Dálím-phul,\*  
Rest the sweet Koil and Bulbul ;  
The sacred " Bata-gách" is there,  
With incense filled of Hindu prayer ;  
The rites performed with Gangá-jal,†  
By Bráhmaṇ priest, at Sandhyá-kál ;‡  
Its purifying influence,  
Some say, absolves from all offence.

Biní begins to read and chat,  
Her bangled feet crossed on the mat :  
O'ershadowed by her raven hair,  
Her dark eyes beam with lustre rare,  
Like brilliant diamonds in the dark,  
Lit up with the immortal spark.  
The lady loves her pupil-child,  
And gazes on those orbs so mild,  
Which an undying mind reveal,  
Bearing the stamp of Heaven's own seal.

\* ডালিম ফল Pomegranate. † গঙ্গাজল Water of the Ganges.

‡ সন্ধ্যাকাল Sunset.

## THE DISTANT GRAVE.

AN IMITATION.  

---

HER soul hath now passed Jordan's wave,  
Far, far removed her lowly grave !  
No relative—no parent dear  
Lean'd o'er her couch when death was near ;—  
No husband watched beside her bed,  
Alas ! his spirit first had fled !  
This lonely one was far removed  
From her birth-place, and those she loved.

A stranger's kindness she received ;  
No sister's voice her pains relieved,  
In accents soft, her spirit soothed—  
Or with kind hand her pillow smoothed—  
Or her parch'd lips with cooling drink  
Moistened, to stay life's trembling link ;  
For this lone one was far removed  
From her birth-place, and those she loved.

Beneath a weeping willow's shade,  
In India's burning clime she's laid,  
With *him*, who like her, far from home,  
'Mid strangers found an early tomb !  
The earth has taken to its trust,  
“ Ashes to ashes—dust to dust.”

## L'AMOUR ET L'AMITIÉ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE wreaths which are bound  
Love's temples around,  
Full many a thorn conceal ;  
Of this we're aware,  
Then let us take care  
That our hearts be attempered to steel.

But of Friendship possess,  
How thrills the warm breast  
With sympathy e'en for its foes !  
Bright boon of heaven !  
Thou surely wert given  
As a kind meliorator of woes.

Ah, list ! how her sighs  
From the inmost soul rise  
For the suffrings of all human kind ;  
Her benevolent heart  
Sustains a kind part  
With those of disconsolate mind.

When trials, like floods,  
Break th' peace and crush buds,  
Sweet blossoms of hope and affection ;  
And care is corroding,  
And pale want foreboding  
Sorrow and painful dejection,—

If Friendship's sweet star,  
But shines from afar,  
And kind Hope her anchor doth lend,  
The clouds flee away—  
Appears a bright day,—  
And heaven and earth seem to blend !

---

### WRITTEN IN SPRING.

---

IN fresh and beauteous garniture  
Fair spring resumes her sway ;  
And Sol's bright rays, in vernal light,  
On Gangá's bosom play.  
The birds, the neighbouring woods among,  
Pour forth their songs of glee,—  
Why can ye not impart your joy,  
Sweet warblers, unto me !

The sky above is bright and blue,  
And music every where  
Breaks forth from new existencies,  
And fills the perfumed air.  
But, ah ! the heart by sorrow bowed,  
In sadder strains must sing ;  
For tidings wrapped in darkest shroud,  
The breezes to it bring !



The zephyr softly whispers through  
The honeysuckle bower,  
And bears the insect on its wing,  
To sip the nectared flower.  
The pallid countenance it does  
With rosy smiles invest ;  
It dries the moistened cheek of grief,  
And calms the heaving breast.  
Then let me feel my will subdued  
To " His " All-wise decrees,  
While here I stand and muse beneath  
Those sweet embowering trees.  
Their folded buds a lesson teach ;—  
Though bitter, they conceal  
A fragrant flower that " soon " shall bloom,  
The fondest wish reveal.  
Imbue my heart with holy gratitude,  
And faith in thee, thou only " Source of Good ! "

## REPLY

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED " WILL YOU SOMETIMES THINK OF ME ? "

UNTIL this heart shall cease to throb,  
Its pulses cease to play ;  
The tide of life forget to flow,  
I'll think of thee alway,—  
For thou didst say, " I feel for thee,"  
When crushed by stern adversity.

A wand'rer on a distant shore,  
From home and friends when parted ;  
Then didst thou, in a stranger's garb,  
Wipe th' tear-drop as it started.  
That feeling, tender heart of thine,  
Is heavenly, meek compassion's shrine.

And O ! may He who formed that heart,  
And all its springs of feeling ;  
Protect it from dark sorrow's storms,  
From th' cold world's unkind dealing ;—  
And from his heavenly store-house pour  
Sweet peace to crown thy every hour.

---

### TO A DYING ALBATROSS,

TAKEN ON BOARD THE "NORFOLK," OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

---

No more, poor bird, thou'lt see thy natal home,  
No more across the dark blue ocean roam ;  
Thy nestlings dear, this night alone must rest,  
Orphan'd alone in their wave-girdled nest !

Thy noble breast is heaving even now ;—  
Thy captors, proudly bent their skill to shew,  
With ruthless hand, and pleasure beaming eye,  
A wing of thine they spread exultingly.  
Still warm with life, a quill they've given me,  
A sad memento, dying One ! of thee.

## A FRAGMENT.

HER prayer and her tears were borne upward on high,  
By a seraph of light 'bove the blue boundless sky ;  
The gate of pure chrysolite oped at the sign—  
She folded her wing in the presence divine ;  
Then meekly, with eye raised to Him on the throne,  
She kneels at his footstool, which radiantly shone ;—  
Then offering the tears and the penitent prayer,  
A treasure fresh gathered from one 'neath her care ;—  
A garland of love and of gentleness wreathes,—  
The result of her mission to earth she now breathes,  
“ Father ! it was upon thy hallowed day—  
“ The best of the seven, that I winged my way  
“ Through the bright ether, and veiling my head,  
“ I caught in my lachrymal, tears that she shed.  
“ I gazed on her face—saw her grief-stricken heart,  
“ In which lay corroding a sharp, burning dart ;  
“ Woe-struck, she read o'er his epistles of love,—  
“ Her fond inclination with duty now strove ;—  
“ And then with a groan, and a deep, death-like sigh,  
“ The grief-blistered letter she closed and laid by.  
“ Then snatched up the “ Word ” of her Lover-divine,  
“ Her eye rested full on the heaven-writ line :—  
“ No sweet cane hast thou bought me, nor offering  
    given,—  
“ No sacrifice made to thy best friend in heaven ;

“ Yet I, for my own sake, thy sins will blot out,\*  
“ Then trust in me ever, and ne’er my love doubt.  
“ These tears that I’ve brought thee, streamed forth as  
    she read,  
“ And pondered on Him who had suffered and bled !  
“ ’Twas sweet to behold such contrition, I thought ;  
“ My lachrymal held,—and these precious drops caught.  
“ O ! precious they are,” says the King with a smile ;  
“ But as yet on the earth she must tarry awhile ;  
“ Take care of thy charge, leave her not for an hour,  
“ Temptation her gentle, soft heart may o’erpower.  
“ The deceiver’s abroad, searching round for his prey ;—  
“ Spread o’er her thy pinions by night and by day.  
“ To friends, who by flattery’s breath are sustained,  
“ Love-cloak’d, they pour incense from lips that are  
    feigned,  
“ Leave her not when their poisonous draught they  
    prepare,  
“ Altho’ it seems honied, innoxious and fair ;  
“ Leave her not, lest their hydromel cup they present,  
“ ’Neath whose surface concealed, is engraven “repent.”  
“ More deadly than Upas, tho’ fragrant and bland,  
“ It draws on the captive with conquering hand.  
“ Leave her not to her own heart’s devices, no, never,  
“ The best are imperfect, and lead astray ever.  
“ Guard her well when she’s waking, and e’en when  
    she’s sleeping,

---

\* Isaiah xliii. 24, 25. “Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money,” &c.

"Yea, ever thy watch be untiringly keeping ;  
"This loved one hath foes from without and within,—  
"Guard then this frail flower from the world's breath  
of sin :—  
"On thee—on thy charge is my broad eye of love,  
"I soon shall recal both to heaven above."

---

AN IMITATION OF SIR T. MOORE'S

"HINDA'S LAMENT."

---

Oh ! ever thus from childhood's early hour,  
I've seen my dearest, fondest hopes decay ;  
I never loved a bird, a tree, or flower,  
But 'twas the first to vanish—fade away.

I mark me once, a dear, a sweet gazelle\*  
I had,—it pleas'd me with its soft black eye,  
I nurs'd it—cherish'd it, it knew me well—  
In two short months I saw it droop and die.

A pair of sweetest Minas too, I had,  
Who with their matin song, ere break of day  
Would call me from my dreamy pillowed rest—  
Ere evening spread her shades—they passed away !

---

\* A parting gift from Dr. C. H—ff—n—g—le, on my leaving Calcutta ; and which died when the ship was off the Cape of Good Hope.

They were the gift of one my soul held dear,  
The last he gave!—my heart again doth bleed ;—  
My stay cut off—my every comfort sear—  
Oh ! bitterest grief!—I pause—cannot proceed.

Yes, thus it ever is when my heart clings  
With all its twining tendrils, in firm trust  
To aught among sweet, precious earth-born things,  
A whirlwind comes—and all is in the dust.

I mind that fragile, Hope-built, Eden-bower,  
In which my weary, wave-washed soul was cast ;  
Though Fancy-wreathed with every thornless flower,  
The tempest came—'tis broken by the blast !

And thus it is with bliss of mortal birth,  
Which shines with beams too beautiful to stay,  
Shedding a halo meteorous on earth,  
Expands the soul,—then vanishes away !

The fairest streams from human love that flow,  
Or gliding waters from sweet friendship's source,  
A surface ne'er disturb'd they cannot show,  
But oft are interrupted in their course.

And now those joys, which all on earth transcend,  
Next to the sweetest, best I ever knew,  
To *see* thee, hear thee call me *thy own friend*—  
Distressing thought ! must I yield up these too !

*July 25th, 1844. Thursday Evening.*

## A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN TWO COUSINS, GEORGETTE AND MARIA.

G. BON jour, ma très chère amie, pray do you know  
There's to be a "Grand Ball," and we all are to go!  
This great entertainment's to be in "Town  
Hall,"—

Dear! how my heart flutters at the thought of  
a ball!

The company'll be splendid, though mixed, I am  
told,

Dark English, white Hindus,—the young and  
the old.

There'll be Gen'als and Colonels, and Doctors  
and so forth,

And our new visitor, *the Nawdb*, who'll shew  
forth

His joy on beholding our fine English dances;  
Such high approbation our pleasure enhances.

Parsees and Armenians will make much display,  
And genteel Eurasians—no true natives more gay.  
There'll be those en-bon-point, and others more  
slight,

Some with hearts on their left side, and some on  
their right.

There's one of the "Managers," D. T—k—r,  
Esquire,

I shall waltz with him once—that is if he desire.  
I like him for one thing,—he likes English ladies,

Europa's pure ones, not the Judy O'Fadies.  
And then there's another, a Parsee gentleman,  
I will not speak his name,—find it out if you can.  
He too is neat and polite, and all that,  
But I hope, at the ball he'll not wear that tall hat.  
Still, if it be custom for Parseean beaux  
To wear in the ball-room those lofty chapeaux,—  
If the ball be a "Fancy-dress" one, there's no  
harm,  
At such times, and such places, all claim a "Sa-  
lám."  
But as I last night was just going to bed,  
This funny idea popped into my head ;  
As this is to be, Coz, a "Fancy-dress ball,"  
And I'm rather light, you know, slender and  
small—  
Say, what do you think of my dressing Syl-  
phide?—  
No laughing, I beg now, I stand much in need  
Of your sage advice on this great occasion :—  
(To have you go too, I shall use my persuasion.)

M. Upon my word, Coz, you're obliging and kind,  
But for balls and soirees I ne'er felt inclined ;  
The amusements in my case have never repaid  
For time foolishly spent,—and next day's aching  
head.

G. I am longing to meet with, (and pray are not you?)  
Our excellent Governor, and his retinue !



Although I'm not *certain* he'll be at the ball,  
The hope that he will, I'll enjoy, if that's all.  
We often have seen him, you know, on the strand,  
But to meet at the ball ! and to give him my  
hand !—

Dear ! I dreamed all last night, and thought I  
was there,  
And danced with the Governor's son, I declare !  
So graceful his movements,—so truly polite,  
With such a nice partner I could dance a whole  
night !

M. I've stood here so long, on my knees I am drop-  
ping,—

Dear ! look at my watch, see how long we've  
been stopping.

G. Well, remember, Marié as soon as you get home,  
Just send me a "chittee" and say you will come  
To-morrow and drive to "J. Stacy's" with me ;  
To "Woodward's" and "Gervaine's," the dresses  
to see.

One must be selected, and that very soon,  
If you fail I shall wish you almost in the moon.  
Come Cozzy, say *yes*—I never can doubt you ;  
*Come soon*, remember, for I can't do without you.  
Take this souvenir,—the day you will rue,  
If to your Georgetta you cause a faux-coup.

*Calcutta, December, 1844.*

## ΣΑΣ ΑΓΑΠῶ ΕΞ ὍΛΗΣ ΜΟΥ ΚΑΡΔΙΑΣ.\*

I KNOW there are those who would use their endeavour  
 To sow seeds of discord our friendship to sever ;  
 Still, however the world may hard try us,  
 ζὰς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.

As the mountain of granate unmoved, if sincere,  
 From the world's machinations we've nothing to fear ;  
 Though troubles assail, and joy may fly us,  
 ζὰς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.

When through sorrow's dark mists I was groping my  
                   way,  
 It was then, O, bright star ! I beheld thy mild ray ;  
 Now though others endeavour to bias,  
 ζὰς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.

And as thou hast inwoven thy garlands with mine,  
 So have I intertwined my life-wreaths with thine ;  
 Disunion for this will ne'er come nigh us,  
 ζὰς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.

From the high fount of Friendship a stream has been  
                   given,  
 To refresh our lone hearts in the pathway to heaven ;  
 Believe (in affection may none outvie us,)  
 ζὰς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.

\* Sas agapo ex olise mou kardy-as.—*I love thee with all my heart.*

TO ———.

DIVIDING dearest friends the vasty mountain waves  
may roll,  
But there's a holy feeling, pure—deep buried in the  
soul,  
That like yon starry lamp will burn, though 'neath  
the wave we sleep,  
It cannot be extinguished e'en by ocean's 'whelming  
deep :—  
Oh ! when that day whose glories shall eclipse the  
present scene  
Arrives, I hope we *then* may meet, no cloud to inter-  
vene.

TO ———.

CALM as the moonbeams on the streamlet sleep,  
Or on the wave-crests of yon river wide,  
Their rays fall gently, sweetly, softly bright,  
Or in its breast their radiancy hide ;—  
Thus be thy path, peace-lit by Heaven's own hand,  
And strewed with flowers thornless—fragrant—bland,  
Such as in paradisal groves expand.

## STANZAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

---

AH ! see that sweet flower  
From Cupid's own bower !  
But take special care of your hearts :  
Those bright sparkling eyes—  
See, what in them lies !  
The God of Love's gold-headed darts,

All dipped in the balm  
Of roses, the harm  
If you would avoid, then take care ;  
The hydromel dew  
Is mingled with rue,  
Of bitter and sweet equal share.

An elegant form  
Increases the charm  
Of that chastened head, though petite ;  
Those charms that combine,  
Are all but divine,  
Yet, alas ! ah, how fading and fleet.

## THE EVENING STAR.

'Tis sweet to taste the breath of Morn,  
When fair Aurora tints the dawn ;—  
When perfume-laden zephyrs pass  
O'er the dew-bright untrodden grass ;  
But, O ! is it not sweeter far  
To muse beneath the Evening Star !

'Tis sweet, when Sol's advancing rays  
The matin birds salute with praise,  
To think who taught them thus to sing,  
And cleave the air on volant wing ;  
Yes, this is sweet,—but sweeter far,  
To love *Him*, 'neath the Evening Star !

How sweet to watch the opening rose,  
As one by one its leaves uncloze ;—  
To see the lily bow its head  
So gently on its verdant bed ;  
But O, I feel 'tis sweeter far,  
Alone to mark the Evening Star !

On yonder river's tranquil breast,  
How sweet to see the sunbeams rest !  
When clouds their dripping garments fold,  
And just reveal the arch of gold  
From amethystine depths afar,  
To usher forth the Evening Star !

And O, how sweet it is to see  
Dian in queenly dignity  
Ascend her throne to rule the night,  
With sceptre dipped in silver light ;—  
But still, to gaze, 'tis sweeter far,  
Upon that mild, bright Evening Star !

My Father's Eye, it seems to be,  
In watchful love bent over me ;  
The distance then appears not great  
Where some through Grace for me do wait :  
O, when I gaze on thee afar  
Thou blassest me, sweet Evening Star !

For absent ones, to bend the knee,  
And feel that they remember me  
Is sweeter than I can express,  
And comforts me in loneliness :  
Thus to commune with those afar,  
How sweet beneath the Evening Star !

Bright Evening Star ! I look on thee,  
While thoughts are stirred by memory,  
Sweet thoughts from which I would not part,  
But with the life-chords of my heart  
Bind them, until my soul, afar,  
Shall pass beyond thee, Evening Star !

*March, 1846.*

## A WISH.

If e'er misfortune should be thine,  
(To banish sad reflection,)  
May *her* fond arms thy neck entwine,  
And soothe thee with affection.

Soon as the day begins to fade,  
Resting beneath the ample shade  
Of stately palm, or banyan tree,  
The Hindu eats his rice and ghee.

Forbear, I pray, Oh ! let me live  
On yet a little while ;  
For her dear sake who's far away,  
Oh ! let me wear a smile.

Go, lonely one ! to the rocky dell,  
And hush the throb of thy bosom's swell ;  
The rocky dell will relief impart,  
Not to be found in the world's cold heart.

Through silent night the silver moon  
With softened beams doth shine ;  
The azure vault with gems bestud,  
Confess a hand divine !

MY SILENT FRIEND.  

---

Sole companion of my lonely hours !  
As dewy tears that bathe the new-born flowers,  
Or when on fresh-mown grass the kindly showers  
In sweet life-giving, balmy streams descend,—  
So thou art  
To my heart,  
My own little, silent Friend !

---

A CAUTION.  

---

“ BEND not the bow too tightly”  
Lest it asunder snap ;  
This is not spoken lightly  
But to prevent mishap.



PROSE.



# LEISURE HOURS.

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## ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, BY MOONLIGHT, IN A GARDEN ABOUT  
SIX MILES FROM CALCUTTA.

---

Standing in mute rapture, bathed in moonbeams—mine eye gazing  
around with delight on some of the most beautiful scenery that ever  
shone forth from the combined embellishing powers of nature and  
art, I pencil this address to Chandra.\*

HAIL ! empress of the night ! In thy full-orbed glory  
thou hast arisen o'er the silent height of the blue  
and vast concave. In thy soft ethereal train the host of  
faintly glimmering stars attend as maids of honor on  
their illustrious queen. By thy refulgence, the fleecy  
clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven, are lighted  
up, and shed a mild and hallowed lustre on this en-  
chanting spot, held in such awe by Bengal's lawful sons,  
the devotees of Krishna.† Hail sacred spot ! Elysian  
landscape ! arrayed in smiling majesty, fair Chandra  
looks upon thee, and not a rude intruding voice or  
sound falls on the ear to break the spell of silence.  
What a blissful moment this ! My soul is wrapped  
within its brightest dreams, communing with airy beings  
of the spirit-land, while heaven and earth seem mingled.

---

\* चन्द्र, Moon.

† According to Hindu belief one of the incarnations of the Deity.

Meek-eyed queen ! Fair, pale wanderer ! Thy soft irresistible inspiration which is poured upon me in such lustre, I fondly and gratefully accept. Thou art a friend to meditation—a friend to me. Thou raisest my thoughts from this opaque, terrestrial ball, and sendest them on excursive errands to the perennial fields of undying flowers, the felicitous abode of white-winged seraphim and angels bright. Oh, Chandra ! thy chastened light, resting on the beauteous scenery before me, is like a sheet of molten silver, or spun out in flexible threads on a ground-work of emerald green. The soft witchery that is hung around thy beam, sheds mysterious magic on this entrancing spot. Star-spangled vault of glory ! beneath thy powerful influence, my spirit feels for a moment free from all terrestrial, sublunary passions—invested with immortality, translated into heaven—emparadised with God !

*September 9th, 1843.*

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### A REVERIE.

---

\* \* \* \* \* The busy hum of voices has ceased, and Evening has spread her mantle over the green earth. Here I sit, sequestered and alone, with the blue canopy of heaven over my head, and the fragrance of sweetly tinted flowers falling full upon the grateful sense. The queen of night is just rising !—ere she reaches her meridian splendour I shall be at “ Home, sweet Home ! ”

## THE ISLE OF HAPPINESS.

FAST locked in the embrace of Ocean's depths there is an emerald spot,—a heavenly isle, around which thousands of naiades joyously sport, and pour out in blissful song angelic strains of life and love. So enchantingly bland and sweet are their mellow voices, that could those lute-like sounds but reach the ear of Despair, a smile would beam forth irradiating his haggard cheek. The youthful, blooming Spring from the heaven-born Pleiades, flies merrily round its shores in her aerial, light-winged car, yoked to the softest breathing zephyrs, scattering aroma in fructifying showers wherever she goes. Canopied by cerulean skies over which never hung a cloud of darkness, dews descend in nectared drops upon the heavenly plains, that with unfading flowers are richly enamelled. Gleaming with gold and silver fishes, diamonds and crystals sparkle beneath its pure streams, which, sweetly murmuring as they pass, pour their gentle tide into a sea in which the dark visage of the storm-god never was mirrored. To harmony attuned, the melodious, golden-feathered songsters, in full symphonious tide, fill its embowering shades with music soft and enthralling as that breathed by seraphs from Heaven's own portals. In the forest-glades and woodlands of this blissful retreat, no bird of prey—no savage beast ever drew vital breath. But gentle, dew-eyed Peace o'er every branch-

ing spray extends her snowy wing, sheltering and fanning the repose of the beauteous inhabitants of this fairy-isle. Here no gloomy cloud intercepts the solar beam—no contaminating breeze infects the atmosphere. Here the envenomed tongue of slander—the poisoned darts of calamity—the sharp arrows of affliction—tears of grief wrung from broken hearts—disappointment—disease—Death were never heard of.

Lovely Isle! thy happy bowers  
I oft dream of in weary hours;  
Could I but quit this world and flee,  
I'd plume my wings and soar to thee.

---

### FRAGMENT.

A LONGING FOR THE HEALTH-GIVING CLIMATE OF INDIA.

---

WHEN will my eyes again behold Bengala's soft smooth stream? When shall I feel the genial influence of an orient sun? When will my longing vision rest upon the unrivalled, deep blue sky that o'erspreads India's realm? When shall my raptured senses drink with grateful feeling the mellifluous sounds that enchant the ear as with seraph-music, above—around,—on bank or sacred river? \* \* \* \* \*

## REFLECTIONS AT SEA,

ON BOARD THE BARK NORFOLK, BOUND TO CALCUTTA, WRITTEN  
ON THE SHIP'S TRANSUM AFTER A STORM.

---

The violent storm, which for three successive days flew furiously over the Ocean, causing our gallant ship to rock like a cradle, and to labour most heavily among the feathery-topped mountain waves, called up by the tremendous voice of the deafening blast, has passed away. Now, instead of a lightning-illuminated pathway, the bright eyes of heaven are lending their aid to us lonely—and I hope, grateful voyagers.

NIGHT, with her azure coronet of stars, stoops from her bright throne. The voice of Ocean sweeps harmoniously upward to the vaulted sky. The deep blue waves, deeper than the purest opal, playfully dashing around our ship, scatter along her wake in gay profusion, their pearls and sparkling emeralds.

The huge monsters of the deep have retired to their caverns, and the neriades recline on their coralline couches. The Petrel rests on her billowy bed; and the beautiful Albatross, tired with wheeling through the air, has sunk to rest with her nestlings around her, in her wave-girdled nest.

The sea is now most beautiful and calm, for the storm-spirit no longer struggles with it, to mar its lovely appearance and perturb its tranquil bosom—mighty, even in its most placid moments.

Myriads of “neries,” those sea glow-worms, sporting on the bosom of the Ocean make it to appear a vast sheet of molten gold, or liquid fire.

GUPTA-BRINDIABON.

---

I KNOW a lovely spot in this orient land where a lucid stream, in wavelets bright, circularly channelled through hallowed ground, passes onward in the sweetest undulations, flinging up its tiny foam as in very ecstasy; or flowing in gentle murmurs, discovers inhabitants of the finny tribe, so tractible that they have learned to come at call, and from the hand, with confidence, to partake the offered food. But if perchance offended, they quickly turn around, and in their evolutions besprinkle those on shore with a shower of liquid pearl. The banks of this meandering stream, seven times widening, slope down gently and are clad in a robe de verte à la mode de la Dryade, embellished with a border of bright tinted flowers, (such in hue, perhaps, as were admired by the sainted Martyn, on the ascent of Table Mount,) and forming a circlet around the summer-house, like a rich diamond "Har" or "Chik" upon the neck of "Durgá."

"Here cultivation all its aid bestows,  
And o'er the scene an added beauty throws."

Brindiabon! I love thy fragrant blossoms scattered so profusely about thy pleasant walks. Beautiful flowers! ye are the "jewelry of nature," and a sweet decoration ye are. Ye are her "loveliest children," gladdening all hearts attuned to her charms, with your peer-



less grace. Tremblingly to the soft murmur of the clinquant stream that visits thee to bestow its guerdon of melody for perfumed breezes, do your bright petals respond.

Hail, Brindiabon ! thy praises let me speak,

While balmy air breathes cool around my cheek,  
tranquillising my heart, and fanning my warm forehead. Sweet stream ! mayest thou ever pass on 'mid musical ripple, and sparkle and song ; and when I shall be among the snow-clad hills of Columbia, this to me shall be a pleasant souvenir, that my feet have wandered o'er thy flower-gemmed marge, and from its arched communication, viewed with delight thy dimpled breast, throbbing and heaving around the fragile "*Nooka*." Oh, if there is in the beauties of nature a power to charm, then, Brindiabon, thy bright blue skies, thy music-breathing air, the mellifluous voices of the sweet choristers of thy groves,—thy peaceful beauty and wild loveliness can shed on my desolate heart a ray of dreamy happiness, and on thy undulating waves are borne thoughts of an idol-sister in far-distant America. Elysian spot ! I soon may be called to leave the soil that embraces thee ;—

But worthier ones of other name

Will sing thy praise, and speak thy fame :

Sweet nourisson des muses !\* 'tis meet

You lay your tribute at the feet

---

\* The reader will please to pronounce this word as *one* syllable, as it is pronounced in French, thus :—mooze.

Of them who o'er these grounds preside,  
Great "Krishna," and his sacred bride.  
From north to south, from east to west,  
To Gupta-Brindiabon, the blest !  
Bring laurels fresh, and lay them down,  
And for each deity form a crown.

---

### EVENING AT SEA.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE BARK NORFOLK, ON MY PASSAGE FROM  
BOSTON TO CALCUTTA, TO MEET MY BELOVED HUSBAND.

---

'Tis evening ! The stars are casting their radiant light on our pathway. The dark waves, arrayed in all their wild garniture, commingle their music with the saline breeze, saluting my willing ear, while I stand here with Captain B—— on the quarter-deck of our gallant bark, which, ploughing her way through the ocean, dashes with impetuosity, yet joyous festivity, the white and sparkling foam from her noble prow. And now, Cynthia has arisen in all her splendour, and Ocean is glad because the glorious queen of night deigns to look down upon his watery domain, and irradiate with her bright smiles, his dark unfathomable caverns, his rich and pearly groves. Ah !—the spray has kissed my cheek, and bedews my forehead. Not such a cold salutation shall I receive when I arrive among the "children of the sun."

## THE LAST WORDS OF ELGIVA.

My sad heart's found a home,—'tis the dark lonely grave,  
O'er whose bosom the tall grass doth silently wave ;  
'Tis a dear hallow'd spot,—one lone sleeper reclines  
There under the willows, and blooming woodbines.  
'Tis a sweet quiet place, and so silently drear,—  
Save one watcher alone,—not a friend is found there.

SWING back the gate,—remove the stone ; she who has waited long now comes to lay her weary, aching head upon the breast of her beloved. Kind mother Earth ! take to thine arms one of thy suffering daughters, and fold together in thy maternal embrace — and the one who hath long slept in thy dark, *not* cheerless abode. Ethelbert ! hast thou waited long for thy Elgiva ? Lo ! gladly she now comes to share with thee thy lonely tenement. Open thine arms !—Thy breast is icy cold,—but warmer, far, than the cold world thy tired Elgiva left. Even when a fair flower would have lifted its fragile and timid head in her lone path, it hath been frost-bitten by undeserved neglect, misinterpretation of words and actions. *One* there was whose heart too had suffered,—its tenderest fibres torn away, and who seemed treading the lonely, and sorrow-shaded path like thine Elgiva. Sympathy itself personified, with friendship's ready hand and kind voice, for a little space, drew from its subterranean refuge, her reluctant, and grave-wedded heart. Even

as nature's own nursling vine, enwreathes its fond tendrils around the broken fragment of some dilapidated shrine, hiding all its unseemly looks,—binding up and concealing all its rifts, so was the sympathy of that one not wholly unavailing in clothing thy poor Elgiva's heart, for a breath of time, with something like a Hebe-smile by tenderly laving it in the Lethean fount. His soul-trancing lyre would banish for a season the bitter grief. But, alas! brief—brief were these kind attentions. Memory, keen-eyed memory, soon pointed to souvenirs of the past, which broke up the thrice-sealed and o'er-fraught fount of anguish. As the dew drop upon the breast of the lily is discovered when the electric flash plays upon midnight's sable robe, so one alone, and he but *once* bore witness to the flowing tide. Now all is over! Here sweetly will we sleep—sepulchred in love! Dearest Ethelbert! life has been a darksome scene to thine Elgiva, since thou, her star declined. Others, with false and cruel breath have essayed to woo her from thy memory, but all in vain. Now here in the arms of our kindred mother earth we will repose; no more to list the voice of care and sorrow,—no more to feel the “arrows of calamity.” Over our heads may roll the storms of time, such as oft have beaten against our unshielded breasts,—now we heed them not. We are dwellers on the immovable hills of Eternity! Cold, but soft is thy pillow!—Oh, how sweet our rest!—Although, ere I came into these thy chambers, dearest Ethelbert! I kept the Spirit of neglect banished from around thee:—now its desolate vigils will ever be over

our lonely heads. Our couch has been made in a foreign land,—a land of strangers, where no friend, tender and true, may come and drop affection's tear. But the drooping willows planted by thine own Elgiva's hand, will, bedewed by *Heaven* itself, weep over us tears more genuine—more pure than any that were ever shed over the Mausoleums of the great, by the long train of fashionable mourners. The sweet roses, beneath the smiles of Heaven, will bloom upon our grassy terrace, and entwining in love with each other, shall form our curtain to screen us from a heartless world; —and the lone bird of night will come and fold her raven wing upon the pensile branches above us,—her sad sweet notes mingled with those of the whispering gale shall be our requiem. \* \* \* \* \*

## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

THE crocus hastes to obey the first, the gentle voice of Spring, other flowers do not, and those who turn away the ear are punished for their tardiness by the hot breath of Summer, and the scorching beams of Sol. Thus it is if we neglect the call of the gospel in early youth; procrastination renders the ear more heavy, the heart more careless.

“ A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice.”

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG LADIES, JULIA AND LOUISA.

---

JULIA.—Good-morning, my dear Lousia, were you on the “Course” yester-eve?

L.—I was not. Some friends coming in just as I was ascending the Landauet, disappointed me of the anticipated pleasure of a drive; though their instructive and profitable conversation afterwards amply repaid me for my disappointment.

J.—I thought you were not out, for I looked in vain at every passing vehicle for you.

L.—You need not have looked for me, my dear, at any other vehicle than our own, on which you very well know is emblazoned our family armorial bearings; and our matchless pair of Arabs too! so totally unlike any other animals in the Presidency.

J.—Excusez moi, Louisa, if I have wounded your pride, and depend, hereafter, when I am searching for my dearest friend, my eyes shall penetrate the meaner mass of coaches, but *rest* on none but the unparalleled retinue belonging to the Honorable Papa of Lady Louisa D’Willoughby.

L.—There—there, now you are satirical, and satire is not becoming to my dear Julia. But come, kiss, and tell me all about what you saw on the “Course.” Were your bright eyes refreshed with any thing more than what we every day witness among the congregated and incongruous mass of pleasure-seeking mortals?

J.—Yes, one thing I saw which is not seen every day, and Lady M. would not wish to have it occur again. Just as her barouche was passing me I observed she was seated as usual, in her peculiar, languishing attitude, with "Fido" in her lap—reposing so calmly, and dreaming of nothing but the new ornaments which glittered among his silky, snowy hair; suddenly a piece of artillery was discharged from the fort, and he started from the tenacious hold of Lady M. and in an instant the sweet poodle was seen upon the dirty pave. I thought Lady M. would have lost her intellect (you know it is said that none of the M's are remarkable for firmness of mind,) Lord M. being absent from Calcutta, consequently was not with his lady; so the ayah assisted her poor mistress. A compassionate sailor in the road picked up "Fido," who was not hurt, and threw him into the Barouche covered with soorkee, saying, "There ma'am, there's your dog, so don't cry, and don't die."

These words acted as a restorative, and poor Lady M. opened her eyes, and laughed heartily, though rather hysterically. She called for the man who had restored her treasure, but the honest tar was gone. She had no money by her, but sent him a ring with an order to call upon her whenever he was in trouble. The gents and ladies who overheard this strange rhapsody were much astonished, and said she did not mean to do what she had promised; and I am sure that Lord M. would never allow a common sailor free admission to his residence.

L.—Well, indeed, this is a striking incident, and I have listened to the narration of it with mingled feelings of pity, pleasure and pain. Did poor Lady M. return home?

J.—They turned homeward, but I have not heard from either Lady M. or “Fido,” this morning:—I really would like to know how they are,—but from a supposition, Lady M. is poring over the last new novel, and “Fido,” her darling Pet, is stretching his pliant and nicely washed limbs beneath the Punká.

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### ADIEU TO GUPTA-BRINDIABON.

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ONCE more I hail thee, sweet, entrancing spot! and although eight moons have waned since my eyes last feasted on thy beauties, and my ears drank in with ravished delight the music of thy bright winged choristers, hymning away the closing day; thy loveliness is as fresh as when erst my eyes oped on thy fair scenes. The impression thou hast made upon my mind is too indelible for time to erase. Distance must intervene. I dare not wish it otherwise. My heart clings to thy lovely scenery with a tenacity amounting to idolatry, and duty, stern monitor, bids me resign my idol-pleasure. Sweet paradisaical spot! with gales of aroma breathing around thee, and skies of oriflame, purple, and silver canopied over thee, accept my valedictory address,—my farewell must be said—my last adieu breathed out.

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Oh, Brindiabon ! sweet sanctuary of peace ! in thy quiet retreat, my soul has enjoyed prelibations of the heavenly land,—

That land of amaranthine bowers,  
Where angels cull perennial flowers ;  
Where all are glittering in brightest sheen,  
Enrobed in immortal, living green.

Soul-enfranchising retreat ! While I breathe this “farewell,” a ray of sunlight tinges thy wavy flowers, and gentle zephyrs waft the ripples of thy clear waters. Those waters, in their freshness, are still glancing by ; —they pause not to list the sad sigh of their votary, whose countenance they mirror on their glassy surface, while beneath, the sportive tribe in scaly panoply, leap up and down in all the joyousness of unanxious life. Ye tranquil streams ! If my bosom heaves with a desire to stand beside ye once more, it is that your current may drink in my heart-fount’s gushing stream. Still, such a wish may not be generous ; for why should thy halcyon waves be disturbed by the bitter waters of grief !

Terrestrial Eden ! Balmy sweetness still remains in the atmosphere which surrounds thee,—a rich glow in the sky that overspreads thee ; and at this solemn hour, a softness so deeply thrilling falls around, as to awaken in my heart the tenderest chords, which I would were forever to remain mute and untouched, since none are left to vibrate in unison. Yet while my head here droops upon my hand, I feel a sensation of

quiet rapture fall upon my spirit, recalling with fondest thoughts, the loved of other years. What is it that so gently stirs the delicate petals of these flowery gifts of Heaven, commingling their incense with the dews of night! Can it be *His* breath?—and the passing breeze, so like a spirit's sigh, *His* voice?—Imagination soothingly whispers “*Yes!*” \* \* \* \* \*  
But I must not linger here, my trembling feet may never more stray through these enchanting bowers. Farewell! beauteous retreat, farewell!

The voice of affliction again falls upon my ear! Another sweet bud is trembling before the blast! Its companions (save one) have all been crushed by the merciless storm! oh, may this be spared;—But if it must be gathered to sleep with them, may the *Tree* survive to put forth fresh buds of beauty, which shall blossom on to perfection.

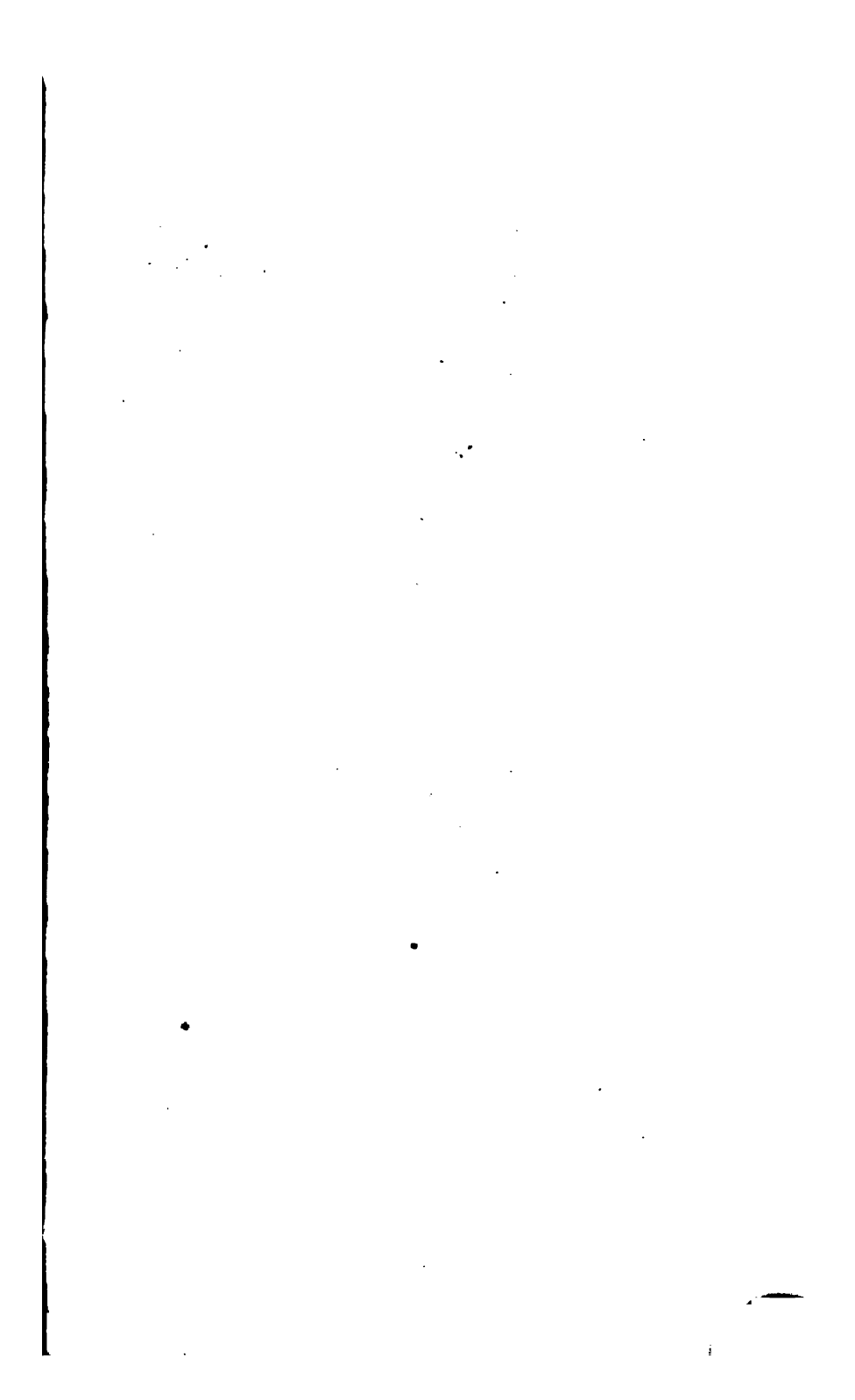
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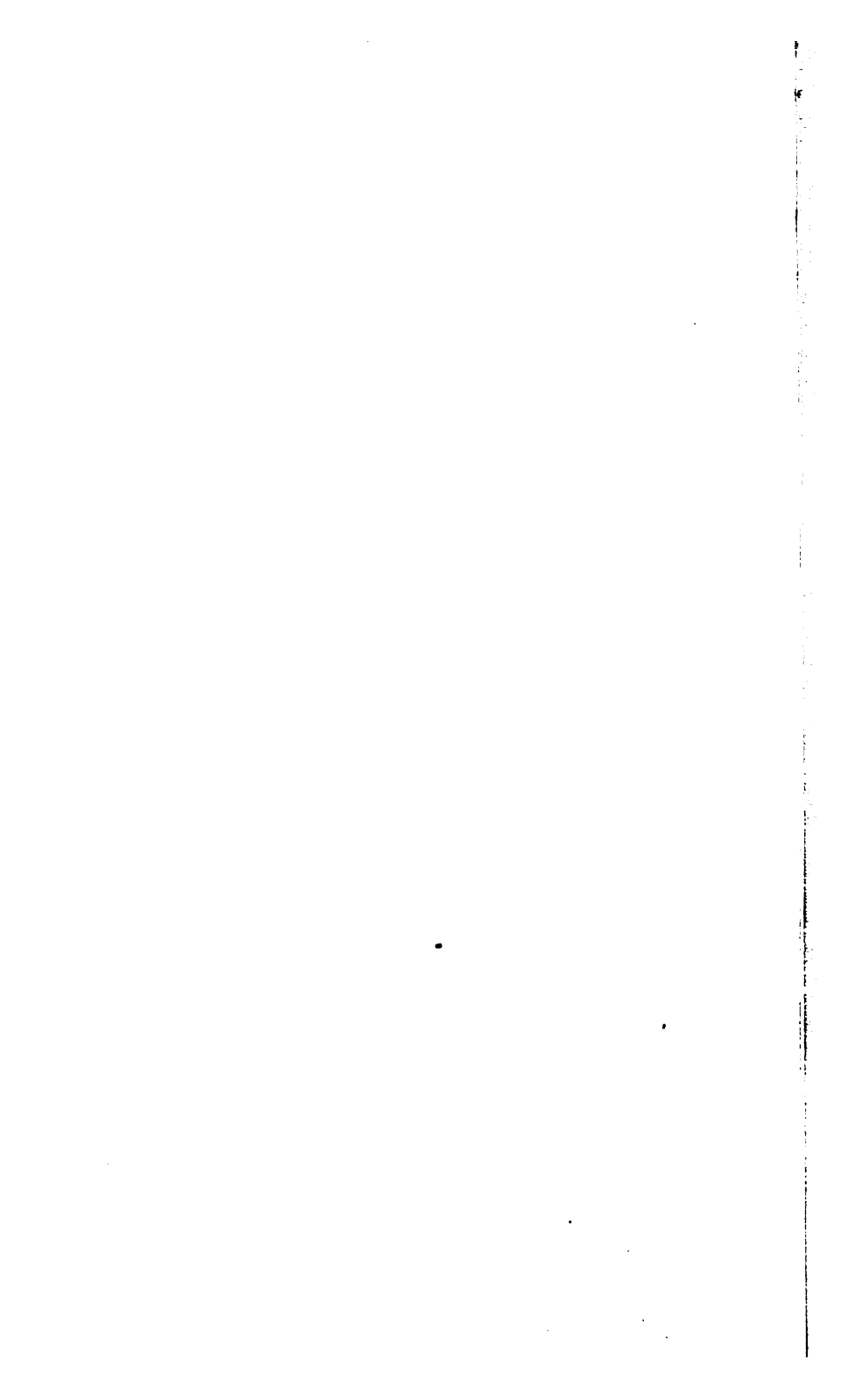
### A THOUGHT.

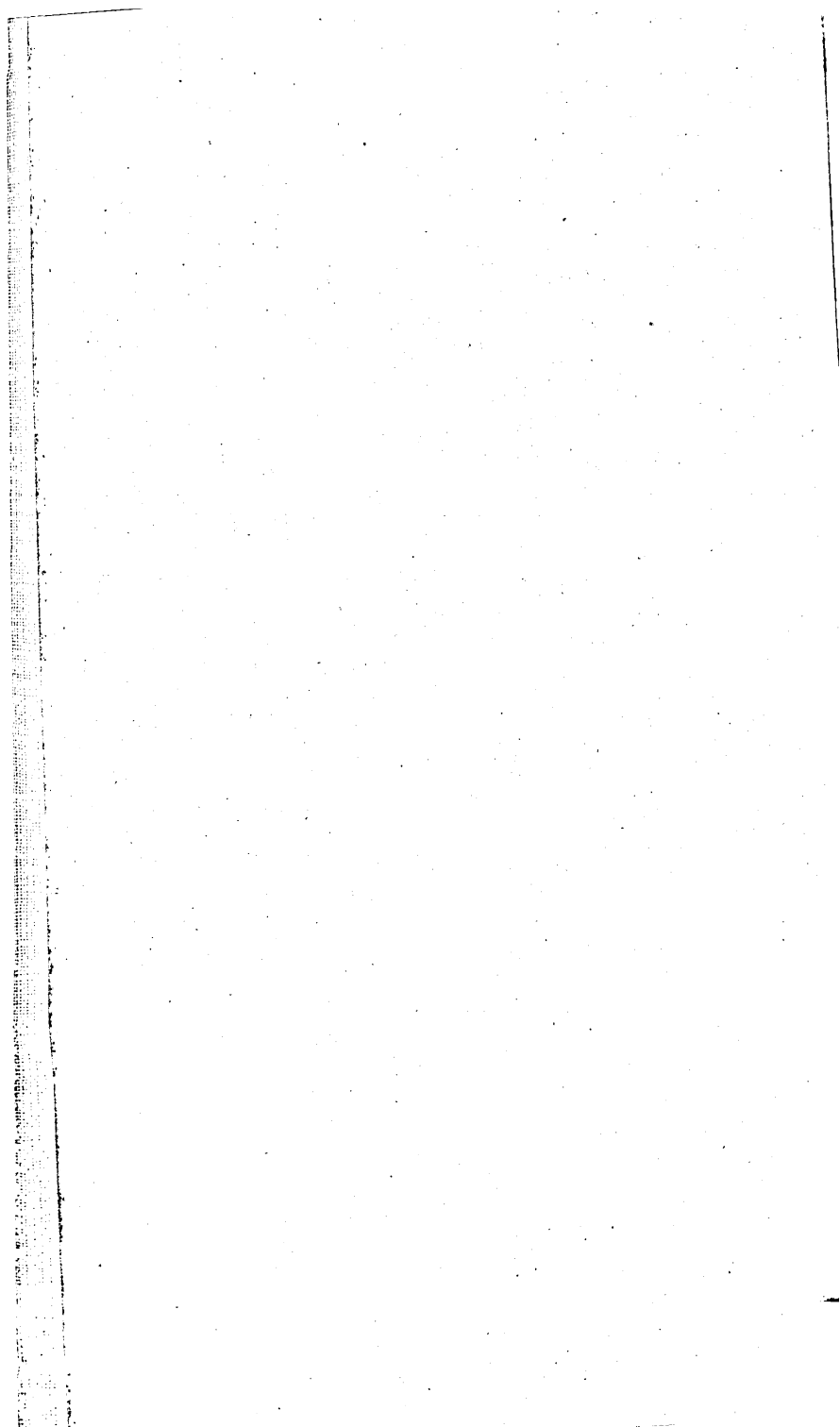
THE god of day loves the flowers, and with his warm kisses absorbs the tears of night from their laden cups; but some there are who are not like the sun,—they cause the streams of sorrow to flow adown the cheek of friendship, and care not to dry the tear-wet channel. \* \* \* \* \*

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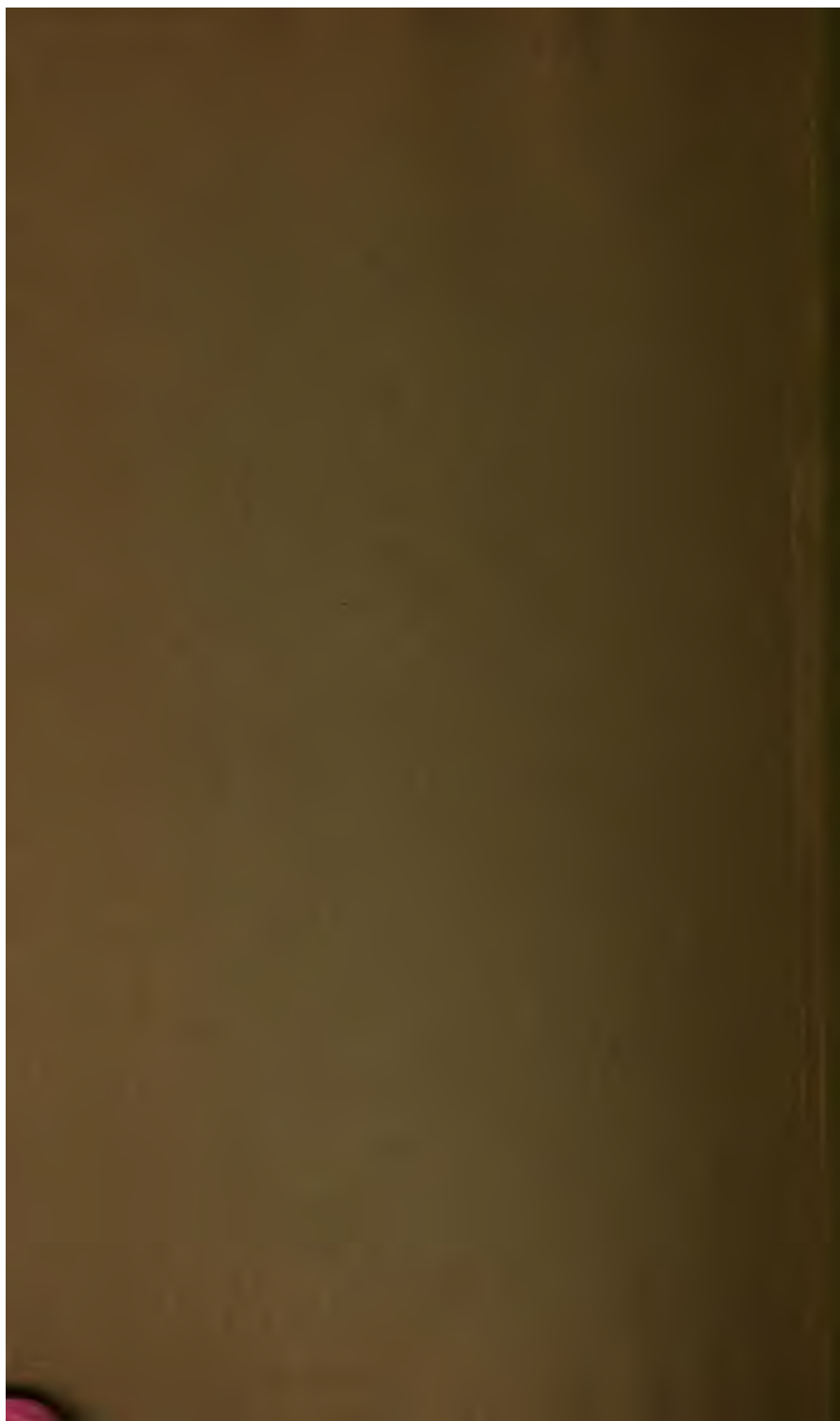






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